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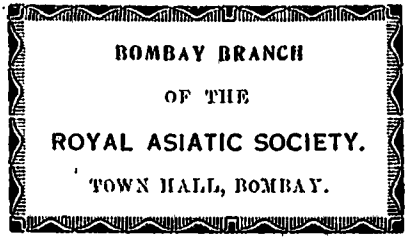

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THE

LIFE OF MOZART

VOL. II.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
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Engraved by E. Scott, from a Photograph of the original Picture in the Possession of Sir George Smart.

MARIANNE MOZART,

AT THE AGE OF TEN

In a Court Dress given to her in 1762 by the Empress of Austria

LONDON, LONGMANS & Co.

THE

LIFE OF MOZART

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN WORK OF

DR LUDWIG NOHL

BY LADY WALLACE

WITH PORTRAITS OF MOZART AND HIS SISTER

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON
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1877

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SECOND PART

MASTERSHIP

1781-91

CHAPTER I.

AN ESCAPE FROM SERVICE IN SALZBURG—1781–91.

'The heart ennobles man.'

THE first letter that Mozart wrote to his father from Vienna is as follows:—

Yesterday, the 16th, I am happy to say I arrived here all alone in a post-chaise. I forgot to mention the hour—nine o'clock in the morning. I reached St. Pölten on Thursday evening at seven o'clock, as tired as a dog, slept till two o'clock in the morning, and then proceeded direct to Vienna. Where do you think I am writing this? In Mesmer's garden in the Landstrasse. The old lady is not at home; but Fräulein Franzl is now Frau von Lensch. Upon my word, I should scarcely have known her, she is grown so stout and fat. She has three children (two girls and a boy). One of the girls is named Nannerl: she is four years old, but looks like six; the young gentleman is three, and looks like seven; and the child of nine months might be taken for two years old—they are all so strong and robust, and well grown. Now as to the Archbishop. I have a charming room in his house; Brunelli and Cecarellii lodge in another—*che distinzione*! My neighbour is Herr von Kleinmayrn, who, on my

arrival, loaded me with all sorts of civilities, and really is a charming man. We dine at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, unluckily rather too early an hour for me. Our party consists of the two valets, the Comptroller, Herr Zetti the confectioner, the two cooks, Cecarelli, Brunetti, and my insignificant self.—N.B. The two valets sit at the head of the table. I have, at all events, the honour to be placed above the cooks. I almost believe I am back in Salzburg! At table all kinds of coarse silly joking go on; but no one jokes with me, for I never say a word, or, if I am obliged to speak, I do so with the utmost gravity, and when I have dined I go away. There is no supper-table at night, but we each receive three ducats, so we cannot be very prodigal. The Archbishop is so good as to add to his lustre by his household, whom he prevents earning their living, and yet never pays them an equivalent.

This letter shews us what Mozart discovered even on the first days of his arrival in this city where he had so long been desirous to reside. In Vienna more homage was paid to music than to any other art. The court itself was in the highest degree musical, and in the social meetings of the nobility, music always formed the chief feature of the evening's amusements. As it was the custom here for the wealthier class of nobles to engage their own musicians and take them to soirées in different houses, Hieronymus on this account sent for his *virtuosi*, in order to 'glorify' himself. Mozart was at once desired to display his abilities at various musical meetings; but when any opportunity offered by which his talents could have procured for him fame or

profit, the Archbishop invariably refused his consent. This prelate, in accordance with his character, had particular pleasure in making Mozart feel that he was only an archiepiscopal servant, especially here, in Vienna, where Wolfgang could not fail to be fully aware of what he really was, for everywhere he met with the most universal recognition. Wolfgang felt such treatment doubly odious, from having so recently tasted the sweets of liberty for months, and still bearing in mind the success and the distinguished reception that his 'Idomeneo' had procured for him in Munich.

The father, indeed, sought to pacify him, saying that the Archbishop would certainly take care that his abilities were shewn to advantage; but Mozart replies:—

What you write as to my presence contributing to the vanity of the Archbishop is in so far just; but of what use is that to me? I cannot subsist on it. Believe me, I am right in saying that here he serves only as a *screen* to me. What distinction, pray, does he confer on me? Herr von Kleinmayrn and Bönike have a table apart with the illustrious Count Arco. It would be a distinction were I at this table; but not where I now am with the valets, who, when not occupying the first seats at table, light the lustres, open the doors, and wait in the ante-room (when I am within), and with cooks too! If we are summoned to any house where there is a concert, Herr Angerbauer has orders to watch outside, and when the Salzburg gentlemen arrive, he then calls a lackey to precede them that they may enter. On hearing Brunetti mention this in the course of conversation, I thought to myself, only wait till it is my turn! So

the other day, when we were desired to go to Prince Gallitzin's, Brunetti said to me, in his usual polite manner, 'You must be here this evening at seven o'clock, that we may go together to Prince Gallitzin's. Angerbauer will take us there.' I answered: 'Very well; but if I am not here exactly at seven o'clock, pray proceed there yourself, and don't wait for me. I know where to find you; and we are sure to see each other at the concert.' I purposely went alone, because I really feel ashamed to go about with him. When I arrived, I found Angerbauer waiting to direct the lackey to show me in. I, however, took no notice either of Angerbauer or the lackey, but passed straight on through the rooms into the concert-room (all the doors being open), and going up at once to the Prince I made him my bow, and then remained standing and conversing with him. I had totally forgotten my friends Brunetti and Cecarelli, for they were nowhere to be seen, inasmuch as they were leaning on the wall hidden behind the orchestra, not daring to move a step in advance.

How pleasing is this self-respect in the artist who knew that he had soared far beyond all his contemporaries! He had been accustomed to court life from his childhood, and, with all his modesty, his straightforward nature continued through life one of his best qualities. But some incidents were now about to occur, through which he at last attained the full consciousness of the true dignity of man.

Mozart had composed many things for the Archbishop's musical soirées, for which, however, he had never received any payment whatsoever; on the con-

trary, he had been cut off from many an opportunity of gaining profit, and even when he might have played before the Emperor, which was his greatest wish, it was denied him. Hieronymus, indeed, could not refuse him permission to play in a concert 'for the benefit of the widows of musicians,' because the whole nobility in Vienna besieged him on the subject. On this occasion, Mozart gained such extraordinary applause that he conceived the idea of giving a concert himself, the ladies volunteering to distribute the tickets themselves; 'but our Archbishop would not hear of it.' Indeed, the prelate had some thoughts of sending back his people at once to Salzburg. This was a most severe blow to Mozart. It was everything to him not to leave Vienna until he was thoroughly established in the favour of the public. He knew how difficult it would be to get away again from Salzburg. At first, therefore, he ignored Brunetti's hints about their approaching journey, and thought only of procuring scholars and giving a concert, in order to become independent. He writes:—

Oh! I certainly mean to play the Archbishop a nice little trick, to my great delight, and with the utmost politeness, for it seems he does not know me yet.

The father, indeed, tried to draw him away from these plans, which alarmed him; so Wolfgang promised, through love for his father, to renounce all his wishes and hopes. A prospect, however, now was opened of an appointment—a Kapell-Meister's situation having be-

come vacant. But the father will not listen to this doubtful project, and the son, with his usual submissiveness, answers that his father was right and yet wrong. He writes:—

You are joyfully expecting my return, dearest father, which is the only thing that could induce me to leave Vienna. I write this all in our native German tongue, for the whole world may know, and I hope will know, that the Archbishop of Salzburg has only you to thank, my excellent father, that he did not yesterday lose me for ever—I mean as attached to his service. We had a grand concert yesterday, probably the last, which went off admirably; and, in spite of all the impediments thrown in the way by his Grace the Archbishop, I had a better orchestra than Brunetti; Cecarelli will tell you the same; though I have had no end of vexation about this arrangement. But it is better to talk than to write about it. If anything similar, however, should occur (which I hope may not be the case), I do not hesitate to say that I must infallibly lose all patience, and you must forgive me for doing so. I do entreat you, dearest father, to allow me to return to Vienna next Easter, towards the end of the Carnival. This depends on you alone, and not on the Archbishop, for whether he thinks fit to grant me permission or not, I shall certainly go; no fear of its doing me any injury—assuredly not. Oh! if he could only read this, it would be just what I should like!

He had again received immense praise for his playing at the concert. He writes:—

After the concert was over yesterday, the ladies detained me a whole hour at the piano; I believe that, if I had not stolen away, I should still be there.

He also begs his father to promise positively that he may pay a visit to Vienna during Lent, so that he may give his word to the ladies there that he would return. On this condition alone would he consent to go back to Salzburg.

In a short time, however, things turned out differently. Wolfgang writes:—

I am still filled with the gall of bitterness; and I feel sure that you, my kind father, will sympathise with me. My patience has been so long tried that it has at last given way. I have no longer the misfortune to be in the Salzburg service, and to-day is a happy day for me.

Three times already has this—I know not what to call him—said the most insulting and impertinent things to my face, which I did not repeat to you, from the wish to spare your feelings, and I only refrained from taking my revenge on the spot because I always had you, my dear father, before my eyes. He called me a knave and a dissolute fellow, and told me to take myself off. And I endured it all, though I felt that not only my own honour but yours was aggrieved by this; but as you would have it so, I was silent. Now hear what passed. Eight days ago the messenger came to me quite unexpectedly, and said I must instantly leave my lodgings. Due notice had been given to the others, but not to me. I packed up my things hurriedly, and old Madame Weber was so kind as to take me into her house, where I have a pretty room, and am with obliging people, ready to supply me at once with all that I require (not so easy to procure when quite alone). I fixed my journey for Wednesday the 9th (this very day) with the post-carriage. Not being able, however, in the interim to collect the money I have yet

to receive, I postponed my journey till Saturday. When I went to the Archbishop to-day, the valet told me that the Prince meant to give me a packet to take charge of. I asked whether it was pressing, on which he said yes, that it was of great importance. 'Then I regret that I cannot have the honour of being of use to his Highness on this occasion; for, owing to particular reasons (which I mentioned), I am not to leave this till Saturday. I am no longer living in this house, and must pay my own way, so it is evident that I cannot set off till I have the means of doing so; for surely no one can wish me to be a loser.' Kleinmayrn, Moll, Brunetti, and the two valets, all said I was quite right. When I went in to the Archbishop—N.B., I must tell you that Schlauka, one of the valets, advised me to make the excuse that the post-carriage was full, for that would be a valid reason in his eyes—when I entered the room, the first thing he said was, 'Well! when are you going, young fellow?' I replied, 'I intended to have gone to-night, but every place in the post-carriage is already engaged.' Then came all in a breath that I was the most dissipated fellow he knew, no man served him so badly as I did, and he recommended me to set off the same day, or else he would write home to stop my salary. It was impossible to get in a syllable, for his words blazed away like a fire. I heard it all with calmness; he actually told me to my face the deliberate falsehood that I had a salary of 500 florins—called me a ragamuffin, a scamp, a rogue. Oh! I really cannot write all he said. At last my blood began to boil, and I said, 'Your Grace does not appear to be satisfied with me.' 'How! do you dare to threaten me, you rascal? There is the door, and I tell you I will have nothing more to do with such a low fellow!' At last I said, 'Nor I with you.' 'Begone!' said he; while I replied, as I left the

room, 'The thing is settled, and you shall have it to-morrow in writing.'

Thus dissension had now come to a positive breach, of the most ruthless kind, too; Wolfgang, as usual, tenderly concerned about his father, tried to soothe his feelings, and promised to remit him some money as a proof that he is not in want. He ends with these words:—

I want to have nothing more to do with Salzburg. I hate the Archbishop to madness. Write to me at Peter's 'im Auge Gottes' on the second floor. Let me soon have your approval, for that alone is wanting to my present happiness.

A few days afterwards, Wolfgang gives further details of these offensive incidents:—

Next day I brought Count Arco a memorial to present to the Archbishop, and also returned to him the money for my travelling expenses, consisting of 15 florins, and 40 kreutzers for the diligence, and two ducats for my board. He refused to accept either, and declared that I had not the power to throw up my situation without your consent. He said, 'This is your duty.' I replied that I knew my duty towards my father as well, and perhaps better than he did, and I should very much regret were I obliged to learn it from him. 'Very well,' he replied; 'if he is satisfied, you can request your discharge, and if not—why, you can ask for it all the same.' A fine distinction! All the edifying things that the Archbishop had said to me in the last three audiences, especially in the last, and the pious epithets this admirable man of God applied to me afresh, had such an effect on my bodily

frame that the same evening at the opera I was obliged to go home in the middle of the first act in order to lie down, for I was very feverish, trembled in every limb, and staggered in the street like a drunken man. I stayed in the house both the following day and yesterday, and passed the whole forenoon in bed, having taken tamarind water.'

The pen almost refuses to relate such a succession of odious insults. But the worst were yet to come, for the rudeness of these 'gentlemen' was now to be aggravated by personal ill-usage of a man whose noble character was defenceless against such treatment. Wolfgang warns his father not to place faith in the clumnies and exaggerations that were sure to be circulated by these officious gentlemen. He mentions to his father the chief grievance against him :—

I did not know that I was a valet, and this was my ruin. I ought to have loitered every morning for a couple of hours in the anteroom.'' Indeed, I was often told that I ought to show myself more; but somehow I never could understand that it was part of my duty, so I only came punctually when the Archbishop summoned me.

He also declares his fixed resolve to quit the service of the Archbishop; this was due to his honour, his health, and his peace of mind; and no one must attempt to make him swerve from his determination. He concludes by saying, 'Now farewell! and rejoice that your son is no sycophant.' The same day he sends a letter to his father by a sure private hand describing these

occurrences more minutely, and adds that he has made some 'charming and useful acquaintances.'

But this I must tell you, that everyone in Vienna has heard the story, and all the nobility take my part, and say that I ought no longer to allow myself to be defrauded in this manner. Dearest father, no doubt they will try to beguile you by many kind words, but these people are snakes and vipers; all base souls are so—disgustingly proud, and yet always ready to crawl. How odious! The two valets know the whole obnoxious affair, and Schlauka in particular said to someone, 'As for me, I really cannot say that I think Mozart wrong—in fact, I think he is quite right. Only suppose the Archbishop had treated me in such a way? He spoke to him as if he had been some miserable beggar. I heard it all—infamous!' The Archbishop acknowledges his injustice; but has he not had frequent cause to do so? and has he ever behaved better in consequence? Never! So let us have done with it. If I had not been afraid of perhaps injuring you, things should long since have been on a very different footing; but, in fact, what can he do to you?—nothing! When you know that all is going well with me, you can easily dispense with the Archbishop's favour. He cannot deprive you of your salary; besides, you always do your duty. I pledge myself to succeed, or I never would have taken this step, although I must confess to you that after such an insult I would have quitted his service, even if forced to beg my bread. For who would submit to be bullied, more especially when you can do far better? In the meantime, if you are afraid, pretend to be displeased with me, scold me well in your letters, and we two alone will know how the matter really stands; but do not allow yourself to be misled by flattery—be on your guard.

He thus stands up for his rights with spirit and energy. But the father, always mistrustful of his son with regard to practical matters, saw the affair in a very different light. He was weak enough to lend a too ready ear to the insinuations and slanders of others as to the life led by his son, and assails him with all sorts of reproaches, hoping to bring him back to 'the path of reason;' and yet after such insults was not Wolfgang justified in saying, 'I would rather beg than remain with the Archbishop?' The father goes on to say that Wolfgang had always relied too much on insecure prospects, and never understood how to spend his money economically; to which Wolfgang replies:—

Be assured that I am entirely changed; next to health I think nothing so indispensable as money. I certainly am no miser, as it would be difficult for me to become stingy, yet the people here consider me more disposed to be a niggard than a spendthrift—which is enough surely for a beginning.

Then the father reminds him of the debts he had incurred on his account, which no doubt, now that he was in Vienna, he had forgotten, just as Aloysia had also behaved towards her parents. Wolfgang replies:—

Your comparing me to Madame Lange [Aloysia] causes me much surprise, and made me feel sad all day. This girl was a burden to her parents, when she could as yet earn nothing. Scarcely had the time arrived when she could show her gratitude to her parents (N.B., her father died before she could make anything here), when she deserted her poor

mother, became attached to an actor, married him, and the mother never received a farthing from her. God knows my only aim is to assist you and us all. Must I repeat it a hundred times that I can be of more use to you here than in Salzburg? I do beg, my dear good father, that you will spare me such letters in future. I conjure you to do so, for they only serve to irritate my mind, and to disturb my heart and spirit; and as I am now constantly occupied in composing, I require both a cheerful mind and a heart at rest.

He was confident and sure that he was acting rightly, and yet full of reverence for his father, who is loading him with the most undeserved reproaches. When, however, the father declares that it is due to his son's honour to recall his resignation, the son rebels altogether:—

Can you really say this?—'I have never sacrificed my own pleasures to yours.' What pleasures have I here? To be in trouble and anxiety to fill my purse. It seems to me that you really think I am revelling in pleasures and amusements. Oh! how completely are you mistaken—at all events, as matters now are.

But this noble spirit was to be still more severely tried, and the goodness of his heart still further displayed. These suppositions of the father were to him no mere dream, but bitter earnest; for, in accordance with his usual custom, as we have already seen, he saw in this resignation of a fixed appointment, the first step towards his son's ruin. He placed no faith in Wolfgang's making his way in life. He overlooked the fact

that the son's passion for Aloysia in the first place, and then the trying period of his stay in Salzburg, had ripened the youth into a man, and that his moral independence was strengthened by his success in Munich and Vienna. Mozart's earlier letters betray some infirmity of purpose, occasionally asserting and vacillating, or doubting when offering an opinion or proposing a plan to his father; but this submissiveness, the natural result of an education which, though solid in artistic culture, was less so in worldly matters, was now at an end, and Mozart spoke out his intentions boldly and decidedly to his father. He, moreover, indignantly repels the imputations the father casts on him so bitterly—in fact, in the most sarcastic and ironical manner; but the clear conviction of being in the right, imparts a degree of mildness to his reply, which renders it doubly touching.

The father upbraids him, declaring that the amusements and dissipation of Vienna are the chief cause of his wish to remain there. Wolfgang answers:—

If pleasure means to have got away from a prince who paid me badly and constantly bullied me, then it is true that my pleasure is great.

To please you, my kind father, I was prepared to sacrifice my health, my happiness, and my life; but honour is to me, and ought to be to you beyond all else.

My dearest and kindest father, ask me what you will only not *that*—anything but *that*. The very thoughts of it make me tremble with rage.

Presently the father is seized with a foreboding of evil from his renewed intimacy with the Weber family. He replies:—

'I really don't know how or what to write, my dearest father, for I have not yet recovered from my astonishment, and never shall if you persist in thinking and writing as you do. I must confess that I do not recognise one feature of my father in your letter! A father, indeed—but not a kind loving father, concerned for the honour of his children and his own—in short, not *my* father. But it must have been a dream. You are now once more awake, and require no reply to your observations to be fully convinced that I shall *now more than ever* abide by my decision. Still as my honour and my character are so grievously assailed in various quarters, I must allude to some points. 'You can never approve of my having given up my situation while in Vienna.' I think, if I had been so disposed (which I really was not at the time, or I would have taken this step previously), it was the most judicious thing to do so in a place where I am liked and have the finest prospects in the world. It is very possible that you could not sanction this in the presence of the Archbishop, but to me you cannot do otherwise than approve. 'I can in no other way redeem my honour than by retracting my resolution.' How could you write such a fallacy? It did not occur to you when you did so, that such a revocation would prove me to be the most dastardly man living. All Vienna knows that I have left the Archbishop, and also knows why—from my honour having been attacked, and for the third time too—and I am publicly to prove the contrary; thus making myself out a pitiful sneak, and the Archbishop a worthy prince! The former no man would like to do, and least of all would I. The latter God alone

can accomplish, if it be His will to enlighten him. 'I have never shown any love for you, and therefore ought to show it on this occasion.' Can you really say this?

In those days, when placed as it were between two fires, in this house alone did he find amusement and relaxation, as well as sympathy, which they always evinced in his vexations, when after fresh bitter annoyance, he spent the evening with them. He writes, 'The Archbishop disparages me everywhere.'

The father had also been told that Wolfgang was detained in Vienna for the sake of 'a certain young lady.' The son answers:—

My whole acquaintance with the person you mention was confined to the ball, and I talked to her long before I knew her character, solely with a view to securing a partner for the *contredanse*; and I could not afterwards suddenly avoid her without giving any reason, and who could give the real one to a person's face? Did I not at last pass her by, and dance with others?—on which account I also sincerely rejoiced when the Carnival was at an end. At all events, no one can say that I ever saw her elsewhere, or went to her house, without uttering a vile falsehood. I attend mass every Sunday and every festival, and on week-days also, when I can; and you know, dear father, that such is the case; and if I ever have the misfortune (which may God forbid!) to fall into evil courses, I shall always absolve you, dearest father, from all responsibility. For, in such a case, I alone should be to blame; as I have to thank you for all the good that is in me, and for your care of my spiritual as well as temporal welfare.

The father had also listened to many insinuations about his son's shortcomings in his religious duties. Wolfgang writes:—

Do not be uneasy, dear father, about the state of my soul. I am a fallible young man, like others, but I can safely say that I wish all were as little so as myself. You perhaps believe things of me of which I am not guilty. My chief fault is that I sometimes act *apparently* as I ought not to act. It is not true that I boasted of eating meat on fast-days; but I did say that I cared little about it, and considered it no sin.

Indeed, had he studied appearances more, his name would not have been so slandered, that the succeeding generation had some difficulty in extricating his pure character from the rubbish of a thousand calumnies and stains. But now these life experiences are drawing to a close, and we shall see our Maestro appear in even a more pure and bright lustre than before.

The Archbishop was enraged by Wolfgang's obstinacy, but he still relied on the father's influence. He had, indeed, written to Count Arco, who invited Wolfgang to an interview, hoping by friendly remonstrance to retain him. Mozart, however, persevered in his resolution, the more so as he perceived that his father's situation was not endangered. He therefore presented a petition for dismissal, which, like three others, was given back to him; Wolfgang saying, that 'from want of courage and love of sycophancy, they were afraid to

enrage the Archbishop still further.' The prospect, for the sake of which Mozart remained in Vienna, failed. He writes:—

The Archbishop is hated here, and most of all by the Emperor. In fact, not having been invited to Luxemburg is the very cause of his rage. He is considered to be an arrogant conceited priest, despised by everyone here.

The Archbishop, moreover, was obliged to see his 'servant' everywhere welcomed, and to listen to much intentionally extravagant praise, in addition to many ironical remarks on himself and his conduct. And as it is frequently the case that servants exaggerate the bad qualities of their masters, Count Arco even surpassed his prince in brutality.

Mozart discovered that the Archbishop was about to leave Vienna, and as yet knew nothing of his resignation. He was most indignant, and drew up a fresh memorial, in which he set forth that he had prepared a memorial requesting his dismissal four weeks previously, but, from reasons inexplicable to him, it had never been presented, so now he was obliged to deliver it himself at the last moment. He took it with him to the Archbishop's anteroom, to request an audience. He met Count Arco, who, furious and exasperated that the little paltry musician should not yield to the Archbishop's wish, the *menial* not conform to the will of the powerful master, made him a speech, in which he treated him

to such terms as churl, fellow, and similar expressions, and at last—*kicked him out of the room!*

Wolfgang writes:—

The scene took place in the anteroom. Of course there was nothing to be done but to begone with all speed, not wishing to show disrespect for the Prince's apartments, though Arco had not scrupled to do so.

His whole being was in a state of the most violent agitation; but amid this passionate excitement we find a profound contempt and loathing such as we are not accustomed to in Mozart. He assures his father that, wherever he meets Count Arco, were it even in the street, he will return his kick.

I do not demand any satisfaction for such an insult from the Archbishop; he cannot procure it for me as well as I can for myself, but I intend to write to the Count to tell him what he may confidently expect as soon as fortune favours me by allowing me to meet him, wherever it may be—if not in a place that I am bound to respect.

His great goodness of heart eventually led him to yield to his father's persuasions, and for the sake of his peace and tranquillity of mind, not to send the threatening letter he had purposed. But when the father hinted that perhaps the affair might be smoothed, and by the intervention of some lady, or person of rank, Wolfgang at once declared that he would not hear of anything of the kind.

As for Arco, I take counsel solely from my own heart and good sense, and require no interference on the part of any lady or person of rank, to make me do what is right and fitting; neither too much nor too little.

All idea, therefore, of our Maestro's return to the Archbishop's service was now at an end, and even the father was obliged to admit this. We rejoice to turn away our eyes from this picture of the degradation of the best feelings of man, and it is consolatory to know that, whatever may befal a man in this life, still everything, even what seems the worst and the most repulsive, tends to his good, if he be himself noble-minded. We shall find that by occurrences such as these, which to be thoroughly avenged required harder material substance than an artist usually possesses, our Maestro was eventually led to search his own heart; and then only one step more was required to make him thoroughly independent of all that was extraneous, and even of his beloved father. The latter, over-anxious as he was by nature, and gradually rendered quite hypochondriacal by so many grievous trials and bad health, now begins to assail Wolfgang by every sort of rebuke and reproach, at a time when the perplexing position of the son requires friendly sympathy and loving counsel. He was already convinced that the son was not the man to attain unaided advancement in life, but might easily be tempted by the allurements of a great city, and eventually fall a prey to them.

"Moreover, tale-bearers of all sorts did their part, which perhaps, added to an unconscious feeling of mortification at his son's independent mode of action, changed his just and loving care into the most painful guardianship. We, indeed, who can now review the whole of Mozart's life, know that he never did succeed in realising an existence entirely devoid of care, and also that he certainly paid his tribute to the free life of the capital. Was the father then right? We shall see that no check was given by these two facts to the marvellous productions of his genius; perhaps, indeed, they actually promoted them; and, at all events, they contributed to the full development of his being. Thus much is certain—that Mozart now shews the strength of his character by no longer listening to his father's remonstrances when they interfered with the plans of his life, and henceforth he securely treads his appointed path; at the same time he never loses sight of the respect due to even the whims of a father to whom he owes so much gratitude, and never fails in love and esteem for the 'best of fathers.' So we must honour the memory and make allowance for the weaknesses (for they were loving weaknesses) of the man who solved the intricate problem of how to cultivate a life-long genius for art. But contempt, profound contempt, must rest on those worthless men who maltreated our Mozart. Their conduct must ever be considered disgraceful.

CHAPTER II.

'DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL'—1782.

'Amid the alternations of rain and storm, fruit ripens.'

THE years now begin when Mozart's genius was to bloom rapidly into perfection. Vienna at that time enjoyed a degree of easy sociability such as the world has rarely seen. This was far from being disadvantageous to the exercise of art, especially music. The efforts of earnest-minded men had succeeded in banishing from the stage the taste for buffoonery. Joseph II. had secured the theatre for himself, and engaged the most distinguished histrionic artists in Germany for Vienna, so that the drama soon began to flourish. Mozart, who profited by this, the drama being so closely interwoven with his own calling, soon felt a lively interest in the theatre, and wrote to his sister that it was his sole recreation, wishing she could see a tragedy, as nowhere could it be more admirably given than here, the most insignificant part being carefully acted. Indeed, when a Schröder played, in 'Emilia Galotti' or 'Nathan der Weise,' or

Shakespeare's immortal creations, well may it have made a deep impression on a genius whose nature was gifted, as few are, with a genuine sense of dramatic art. We shall soon discover traces of this in 'Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni.' But something was now to be done for the opera also. The Emperor wished to establish a National Opera. He, indeed, owing to his education, was most inclined to the Italian school. But, like Frederick the Great, standing at the head of the National Revival, he could not leave these national impulses unsupported, which we have already met with in Mannheim and in Munich.

Renowned singers were engaged: Adamberger, Fischer, Madame Bernasconi, and Aloysia Weber, who shortly afterwards married the actor Lange. But the main thing was still wanting—a writer of German operas. Gluck was old and no longer composed; Salieri, the Court Kapell-Meister, the 'idol of the Emperor,' was too Italian in his style to succeed with his 'Rauchfangkehrer,' and there was no one else in Vienna who could be relied on. The North German composers, Schweitzer, Benda Hiller, the originators of *vaudevilles*, were too solderly Lutheran to suit the taste of the Viennese. Thus the office seemed made purposely for Mozart, and the Emperor expressed a wish that he should write an opera. On August 1, 1782, Mozart writes:—

Stephanie brought me a libretto the day before yesterday

to compose. The libretto is very good indeed; the subject Turkish, and the title 'Belmont und Konstanze, oder die Verführung aus dem Serail.'

He adds:—

No doubt the time is short, for it is to be performed in the middle of September; but the circumstances connected with the period when it is to be given, and in fact every other prospect, gladden my spirit to such an extent, that I eagerly hurry off to my writing-table, and remain seated there in the greatest delight.

But this opera was not finished at that time, partly because Mozart insisted on important changes in the libretto, and also because it was settled, in honour of the visit of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, for whom Mozart was writing the opera, to give two operas of Gluck's—'Iphigenie in Taurus' (being then a novelty), and 'Alceste,' composed in 1767. Mozart hoped to have his 'Idomeneo' performed, as it had been already acted in a private house to the delight of all connoisseurs; but he was obliged to give way to the older Maestro. Yet in spite of this he was full of hope for the future. He was swimming in the stream of a rich artistic life. During the summer, indeed, he had profited little, either by pupils, concerts, or compositions, yet he frequently sent home money. But he had already acquired a good footing in various families of distinction, and felt secure in the results of such a privilege. His best friend at court was the Archduke Maximilian,

for whom he had formerly written the 'Rè Pastore' in Salzburg. The Archduke everywhere extolled his merits, and tried to get him appointed pianoforte teacher to the Princess of Würtemberg, who was shortly to marry the Archduke Francis. But to her regret, the Emperor had already named Salieri to teach her singing, who took care that some inferior musician should give her instruction on the pianoforte. Salieri especially now began everywhere to stand in the way of Mozart where any important success could be anticipated. Not that this man was actually malicious or malevolent; on the contrary, he was, on the whole, rather kind and good-natured. But in Mozart he recognised superior genius, and with the instinct of self-preservation, he henceforth debarred his young rival, so far as he could, from all access to the Emperor, and to future prosperity. He himself stood fast in the good graces of his Imperial master, who had been always accustomed to the Italian school, and among the many ideas and important state projects which at that time entered his head, he regarded music as a mere relaxation from more serious affairs. Mozart's works were too grave and solid for such a purpose. Indeed, even the childlike Haydn was not highly valued at court. Just as little did the Emperor love Gluck's operas; and it was notorious that only very bad, or, at least very light, music was ever given at court. Yet Joseph II.'s genius was too liberal wholly to mistake that of Mozart; on the con-

trary, he valued and admired him as a *talent décidé*, and often extolled him to others. At the time, however, he only knew him as a pianist, and, of course, Salieri granted Mozart no opportunity to come forward and to show the talents he so eminently possessed. Soon, however, 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail' was to bring to light the great dramatic composer. But, meanwhile, all sorts of incidents were to befall our Maestro, in which joy and sorrow were interwoven in a way that kept him in a state of perpetual excitement, stimulating his soul to soar to such a height that he must often have found it difficult to persevere with his work.

When the Archbishop so suddenly deprived Wolfgang of his rooms, he went for a time to his old friend Madame Weber, who, after her husband's death, and Aloysia's marriage, was left in very straitened circumstances with her three daughters. The son-in-law, Lange, declares in his autobiography, that as his wife formerly contributed to the maintenance of her family, he had settled on them a yearly pension of 700 gulden; and, no doubt, Mozart's former remarks about Aloysia's conduct had been repeated to him, and too highly coloured by the mother, whose true character he subsequently discovered. At all events, she was too glad to let a couple of rooms and to make money. This connection was very obnoxious to Mozart's father, who always thought that the Webers in Mannheim had entangled his son in a

net, and now dreaded a similar peril. He knew Wolfgang's guileless and trusting heart, so he urged him to take another lodging as soon as possible. Wolfgang declared himself ready to do so as soon as he could find one that suited him. Then rumours came to Salzburg that Wolfgang was going to marry one of the Webers, so the father insisted on an instant change of quarters. To this Mozart answers, in July 1782, as follows:—

I repeat that I have long had it in my head to remove to another lodging, solely from people's gossip, and very much do I regret being obliged to go on account of such nonsense, in which there is not a word of truth. I shall really be glad to know why certain people take pleasure in spreading groundless reports. Because I live with them, I am to marry the daughter. Nothing was said as to my being in love with her; that was entirely passed over—merely that I lodge in their house and am to be married! If ever there was a time when I thought less of marriage in my life, it is at the present moment. I have no wish whatever to have a rich wife, but even if I could make my fortune by marriage, I could not pay my court to anyone at present, having very different things in my head. God has not bestowed talents on me to invest them in a rich wife, and to waste my youth in idleness. I am just beginning to live, and shall I myself embitter my life? I certainly have nothing to say against matrimony, but it would be a misfortune to me at this time. To avoid then even the appearance of such a thing (false as it is), I must leave them; though even the appearance rests on nothing but the fact that I live there, for those who do not frequent the house cannot even say that I have as much intercourse with her as with the rest of God's creatures.

The girls seldom go out—indeed, never, except to the theatre; and I never escort them there, because generally I am not at home when the play begins. We went together twice to the Prater, but her mother was with us, and as I chanced to be in the house I could not well refuse to accompany them; besides, at that time I had heard none of these foolish rumours. I must also tell you that I was only allowed to pay *my own share*; and the mother having since then heard these reports from others, as well as from myself, does not wish us to go anywhere together, and herself advised me to remove to another house, in order to avoid any further unpleasantness. She says it would grieve her to be the innocent cause of annoyance to me. This is the sole reason why I have for some little time (since people began to gossip) thought of changing my residence. So far as truth goes, I have as yet no other. These gossiping people are the only cause of the change; were it not for these reports, I should hardly think of going; for though I might easily procure a better room, I can scarcely expect so much comfort, and to meet with such friendly obliging people. I will not say that, living in the same house with the young lady to whom people have married me, I am ill-bred and do not speak to her; but I am not in love with her. I banter and jest with her when time permits (which is only in the evenings when I chance to be at home, for in the morning I write in my room, and in the afternoon am rarely in the house), but nothing more. If I were obliged to marry all those with whom I have jested, I should have at least two hundred wives.

Yes, indeed! this last sentence is true enough, for we know his disposition, but the minute details of the

letter, and the eagerness of the defence, are suspicious enough, in spite of its conclusion :—

Farewell, dear father! Have faith and trust in your son, who certainly has the most kindly feelings towards all good people, so why should he not have the same sentiments for his dear father and sister? Believe in him, and rely on him, more than on certain individuals who have no better occupation than to slander honest people.

And, in spite of his after assurances that he did not then love her, it is clearly visible in the above letter. He was deceiving himself about his own feelings, and yet betrayed them in all innocence of heart.

The Mesmer family, whom he had known from his childhood, now offered him a room in their house, but as his rival, Bighini, lived there, Mozart declined this proposal. Another musical family also wished to persuade him to lodge with them. They no doubt would have suited the father, but not the son. In the previous June he had written :—

It appears that Herr von Aurnhammer wrote to you that I had actually engaged his lodging. I certainly did take it, but such a one it was—fit for rats and mice, but not for human beings. At twelve o'clock at noon, a lantern was required to light me upstairs. The room might be called a closet, and to get at it I had to pass through the kitchen, and above my door there was a small window; they, indeed, promised to put up a curtain, at the same time requesting me to draw it aside again as soon as I was dressed, otherwise they could not see at all, either in the kitchen or in the ad-

joining rooms. The woman herself called the house a rat's nest—in short, it was miserable to behold. This would have been a fine place for me to live in, when so many people of distinction come to see me. The worthy man certainly thought of nothing but himself and his daughter, who is the most tiresome creature I ever knew.

Their evident designs about their clumsy daughter disgusted Wolfgang even more than the attic room. The father, however, having heard high praise of the family, the son gives a description of them very characteristic of the satirical side of his character :—

He is the best-tempered man in the world—indeed, only too much so, for his wife, the most stupid gossiping woman imaginable, has quite the upper hand, so that when she speaks he does not venture to say a word. As we often went out to walk together, he begged me not to say before his wife that he had taken a *fiacre*, or gone to drink a glass of beer. Now really I can place no confidence in a man so utterly insignificant in his own family. He is a worthy creature and a kind friend of mine, and I could constantly dine with him, but I am always averse to my obligingness being paid for; though, indeed, I think it would be no payment. Such people, however, always make a marvel of what they do. I do not go to see them for my own benefit, but *for theirs*, for I can discover no good that it does me, and I never met one single person there worth even naming on this paper. In other respects, worthy people, but nothing more, and who have sufficient shrewdness to see how useful my acquaintance is to their daughter; for all those who heard her play formerly declare that since I have taught her, her

playing is quite changed. I give no description of the mother—let it suffice to say that at dinner it is hard work not to burst out laughing in her face. *Basta!* You know Frau Adlgasserin? Well, this woman is still more aggravating, for she is slanderous into the bargain, so that she is both stupid and malicious. As for the daughter, if a painter wished to depict the devil according to nature, he could not do better than have recourse to her face. She is as clumsy as a peasant girl, revolting to look at, dirty and untidy. I wrote to you how she plays the piano, and why she asked me to give her my assistance. I am happy to oblige people, but not to be plagued incessantly. She is not satisfied with my being two hours every day with her—I am to sit there the live-long day while she tries to be agreeable. But, worse still, she is seriously smitten with me. I thought at first it was a joke, but now I know it to be the fact. When I first observed it—by her beginning to take liberties, such as reproaching me tenderly if I came later than usual, or could not stay long, and similar things—I was obliged, to prevent her making a fool of herself, to tell her the truth in a civil manner. This, however, did no good, and she became more loving than ever. At last I was always very polite, except when she began any of her pranks, and then I snubbed her bluntly; but one day she took my hand and said, 'Dear Mozart, don't be so cross; you may say what you please, but I shall always like you.' All the people here say that we are to be married, and great surprise is expressed at my choosing such a face. She told me that when she heard anything of the sort she always laughed at it. I know, however, from a third person that she confirms it, adding that we are to travel immediately afterwards. This did enrage me. I told her my opinion pretty plainly, and warned her not to take advantage of my good-nature. Now I no longer go there every

day, but only every two days, so the report will gradually die away. She is nothing but an amorous fool.

This clumsy young lady evidently did not please him! Still his good-nature induced him to write something for her to be played at a concert, either as a solo or with him. She certainly was not the only one attracted by the great musician's pleasing exterior. He had always been careful about his personal appearance, and he now dressed in a manner which caused him sometimes to be taken for a chamberlain. His pure bright spirit and vivacity no doubt softened many a female heart, especially when his music was heard, exhibiting the depths of his soul and the riches of his mind. Even his insignificant presence acquired a degree of vivacity that could not fail to kindle susceptible minds into sympathy. On such occasions there shone in his inspired eyes a brilliant light that captivated everyone who came within its radius. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that such a man should become the favourite of the Viennese ladies. His pianoforte teaching also brought him constantly into their society. Easily inflamed by female charms, and by no means insensible to all their attractive qualities, he must not unfrequently have been reminded of his susceptibility. In Vienna, the excitable Slavonian nature, and the fiery passions of the South, are interwoven with the intellectual character of the Germans, forming a very peculiar combination. Their free gay manners, in those days so

primitive, and which had already imbibed a portion of the more fervent spirit that animates our own time, must have been wonderfully attractive to such a man as Mozart; guileless as he was, he accepted this gaiety of heart in all its freshness, and never reflected on the value or worthlessness of pleasure. On the contrary, the glad enjoyment of the gaieties of life, everywhere abounding in Vienna, excited in him the most innate sympathy, and the best proof of his innocent nature is that he speaks frankly to his father on the subject. These passages in his letters must on no account be omitted, as they furnish the most conclusive confutation of all the calumnies that malevolence and stupidity have heaped on the head of our Maestro. He writes to his father:—

My feelings are strong, but I cannot live as many other young men do. In the first place, I have too great a sense of religion, too much love for my neighbour to do so, and too high a feeling of honour to deceive any innocent girl.

But what prompts this open confession? He wished to marry, and whom? Constanze Weber.

Constanze was his pupil; he had given her lessons on the pianoforte in Munich, and now in singing; thus he had the same ready access as before to the Weber family. He left their house in September, and though he felt like one who exchanges his own comfortable travelling carriage for a diligence, still he complied with his father's wish, and could now entreat him to

place more confidence in him and not take heed of gossip. But this very separation, and the idle talk of others, fixed his attention more on the girl, and a genuine affection was soon kindled in his heart. To this was added the discomfort of living alone, and being obliged to attend to many domestic matters, hitherto cared for by others. He was obliged to work hard, and to run hither and thither all day, and yet in the autumn of 1781 he had made little profit. He came home every evening weary and exhausted, and found himself alone. Tavern life never suited his taste, and was in fact odious to him. What then could be more natural than that he should long for a home of his own? The Weber family were always gay and merry together, every evening playing at hide-and-seek, and all sorts of youthful games. During his long stay with the family, he had been very sensible of the kind manner in which the younger daughter attended to all his wants, so he now came to the conclusion that she would make him the best companion for life, and this conviction caused him to be betrothed to her in the autumn.

He had not asked his father's advice. His own heart and reason, which had been purified by so many trials, were alone to guide his actions. At the same time he earnestly wished to obtain his father's consent, and on December 15 wrote the letter from which we have already extracted the above passage:—

My disposition has always inclined me more to domestic life than to excitement; I never from my youth upwards have been in the habit of taking any charge of my linen or clothes, &c., and I think nothing is more desirable for me than a wife. I assure you I am forced to spend a good deal owing to the want of proper care of what I possess. I am quite convinced that I should be far better off with a wife (and the same income I now have), for how many other superfluous expenses would it save! Others come, to be sure, in their place, but I know what they are, and can regulate accordingly, and, in short, lead an orderly life. An unmarried man, in my opinion, enjoys only half a life. Such are my views, and such they will always remain. I have thought and reflected sufficiently, and I shall ever continue to think the same.

He goes on :—

But now who is the object of my love? Do not be startled, I entreat. Not one of the Webers, surely? Yes, one of the Webers—not Josepha, not Sophie, but the third daughter, Constanze. I never met with such diversity of dispositions in any family. The eldest is idle, coarse, and deceitful—crafty and cunning as a fox; Madame Lange [Aloysia] is false and unprincipled, and a coquette; the youngest is still too childish to have her character defined—she is merely a good-humoured, frivolous girl; may God guard her from temptation! The third, however—namely, my good and beloved Constanze—is the martyr of the family, and probably on this very account the kindest-hearted, the cleverest, and, in short, the best of them all; she takes charge of the whole house, and yet does nothing right in their eyes. Oh! my dear father, I could write you pages were I to de-

scribe to you all the scenes that I have witnessed in that house; but if you wish it I will do so in my next letter. Before, however, releasing you from this subject, I must make you better acquainted with the character of my Constanze. She is not plain, but at the same time far from being handsome; her whole beauty consists in a pair of bright black eyes and a pretty figure. She is not witty, but has enough sound good sense to enable her to fulfil her duties as a wife and mother. It is utterly false that she is inclined to be extravagant; on the contrary, she is invariably very plainly dressed, for the little her mother can spend on her children she gives to the two others, but to Constanze nothing. It is true that her dress is always neat and nice, however simple, and she can herself make most of the things requisite for a young lady. She dresses her own hair, understands housekeeping, and has the best heart in the world. I love her with my whole soul, as she does me. Tell me if I could wish for a better wife. I must add that, at the time I gave up my situation, my love had not begun; it first arose (while living with them) from her tender care and attentions. All I now wish is that I may procure some permanent situation (and this, thank God, I have good hopes of), and then I shall never cease entreating your consent to my rescuing this poor girl, and thus making, I may say, all of us quite happy, as well as Constanze and myself; for, if I am happy, you are sure to be so, dearest father, and one-half of the proceeds of my situation shall be yours.

And concludes thus:—

I have thus opened my heart to you, and fully explained my words. I in turn beg you to explain those in your last letter: 'You do not believe that I was aware of a proposal

made to you, but to which you have given no answer!' I don't understand one word of this. I know of no proposal. Pray have compassion on your son. Ever your dutiful son.

Now joy and happiness once more entered his heart, and life was again all brightness. He endeavoured by all sorts of amiability to get into the good graces of Strack, the Emperor's valet, who had great influence with his Imperial Master, and it seemed as if he really wished to be of use to Mozart. He had also a good hope of being appointed director and composer in Prince Lichtenstein's private orchestra; thus, he had something tolerably certain in prospect. But Strack had a menial soul, and though personally well disposed towards the 'little Maestro,' he did not care for the works of a Haydn or a Mozart, and was careful not to run counter to the taste of the Emperor. The hope of a situation with Prince Lichtenstein also failed. So Mozart was reduced to the insecure results of concerts and lessons. At that time, however, he had three profitable pupils—the Countesses Rumbeck and Zichi, and Frau von Trattner. But his chief hope was to gain a victory by his opera, and this anticipation made his soul, already sufficiently agitated, still more excited. He was conscious of his own strength, and the only aim he had in view was to fulfil his mission by grand productions. Even his betrothal and marriage were only means to an end; but this was a certainty. He felt it to be so, and the result shews that he was

right. His mood became free and bright, and his spirit flowed along in all its fulness, in spite of many an hour of need and distress.

The father, indeed, looked at the matter in a very different light. He could only see a room filled with poverty-stricken children, such as he had formerly pictured to the son in so sharp a light. According to his views, Wolfgang went from one piece of folly to another, recklessly risking both his own happiness and that of others, and rushing blindly to destruction. The description of the Weber family, too, was not likely to awaken his confidence. As Wolfgang had been so mistaken about Aloysia, was it likely that he knew Constanze better? Moreover, it was said in Salzburg that Mozart had given Constanze a written promise of marriage; hence the father, according to his estimate of men, had no doubt that Madame Weber and her daughter had acted with cunning calculation, entangling the inexperienced youth in their nets, and in some degree forcing him to give a promise in writing. He, therefore, suggests to the son that such a document is by no means binding. But how entirely is he mistaken! Wolfgang gives at once a satisfactory answer to his father on the subject. The guardian of the Weber children, Johann Thorwarth, inspector of theatrical properties, a man highly respected, especially by Count Rosenberg, had been much prejudiced against Mozart by tale-bearers. Wolfgang writes:—

To him (who is not acquainted with me) busybodies and officious gentlemen like Winter and others, must have, no doubt, brought all sorts of reports, such as, that he must beware of me, that I had no fixed income, that I frequented her society too much, that I would perhaps leave her in the lurch, and thus make the girl miserable, &c., &c. The guardian became very uneasy at these insinuations. The mother, however, who knows me and my integrity, was perfectly satisfied, and never said a word to him. My whole intercourse consisted in living in the same house with her, and afterwards calling every day. No one ever saw me with her elsewhere. The guardian besieged the mother with his remonstrances till she told me of them, and begged me to speak to him myself, as he was to be there shortly. He came, and we conversed together, and the result was (as I did not explain myself so clearly as he desired) that he insisted on the mother putting an end to all intercourse between her daughter and myself until I had settled the affair with him in writing. The mother said, 'His whole intercourse consists in his calling here; I cannot forbid him my house; he is too good a friend of ours, and one to whom I am under great obligations. I am satisfied; I trust him. Settle it with him yourself.' So he forbade my seeing her at all unless I gave him a written engagement. What could I do? I was forced either to give a contract in writing or renounce the girl. Who that sincerely and truly loves can forsake his beloved? Would not the mother of the girl herself have placed the worst interpretation on such conduct? Such was my position. The contract was in this form:—'I bind myself to marry Madlle. Constanze Weber, in the course of three years, and if it should so happen, which I consider impossible, that I change my mind, she shall be entitled to draw on me every year for 300 florins.

These were occurrences which no doubt irritated Mozart extremely; but, as he assured his father, he regarded this promise of marriage as entailing no risk whatever, being quite positive that he never would desert Constanze, and if, unhappily, such a thing were possible, he would only be too glad to get rid of her by playing 300 florins, and adds enthusiastically :—

But what did the angelic girl do when her guardian was gone? She desired her mother to give her the written paper, and saying to me, 'Dear Mozart, I require no written contract from you, I rely on your promise,' she tore up the paper. This trait endeared Constanze still more to me.

The affair was now known to all Vienna. Silence had been faithfully promised by his friends, but of course not observed; so Mozart writes :—

Herr von Thorwarth did not behave well, but not so badly that he and Madame Weber 'should sweep the streets in irons like criminals, and a tablet round their necks with the words *seducers of youth.*' This would really be rather too severe.

And even if what you write were true, that for my sake the house was always open to me, thus giving me every opportunity, &c., &c., the punishment even in that case would be rather startling. But I need scarcely tell you such is not the fact, and the very suspicion is grievous to me. How could you believe your son capable of frequenting a house where such things went on? This much only will I say, that you may believe precisely the *reverse* of all you have been told.

He thus maintained in opposition to his father his right to adhere to a genuine attachment. We here recognise the power of his noble nature that enabled him to struggle through such a slough of base repulsive accusations, without a particle of mud clinging to himself, his sole weapon against such attacks being his own pure heart, by which he preserved his inward cheerfulness and peace of mind, amid every vexation. Yet he did not escape considerable excitement and agitation. That 'knave' Winter, who was a pupil of Vogler, and Mozart's enemy when at Mannheim, circulated the most shameful calumnies about Mozart and Constanze when in Munich, and these reached Salzburg. Such base conduct enraged Mozart, especially as he had always offered him bad advice. He replies:—

What monsters there are in the world in the shape of men! But patience! My anger and fury are such that I can write no more, except that I will answer the letter by the next post, and prove to my father that there are men who are worse than devils. Good heavens! I have this instant received such a letter from my dear good father!

None of these things, however, move him from his resolution. Again he says:—

I never can be happy or contented without my beloved Constanze, but without your cordial consent I shall only be partly happy. Make me wholly so, my dearest and best father, I entreat.

The father was not satisfied with these explanations, and continued to bring forward one objection after another, so that the struggle between them daily grew more severe, till heavy clouds obscured all clear insight into the matter. Presently it was said that the mother's sole object was to derive profit for herself from the marriage; but when the daughter is also attacked, Mozart writes in a most indignant strain:—

One thing more (for without it I could not sleep in peace): do not suspect my Constanze of so base a disposition. Believe me, if she was capable of such sentiments, I could not possibly love her. She and I long ago were aware of her mother's designs, but she will discover her mistake, for she wishes us (when we are married) to live with her, as she has apartments to let; but this shall never be, for on no account would I consent to it, and my Constanze still less; on the contrary, she does not wish to be much with her mother, and I shall do all I can to prevent it—we know her too well. My kind father, my dearest wish is that we may soon meet, and that you may see her and love her, for you love those who have good hearts—that I know.

From his three pupils he received 18 ducats a month. If he could secure even one more, it would amount to 102 florins, 24 kreutzer; and this sum would enable him and his wife to live quietly and economically, as they wished to live. If, indeed, he were to be seized with illness, his income would be

at an end; otherwise he could write an opera every year, give concerts, publish his works by subscription; but these must be considered mere casualties.

But if the bow will not bend, it must break, and I will rather make the venture, than continue to wait for a long period. Things cannot go worse with me, and will no doubt every day gradually grow better. My reason for wishing to avoid delay is not so much on my own account as on hers. I must rescue her as soon as possible; but more of this in my next letter.

Soon after he confides to his sister how he spends his day:—

I cannot begin to work before five or six o'clock in the evening, and I am often prevented doing so by some concert; otherwise I write till nine o'clock. I then go to my dear Constanze, though our pleasure in meeting is frequently embittered by the unkind speeches of her mother, which I will explain to my father in my next letter. Thence comes my wish to liberate and rescue her as soon as possible. At half-past ten or eleven I go home, but this depends on the mother's humour, or on my patience in bearing it.

He now tries to bring about an alliance between the two girls. He concludes in the childlike kindly manner peculiar to him:—

My dear Constanze has just asked me whether she may venture to send my sister a little souvenir. At the same time I am to apologise for her, and to say that, being poor, she has nothing worth sending, but she hopes my sister may take the will for the deed. The little cross is of no value,

but quite the fashion in Vienna. The heart transfixed by an arrow is something like *my sister's heart with the arrow*, and will please her the more on that account. Farewell!

These advances were kindly met; but the father persevered in casting obstacles in the way, carefully pointing out the faults of the mother, who, in his opinion, must be incapable of giving a good education to her daughters; on which we hear sad things in Mozart's reply:—

The report about her mother is only so far well founded that she rather likes wine, and, perhaps, more than a woman ought. Still, I never saw her at all intoxicated; it would be false were I to say so. The children drink nothing but water, and although the mother always insists on their taking wine, she never succeeds, so there is often great wrangling on the subject. Can anyone conceive a mother quarrelling with her children on such a point?

But now, to fill up the measure of his distress, a fit of passion on the part of Constanze cost him many a sorrowful hour. The following letter of Mozart's, dated April 20, 1782, which he was forced to write about six months after his betrothal, shews his mode of thinking in a charming light:—

My dear and beloved Friend,—You still, I hope, allow me to give you this name? Surely you do not hate me so much that I may no longer be your friend, nor you mine? And even if you do not choose henceforth to be called my

friend, you cannot prevent my thinking of you as tenderly as I have always done. Reflect well on what you said to me to-day. In spite of all my entreaties, you have met me on three occasions with a flat refusal, and told me plainly that you wished to have no more to do with me. It is not, however, a matter of the same indifference to me that it seems to be to you, to lose the object of my love; I am not, therefore, so passionate, so rash, or so reckless, as to accept your refusal. I love you too dearly for such a step. I beg you then once more to weigh well and calmly the cause of our quarrel, which arose from my being displeased at your telling your sisters (N.B. in my presence) that at a game of forfeits you had allowed the size of your leg to be measured by a gentleman. No girl with becoming modesty would have permitted such a thing. The maxim to do as others do is well enough, but there are many things to be considered besides—whether only intimate friends and acquaintances are present—whether you are a child, or a girl old enough to be married—more especially, whether you are already betrothed—but, above all, whether you are with people of much higher rank than yourself. If it be true that the Baroness [Waldstädten] did the same, still it is quite another thing, because she is a *passée* elderly woman (who cannot possibly any longer charm), and is always rather flighty. I hope, my dear friend, that you will never lead a life like hers, even should you resolve never to become my wife. But the thing is past, and a candid avowal of your heedless conduct would have made me at once overlook it; and allow me to say, if you will not be offended, my dearest friend, will still make me do so. This will show you how truly I love you. *I do not fly into a passion like you.* I think, I reflect, and I feel. *If you feel, and have feeling*, then I know I shall be

able this very day to say with a tranquil mind: My Constanze is the virtuous, honourable, discreet, and faithful darling of her honest and kindly-disposed Mozart.

Thus the two lovers (which is not unfrequently the case) mutually embittered their lives; for this was one of many occasions, when the giddy impulsive Constanze wounded the refined nature of the young artist. If we remember the annoyance caused to Mozart by the rude conduct of Madame Weber, and the opposition of his father, we can scarcely understand how it was possible for him to compose an opera just at that time. To his father's question on the subject he replies, eight days after the letter to Constanze that we have given above,

I was yesterday at Countess Thun's, and played over my second act to her, with which she seems no less pleased than with the first.

Thus we find he had an asylum in which he could seek refuge from the worries of life, where he often wrote till one o'clock in the morning, rising again at six o'clock. This was, however, his sole consolation during this trying time, and well might he write, 'I must confess that I take great delight in my opera.' Indeed, his hopes on this subject cheer him so much that his letters are again garnished with all sorts of witticisms and childish jokes.

I must confess that I look forward with much pleasure to this opera.

'By the bye, some days ago I got a letter—from whom? From Herr von Fugele; and the contents? That he was in love; with whom? With my sister? Not at all—with my cousin!

I send a couple of kisses to Madlle. Marchand (with my dear Constanze's permission).

This brief notice was the only one the father got on this occasion about the work which at that time so absorbed his soul. Hitherto, the most detailed information had been sent to the father, during the progress of all his previous compositions. He had now an innate conviction of the grandeur of his music, and felt every assurance of success. He writes that, though he usually composed according to his own feeling, he had now studied the Viennese taste. He had still to contend with powerful cabals, and it required a positive command on the part of the Emperor before the opera was at last given, on July 12. Highly raised as the expectations of the public were, they were equally surprised and delighted by this music. The house was crowded. Applause and encores seemed to have no end; the performances quickly succeeded each other.

My opera was given yesterday for the second time, when, perhaps, you will scarcely believe that there was even a stronger cabal against it than on the first evening. The whole of the first act was scrambled through, which, however, could not prevent the loud shouts of bravo during the airs. My hopes rested on the closing terzett, but my evil star permitted Fischer to go wrong, which made Dauer (Pedrillo) go wrong also; and

Adamberger alone could not sustain the whole, so that all the effect was lost, and this time it was *not encored*. I was in such a rage (and so was Adamberger) that my blood boiled, and I said that I never again would allow the opera to be given without a previous rehearsal for the singers.

At the third performance not a single stall was to be had. He says:—

> And, in spite of the frightful heat, the theatre was again crowded to suffocation.
>
> It is very gratifying to receive such approbation.

This universal recognition caused his soul to soar still higher, and his spirit acquired a fresh impetus. The Emperor Joseph, who had very little idea of what he had called forth on this occasion, said, 'Much too fine for our ears, dear Mozart; and what a quantity of notes!' To which the artist boldly replied, 'Just as many notes as were necessary, your Majesty!' He had become fully conscious of the strength of his abilities. Gluck, the oldest of the modern composers, and certainly the most distinguished artist in the musical world of Vienna, requested that the opera might be performed for him (though given only a few days previously), when he highly complimented the young Maestro and invited him to dinner.

Mozart's fortune was now made. He was admitted to be one of the first composers in Vienna, the most

laudatory notices of him appeared in the newspapers, and his opera was circulated all over Germany. It began to dawn on people that this was the first genuinely German opera. Goethe, who was much interested in this style of composition, and had composed many a poem to be set to music by his friend Kayser, writes during his Italian journey, 'All our efforts to keep within the due limits of simplicity were vain when Mozart appeared. The "Entführung aus dem Serail" carried everything before it, and our piece, so carefully composed, has not been even named at the theatre.' Mozart had given of his best, in order to win the best. But, in addition to fame, he had still to obtain a permanent situation, which alone could enable him to secure the possession of his beloved Constanze. All his distress about her was poetically embodied in the wonderful strain of lamentation that breathes in Constanze's aria, 'Traurigkeit ward mir zum Loose.' All his bliss in the enjoyment of his radiant love, and his longing for the permanent possession of his Constanze, are portrayed in Belmont's aria.

And where else can we find the magic charm which breathes so imploringly throughout the melody, 'O wie ängstlich'; where is ease of mind manifested so happily and warmly as in the rondo, 'Wenn der Freude Thränen fliessen?' We see that all that he had only hoped for in happy dreams is realised for him, and having imbibed this bliss in copious draughts, how much more delightful

was the reality than any dream, and how glowingly does he pour forth his overflowing heart! Such tones had never yet been heard. Henceforth every lyre that wishes to sing of the love joys or sorrows of the Fatherland has been attuned to such strains, and they have never been surpassed even to the present day.

But there was one quality in this opera almost exceeding these—the comic element, the genuine humour that pervaded it, a greater novelty than those heartfelt loving melodies which no doubt derived their expression from popular song; no German opera could ever yet boast of a figure like that of Osmin, undoubtedly the very first really comic personage in dramatic music, compared with whom the characters in the opera buffa seem artificial, and the humour in the French operetta very feeble. The depths of Mozart's spirit are here for the first time fully developed, and it is not so strange that his recent harassing anxieties left him sufficient freedom of mind to call forth such figures into life, for it was precisely by those very troubles, caused by the brutality and meanness of other men, that he caught the first glimpse into the vast whirlpool of life. From this emerged the shape of Osmin, with his coarseness, uncouth stupidity, and his amorous nature, as much taken from life as Niederländer's peasants, or Shakspeare's Falstaff. He depicts Osmin (as he had formerly done Count Arco) in all his paltry official zeal, again and again outwitted, and constantly

subjected to due punishment for his rudeness and arrogance. In this character he showed a maturity of mind rare in a young man only six-and-twenty, which makes us understand why Mozart, in spite of all his indignation and wrath at the cruel usage he met with from the Archbishop and his worthy chamberlain, and likewise his agitation and fury at Winter's infamous calumnies, yet in the depths of his soul preserved that equanimity to which such things are merely passing storms of wind and weather.

CHAPTER III.

DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM AUGE GOTTES—1782.

'As a youth he showed the understanding of a man—and as a man the wisdom of the old.'

In considering all these circumstances, we must not forget that we are writing of the year 1782. The French Revolution with its warlike results had not yet secured to Germany that freedom of personal action conferred in these days on all, be they whom they may, indeed, now habitual to all. The prerogatives of certain classes, especially the privileges of the nobility, were still in full force. Even the recognition by the great Frederick of the political rights of every subject, and Joseph II.'s respect for the citizen class, could not alter the fact of their different relations, or induce the citizen to realise the consciousness of his rights as a man. The class to which musicians and actors belonged, though no longer despicable in the eyes of the public, were certainly not considered by the nobility as on a level with themselves; and this explains why old Mozart, who had been trained quite in the ancient fashion, did not

at once sanction his son's defending his own rights as a man, against the nobility and the Archbishop. Even independent of the under current of material interests which here existed, he never would have approved of such steps on Wolfgang's part. The proposition that every man is by nature equal to the nobility, was first awakened in the circles of the middle classes in Germany by the powerful voice of Schiller. 'The Robbers' had already appeared, but it is very doubtful whether the Mozart family had ever seen that revolutionary work with its social feeling in favour of the greatest outcasts of society. It was the same with regard to family life —Gellert, Wieland, and Klopstock had penetrated even into the Catholic South, and the first dawn of the awakening of inner life was beginning to shine more and more brightly on the people, who began to feel their rights. In North Germany also, in spite of all sensibility, the conviction had not yet been thoroughly adopted that man was entitled to his own opinions, more especially in the choice of a wife. The axiom, 'No marriage without love,' which is an understood thing with the youth of the present day, was in Mozart's time by no means regarded as essential. But respect for relationship and position, in short the combined voice of the family, was considered decisive. All the more must we commend this proof of the genuine and true nature of Mozart, in every point of view a man to be respected, when we find that contrary to the usages

of that day, he steadily asserted his heart's best rights both formerly in Mannheim and now in Vienna.

Even at the time when he loved Aloysia, when told that a friend of his own had made a rich marriage, he made the following remarks:—

I hope never to marry in this way; I wish to make my wife happy, but not to become rich by her means; so I will let things alone, and enjoy my golden freedom till I am so well off that I can support both wife and children. Herr Schiedenhofen was forced to choose a rich wife; his title imposed this on him. The nobility must not marry for love or from inclination, but from interest, and all kinds of other considerations. It would not at all suit a grandee to love his wife after she had done her duty, and brought into the world an heir to the property. But we poor humble people are privileged not only to choose a wife who loves us, and whom we love, but we may, can, and do take such a one, because we are neither noble, nor highborn, nor rich, but on the contrary, lowly, humble, and poor; we therefore need no wealthy wife, for our riches being in our heads die with us, and these no man can deprive us of, unless he cut them off, in which case we need nothing more.

And yet he had not, like us from our youth upwards, the advantage of his heart's privileges being inscribed on his mind in glowing colours by the works of our great poets. In the circles which Mozart frequented, Schiller and Goethe were as yet unknown, and they were scarcely acquainted even with Lessing. And although we see the young lover, in the hope of gaining his

father's consent, bringing prominently forward worldly and practical reasons, still throughout his words we hear sounding, 'I love her and she loves me, so we cannot fail to be happy.' Although the letter to his betrothed bride contains more respect than tenderness, we find in this the influence of the period; we must not forget that neither letters nor words were the medium employed by Mozart to express his sentiments in a natural and unconstrained manner. His music alone gives us information on this point, and it is so remarkable for the genuine expression of heartfelt emotion, that we are at once convinced Mozart cherished this most delightful and natural of all passions with not less simplicity, depth, and truth, than a Goethe—like him, towering at least a head above all his contemporaries. He it was, indeed, who, conjointly with Goethe, awakened the whole nation by his strains to the conviction that a man's 'own heart' is his most precious possession; and for such measure as we now have, our gratitude is due solely to these two spirits. Others led us on from the inner to the outer life—Schiller and Beethoven proclaimed that a man who has an inward sense of his just claims, ought to make them valid in his outward life also. But if the worthy Germans had not some conviction of their privileges, the powerful voice of these men of progress would have sounded in vain.

All this has now passed away—we of the present day can scarcely realise that things ever were otherwise,

so that Mozart's yielding nature may appear rather childish; but he only complied with the outward forms of his time. A lively feeling heart beat within his breast, a sentiment of humanity, pure, deep, and clear, and he has uttered this in a manner available for all; and so long as the human race exists, Mozart's strains will teach men how they ought to feel, or rather how they are to secure their privileges and assert their rights. We must not forget all this if in the following delineation some things may not appear sufficiently great according to our present ideas. To act as Mozart acted, steadily following the voice of his heart, was quite unexampled at the period; indeed in the circles with whom he associated, such conduct was deemed wrong, or, at all events, eccentric, and this proves how high he soared in his refined impulses above his time.

We left our young genius in all the complications of practical life. His father was enraged, his mother-in-law worthless; it was his task to rescue himself and Constanze from these perplexities. This he scarcely knew how to accomplish; he wished to marry at once; the father refused his consent. Wolfgang had no situation, and no money. What were the 100 ducats he got for 'Die Entführung'? What the few gulden that the Prussian ambassador, Baron Riedesel, paid him for a copy of the score? What the sum he received for an

arrangement of the same opera for a band? And in summer he could not give many lessons.

He strove to win over Nannerl to his side, and the respectful manner in which Constanze writes to her, while Mozart himself esteems it an honour to receive a letter from his sister, does take us back to the time when, whatever his feelings might be, a man dared scarcely venture to lift his eyes to look them in the face.

My darling Constanze has at last summoned up courage to follow the impulse of her kind heart, and to write to you. If you are so good, dear sister, as to answer her (which I hope you will, that I may see the joy in this dear creature's face), I beg you will enclose your letter to me. I mention this as a precaution, to warn you that her mother and sisters are not aware that she has written to you.

Constanze's letter, garnished with many compliments, is as follows:—

My dear and valued friend,—I never should have been so bold as to yield to my wish and longing to write to you direct, if your brother had not assured me that you would not take amiss this step on my part. I do so from my earnest desire to make acquaintance, by writing at least, with a person who, though as yet unknown to me, bears the name of Mozart, a name so precious to me. May I venture to say, that though I have not had the pleasure of seeing you, I already love and esteem you as the sister of so excellent a brother? I therefore presume to ask for your friendship. Without undue pride I think I may say that I partly deserve it, and shall strive wholly to do so. I venture to offer you mine, which, indeed, has

long been yours in my secret heart. I trust I may do so, and in this hope I remain your faithful friend,

CONSTANZE WEBER.

My compliments to your papa.

Her nervous sensations are evident in the unsteadiness of the writing, shewing, too, how unaccustomed she was to letter-writing; but when forced to address the father himself, Constanze was in still greater girlish embarrassment.

Being prevented finishing my letter the other day, I begged my dear Constanze to make my apologies to you: she hesitated for some time, fearing that you might laugh at her orthography and style; so she gives me no peace till I write to you and make her excuses.

Soon after, the father begs the son to send a symphony. His answer shews how anxious he was to keep his father in good humour, and also evinces the extraordinary vigour and elasticity of his conceptions. He writes:—

I have now no little trouble in arranging my opera for a band by Sunday week, or someone will anticipate me and secure the profits instead of me; and yet you propose to me to compose a new symphony.

How is such a thing possible? You have no idea of the difficulty of arranging a work of this kind for a band—to adapt it to the wind instruments, yet without detracting from the effect. Well, all I can do is to devote the night to the task, for it cannot be managed otherwise, and to you, dear father, I sacrifice it. You may rely on having something

from me by every post, and I will write it as quickly as I can and as well as haste will permit.

And he kept his word. The father received what he had asked for in fourteen days, and Mozart, besides the symphony, had to compose a serenade. Six months later he requested his father to return the symphony that it might be performed at a concert, and adds:—

My new Hafner symphony surprised me exceedingly on seeing it again, for I had forgotten all about it; surely it must make a good effect?

Jahn writes:—'This is, indeed, the veritable genuine Mozart; he apologises for the symphony as well as other works not being completed in a fortnight, and afterwards marvels that it is so good!' How entirely must his head and heart at that time have been filled with matrimonial projects! The marvellous success of the 'Entführung' had brought his name on all lips, even at court, and almost everyone was discussing his betrothal. The Emperor also, during the winter, expressed himself most graciously on the subject. The hopes, however, that Mozart had founded on this speech proved futile. But now that the favourable result of his opera ensured him a brilliant future in Vienna, he could and would no longer delay his marriage. He writes:—

My dear kind father, I do implore you, by all you hold dear in the world, to give me your consent to my marrying

my beloved Constanze. Do not suppose that it is marriage alone I think of—in that case I would gladly submit to wait —but I see that it is absolutely necessary for my own honour and also that of my Constanze, as well as for my health and peace of mind; my heart is troubled, my head confused; in such a state how is it possible either to think or to work to any good purpose? And whence does this arise? Most people think we are already married, which irritates the mother, and the poor girl (as well as myself) is tormented to death. This can easily be obviated. Believe me it is as practicable to live in expensive Vienna as anywhere else; everything depends upon proper housekeeping and management, which never can be expected from a young man, especially when in love. The man who gets such a wife as I shall may well be happy. We intend to live in a most private and retired manner. Do not be uneasy. If I were this very day to be taken ill, which may God forbid! I may venture to assert that (especially if married) the very highest of the nobility here would take me under their protection. I can say this with entire confidence. I know the way in which Prince Kaunitz spoke of me to the Emperor, and to the Archduke Maximilian. I shall anxiously expect your consent, my kind father. I feel sure that I shall receive it, for my honour and my reputation are at stake.

Yet the father, now, as before, refuses his consent. According to his views, this marriage would be utter ruin to his son. Indeed, he is so out of humour, that in reply to the good tidings about the new work—

which does not merely 'please,' but makes such a commotion in Vienna that the public will listen to nothing else, and the theatre swarms with people—

he sends a cold, indifferent letter to his son, and torments him with all sorts of reproaches. Wolfgang goes on to say :—

You say that the world declares I have made enemies of all the professors of music, and many others, by my boasting and criticisms. What world? Probably the Salzburg world, for people here cannot fail to see and to know the exact reverse; and this shall be my reply. You have no doubt in the meantime received my last letter, and I feel confident that you will give your consent to my marriage in your next letter. You can have no possible objection to offer, nor can there be any, and this you admit in your letters. Constanze is a well-conducted, good girl of respectable parentage, and I am in a position to earn at least *daily bread* for her. We love each other, and we are resolved to marry. All that you have written or may possibly write on this subject can be nothing but well-meant advice, which, however good and sensible, can no longer apply to a man who has gone so far with a girl. There can therefore be no question of further delay. Honesty is the best policy, and cannot fail to insure the blessing of Providence. I am resolved to have no cause for self-reproach.

The usually gay, good-humoured Maestro takes his father's letter in a very serious light, and we hear that he frequently accompanies his Constanze to mass and to confession, saying in one letter, 'I found that I never prayed so fervently or confessed so piously as by her side. But at length help was at hand. Baroness Waldstädten had long been a patroness of Mozart. During the winter, like a true woman, interested not in

the artist alone, she invited Mozart's bride to stay with her for some weeks, and thus promoted the intercourse of the lovers. But the mother observing that, owing to this, her power over her daughter was gradually much relaxed, would no longer hear of her prolonging her stay; and she certainly was justified in her decision. The baroness, as she subsequently wrote to Mozart's father, had once suffered much, and endured no little grief and pain, so she now sought (which was not unusual with the Viennese nobility) to make amends for all these trials by a luxuriant and somewhat free mode of living—thus her reputation did not stand high. Mozart knew this as well as the rest of the world, and said, 'People do speak rather equivocally of her, and she is weak—but more I do not say.' Still there was no one to whom he could look for help, and he was certain that the baroness was kindly disposed towards Constanze and himself. We must read the following letter to learn all the misery and distressing incidents of these weeks, and then we shall be able to understand why Mozart was so very grateful to the only friend who was able to help him, and who did so effectually. He afterwards declared that he had received too much kindness from the baroness, not to defend her when he could, or at least when he could not speak in her favour to be silent. The distressing letter is as follows:—

To Baroness Waldstädten.

Highly esteemed Lady,—I received my music by a maid-servant of Madame Weber's, and was obliged to give a written receipt for it. The maid confided to me something which I can scarcely believe, as it would entail such disgrace on the family; yet as, to those who know the folly of Madame Weber, nothing seems impossible, I feel very uneasy. Sophie came out in tears, and when the maid asked her what was the matter, she said: 'Tell Mozart privately to manage to send Constanze home; otherwise my mother is quite determined to make the police fetch her.' Have the police really the power to enter any house they please? Perhaps this may only be a snare to lure her home. But if it could be so, our only resource is that Constanze should marry me early to-morrow, or this very day, if possible; for I will not expose my darling to such an insult, from which as my wife she is secure. Another thing. Herr von Thorwarth is to be at the Webers' to-day. Pray give me your kind advice, and lend a helping hand to us poor creatures. I shall wait all day at home. In the greatest haste. Constanze knows nothing as yet of this. Did Herr von Thorwarth call on you? Is it necessary that we should both go to see him after dinner to-day?

Further hesitation was no longer possible. The baroness wrote to the father for his consent, inviting him to her house, which mark of kindness the father declined, with every expression of respect. Thus she succeeded by degrees in removing the various obstacles that still unaccountably stood in the way of the

marriage. She also advanced to her protégé the 1,000 gulden required as an equivalent for the 500 gulden that constituted Constanze's marriage portion; a dispensation from Church banns was also procured, and the marriage of those two who so fondly loved each other was actually solemnised on August 4, 1782. The marriage contract was signed on the previous evening in the presence of Landrath V. Cetto and Franz Gilowsky, brother of Katherl Gilowsky, who once figured in a drawing on a target. The consent of the father, for which Mozart had waited two days, arrived just after the wedding, so Mozart could then thoroughly enjoy his happiness. Next day he writes the following touching letter to his father:—

You are very much mistaken in your son if you can believe him capable of base conduct. My beloved Constanze, now, thank God, at last my wife, knew my circumstances long ago, and heard from me that I had nothing whatever to expect from you; but her attachment and love for me were so great, that she gladly and joyfully sacrificed her future life to share my fate. I thank you, with all the tender affection a son must always feel towards a father, for your kind consent and blessing. I felt I could rely on it; and you knew that I was myself only too well aware of all—all that could be said against such a step; but without injury to my conscience and my honour I could not act otherwise, and I knew I could place implicit confidence in your consent. After waiting two posts in vain for your answer, the day of our wedding having been finally settled (by which time your reply ought to have arrived), being quite assured of your

consent, I was married, by the blessing of God, to my beloved Constanze. Next day I received both your letters at once. Now the event has taken place, and I entreat your forgiveness for my perhaps too hasty trust in your fatherly love. This candid confession gives you a fresh proof of my regard for truth, and my detestation of falsehood. My dear wife will herself by the next post write to her kind father-in-law to entreat his blessing, and to her beloved sister-in-law to solicit the continuance of her valued friendship. No one attended the marriage but Constanze's mother and youngest sister, Herr von Thorwarth in his capacity of guardian, Herr von Cetto (Landrath), who gave away the bride, and Gilowsky [of Salzburg] as my best man. When the ceremony was over, both my wife and I shed tears; all present (even the priest) were touched on seeing the emotion of our hearts. Our sole wedding festivities consisted of a supper, which Baroness Waldstädten gave us, and indeed it was more princely than baronial. My darling is now a hundred times more joyful at the idea of going to Salzburg; and I am willing to stake—ay, my very life, that you will rejoice still more in my happiness when you really know her; if, indeed, in your estimation, as in mine, a high-principled, honest, virtuous, and pleasing wife ought to make a man happy.

Mozart used playfully to call his wedding, '*Die Entführung aus dem auge Gottes*;' as the mother lived in the *Auge Gottes*, on the Petersplatz, where the house is still to be seen. It was quite right that the daughter should be carried off from her; for from the first she never ceased embittering the lives of the young wife and her son-in-law, by wrangling and quarrelling; so they went to her house as little as possible. Mozart

had, indeed, sufficient cause for emotion at his marriage; for what a distressing state of things was thus at once put an end to! Our Maestro now experienced the purest felicity that can fall to the share of man; peace of mind and contentment flowed from this union. A few days later he writes:—

I found that I never prayed so fervently, nor confessed so piously, as by her side; and she felt the same.

He now used all his endeavours to procure a permanent situation. Each fresh performance of his opera heightened his sense of his powers. It was in those days that Gluck praised him so warmly, and invited Constanze and him to dinner; but Mozart looked further on into the future.

In short, we are made for each other; and God, who orders all things, and consequently this also, will not forsake us.

Every possible effort was made to persuade the Emperor to do something for Mozart; but the latter writes:—

The Viennese gentlemen (I more particularly allude to the Emperor) must not believe that Vienna is my only resource. There is no monarch whom I would be more glad to serve than the Emperor, but I cannot humbly solicit an appointment. I believe that I am fully capable of doing honour to any court. If Germany, my beloved fatherland, of which I am (as you know) so proud, will not accept me

then, in God's name, let France or England be enriched by one more German of talent, to the disgrace of the German nation. You know well that the Germans are the people who have always excelled most in all the fine arts; but where have they laid the foundation of their success and their fame? Not in Germany, certainly. Even Gluck—did Germany make him the great man he is? Alas! no. Countess Thun, Count Zichi, Baron von Swieten, even Prince Kaunitz, are all much dissatisfied with the Emperor for not more highly prizing men of genius, and for allowing them to leave his dominions. The latter, in speaking of me to the Archduke Maximilian, said, 'Such people only come into the world once in a hundred years, and must not be driven away from Germany, more particularly when we are so fortunate as actually to enjoy their presence in the capital.'

I cannot afford to wait longer, and *I do not choose* to keep hanging on here till they think fit to take pity on me.

He thought of going to Paris, and had already written to the director, Le Gros, there. The father, however, dissuaded him from the project; but he did not henceforth lose sight of it. Giving lessons and concerts was by no means to his taste, and not nearly so profitable as writing operas; unhappily, he was obliged to wait several years before meeting with an opportunity to do so. Meanwhile, he worked away busily, and strove to provide for his existence in the best way he could. But when he now came home at noon or night he found a loving wife eager to attend to his comforts and to cheer him. She shielded him from all those petty cares and domestic matters which had formerly plagued him

so much, and she was indulgent to his peculiarities. For instance, he was often so deeply absorbed in his work that he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on around him, and she carried her watchful attention so far that she cut up his meat for him at dinner, lest in his absence of mind he should do himself an injury. She helped to refresh him in his labours also by reading aloud to him, or relating stories. She stimulated him to many compositions—as, for example, the Fugue that he sent to his sister, with the remark that she must not wonder if the prelude came after the Fugue, for while writing the one he was working out the other in his head! The Baron von Swieten, whom we shall presently know better, had lent him the Fugues of Händel and Bach. Wolfgang wrote to his sister:—

When Constanze heard these, she fell in love with them at once; she will listen to nothing but fugues, and particularly the works (in this style) of Händel and Bach. As she had often heard me play fugues still in my head, she asked me if I never wrote them down; and when I said I never did, she reproached me for not having composed this most artistic and beautiful style of music, and never ceased her entreaties till I wrote a fugue for her.

Thus we find that she could appreciate scientific works. She shared with her sisters a talent for music, and though she never equalled the eldest one, afterwards Madame Hofer, for whom the part of the 'Queen of the Night' was written, nor Aloysia Lange, yet her voice

and skill enabled her to try over her husband's compositions with him. In Salzburg she sung the solo part in one of his masses. She had sufficient knowledge to appreciate her husband's productions, and to procure quiet so far as possible, that he might work undisturbed. During his lifetime, indeed, she had no idea of what his genius really was; for he always soared far above her comprehension to a height as inaccessible to her as the sun. But as Mozart's nature required no spur, but rather to be held back, his wife was in this respect also the right wife for him.

At least, he was himself thoroughly convinced of this all the days of his life, and she had the capability to comprehend such love. After his death, she considered the letters he wrote to her latterly, during his various journeys, to 'redound highly to his honour,' and made her second husband forward a letter from her to the publisher Härtel in Leipzig, in which she writes, 'These natural, unstudied, charmingly-written letters are, beyond all doubt, the best criterion of his mode of thought, his peculiarities and his culture. The rare love for myself that breathes throughout these letters is especially characteristic; and the letters he wrote to me during the last years of his life are as tender as those written in the first years of our marriage.'

All Vienna knew and commented on Mozart's great love for his wife. His conduct during the trying period between his betrothal and his wedding had already

proved the sincerity of his affection. A short time after their marriage, when walking together and playing with their little pet dog, Constanze told her husband to pretend to strike her, as then the dog would fly at him furiously. At that moment the Emperor came out of a summer-house, and said, with playful surprise, 'Ei! ei! only three weeks married and come to blows already!' On which Mozart, laughing, explained to him the cause. Afterwards, when the unfortunate circumstances connected with the Lange couple had been discussed in the newspapers, the Emperor one day met Constanze, and spoke to her about her sister's unhappy position, concluding with these words: 'What a different thing it is to have a good husband!'

Our Maestro, however, was not so thoroughly immaculate, though not one-hundredth part of the calumnies circulated by the jealousy or the spite of baser natures is true—at least to the degrading extent alleged. His wife owned that he was not quite irreproachable, adding: 'He was so loveable that it was impossible for me to continue long angry with him, so I forgave him.' Jahn relates that Mozart's sister admitted that Constanze was by no means always so indulgent, and they had occasionally violent scenes, which we can easily understand. Still it is evident—and this is confirmed by Mozart's letters to his wife—that the heartfelt love existing between them was never abated by his errors. A contemporary well acquainted with both, Professor

Niemtschek, in Prague, corroborates this. He writes:—'Mozart lived most happily in his marriage with Constanze; he found in her a good, faithful, loving wife, who knew how to adapt herself to his nature, and she thus gained his entire confidence, and an influence that she only exercised in order to restrain him from over-hasty actions. He loved her truly, and confided everything to her, even his shortcomings, which confidence she repaid by tenderness and watchful care. Vienna witnessed their domestic life, and the widow never looked back without emotion to those years of her first marriage.'

Thus we find that Mozart was right in following the impulse of his heart in spite of his father, and the vigour with which he grasped the difficulties of his position, and overcame the painful attacks on his noblest feelings, procured for him that peace of mind which a man enjoys in his union with a beloved wife. We have the most striking proof of the cheerfulness that now brightened his life, in a letter written a couple of months after his quiet wedding, to the lady who had so kindly promoted it. We give the letter uncurtailed; and he who reads it can judge for himself whether, to attain the highest aims in life, it is more important chiefly to value worldly advantages in entering into the married state, or whether the heart-content and freedom of spirit emanating from such a union are not blessings far beyond all other treasures—securing to a man greater boons than all profit or riches. The result of Mozart's life

proves that, in spite of all the difficulties entailed on him by his marriage, it also brought him such solid peace and cheerfulness of soul, that we have good cause to rejoice at the fate that accomplished their union, or rather we ought to recognise the deep perceptions of this genius, not only for the laws of his own art, but also for the true basis of a man's being. He perceived more acutely than his worldly-wise, experienced father what was for his real advantage. And although during the next few years, indeed through Mozart's whole life, the father's fears seem to have been justified, still our Maestro was in reality right, and year by year the splendour of his productions testified more absolutely how far beyond all earthly trials or external good fortune, we ought to esteem those things which we grasp with our hearts and minds. We conclude this important episode in his life with the following merry letter:—

To Baroness von Waldstädten.

Dearest, best, and fairest,
Golden, silver, and sugared,
Most perfect, and precious,
Highly esteemed
Baroness!

I have the honour to send your Ladyship the rondo, the two volumes of plays, and the little book of stories. I committed a great blunder yesterday. I thought I had something particular to say, but it went fairly out of my stupid head—it was to thank your Ladyship for having taken so

much trouble about the handsome dress-coat, and for your goodness in promising me one; but I omitted doing so, which is, indeed, too often the case with me. I may well say that I am both a most fortunate and unfortunate man——unfortunate from the time when I saw your Ladyship so charmingly *friséé* at the ball, for my peace of mind is now gone! I do nothing but sigh and groan. During the remainder of the ball I could dance no more—I could only skip about. When supper came I could not eat—I could only gobble. At night, instead of slumbering softly and sweetly, I slept like a dormouse, and snored like a bear; and (without presumption) I think I might venture to lay a wager that with your Ladyship it was pretty much the same *à proportion*. You smile? You blush? I am indeed happy my felicity is secured. But, alas! alas! who taps me on the shoulder? Who glares at my writing? My wife! Well! it is a fact that, having got her at last, I must keep her. What is to be done? I must praise her, and try to imagine that it is all true. My wife, who is an angel of a woman, and I who am a pattern husband, send you a thousand kind wishes, and remain your Ladyship's faithful vassals,

MOZART Magnus corpore parvus,

et

CONSTANTIA omnium uxorum pulcherrima

et prudentissima.

Such a joyous mood is the portion of the good and happy alone!

CHAPTER IV.

AN ARTISTIC MÉNAGE.

'Necessity trains him and makes him work;
It accompanies him through life,
And stretches him on the bier at last.'

THE next incident that rejoiced the happy young couple was the hope of a journey to Salzburg. They thought of it so early as October, and determined certainly to go in November. Constanze was desirous to 'kiss her dear father's hands a thousand times,' and always carried his portrait in her bag. She was in ecstasy when she thought of Salzburg and her visit there. The first time, when they were about to set off, Constanze was seized with a violent headache; the second time the weather was so bad that the roads were impassable. Then the aristocratic pupils returned from the country and sent at once for their teacher. Still the Mozarts were resolved to go; their trunks remained packed till they heard from the father whether he preferred seeing his loving children for a few weeks at present, or for a longer visit in the spring. Not till

he replied to this were the trunks unpacked, and they settled to remain in Vienna for the time.

Mozart's hands were now quite full, and his head so crowded with all sorts of things that he was in a perpetual hurry, and wrote very little to his father. Still every post-day a letter made a pilgrimage to Salzburg, and the connection with his paternal home continued on a most cordial footing. The occupations that hindered Mozart's letters were only the customary ones of giving lessons and concerts, but no opera or any equally great commission. He promised one day to play at Madame Aurnhammer's concert, though he could not endure her, and wrote a concerto or a sonata for it. Another day his sister-in-law Aloysia gave a soirée, for which he composed a new rondo. Meanwhile, he steadily cherished the hope of again writing an opera, as the 'Entführung' still met with the same enthusiastic applause when performed. Mozart writes to his father:—

The happy medium—truth in all things—is no longer either known or valued; to gain applause, one must write things so inane that they might be played on barrel-organs, or so unintelligible that no rational being can comprehend them, though on that very account they are likely to please. This is not what I intended to discuss with you, but I should like to write a book—a short criticism of music, illustrated by examples: but, N.B. not under my own name.

And again:—

I send you an enclosure from Baroness Waldstädten, who fears her letter to you must also have been lost, for you make no allusion to it.

He could not understand how composers could accept such wretched libretti. He sent to Italy for the newest texts for comic operas, and declared that he had read through at least a hundred, without finding one that suited his taste or captivated his genius. His young wife was meanwhile equally occupied in her own way, and both were quite merry and careless in spirit, as the following letter shews: —

One request more, for my wife will not give me a moment's peace on the subject. Of course you know that this is Carnival time, and that dancing is as much the rage here as at Salzburg and Munich. I should like to go as a harlequin, unknown to anyone, because there are so many silly jackanapes at these masked balls, so I wish you to send me your harlequin's dress; but it must come without a day's delay, for we shall not attend the Redoubte till I get it, although they are in full swing just now. In fact, we prefer private balls. I gave a ball last week in my own house, but of course the gentlemen each paid two florins. We began at six o'clock in the evening, and finished at seven. What! only one hour? No, no, at seven o'clock next morning. I suppose you are puzzled to know how I had sufficient space. That just reminds me that I have always forgotten to write to you that six weeks ago we moved into another lodging, also on the Hohen Brücke, a few doors from our previous one. We now live in the lesser Herberstein Haus, No. 412, on the third floor, with Herr von Wetzlar, a rich Jew, where

I have a room immensely long and very narrow, a bedroom, an anteroom, and a large kitchen; there are two good-sized apartments adjoining ours still unfurnished, so I made use of these for our dance. Baron and Baroness Wetzlar were with us, Baroness Waldstädten, Herr von Edelbach, that humbug Gilowsky, Stephanie junior *et uxor*, M. and Madame Adamberger, the Langes, &c. I cannot possibly name them all.

So the old harlequin mood seems to have revived, or, rather, never to have died out, constant work having only thrust it aside for a time.

In this way we learn how Mozart lived, and what his home was. His domicile was certainly unpretentious; but it was the second in six months, and, from no fault of his own, he was obliged to take a third. We frequently find him changing his lodgings, and often without our knowing the cause. No doubt it proceeded from some irregularity, for a well-regulated household was not the strong point of our young married couple. He had other things to think of, and any sense of order that he possessed was transferred to his artistic productions, in which, independent of an admirable conformity to rules, we find the most exemplary order, extending even to the utmost technical minutiæ. His MSS. are throughout like fair copies, rarely anything scored out, and very seldom a blotted note. He soon began to make a catalogue of all his works, in which everything was minutely entered, with

the date of their completion. He then evidently considered it necessary to keep regular accounts, and wrote the sums he received on a long sheet of paper, and his expenditure in a quarto book, originally used for English exercises; it also contains several letters translated from that language. We find, May 1, 1784, 'Two sprigs of lilies of the valley—1 kreutzer.' May 27, 1784, 'A starling—34 kreutzer;' and a melody with the remark, 'His song is pretty.' The bird, it appears, sang the beginning of a rondo out of a concerto that Mozart had recently composed and played in public. The starling made a comical change of a tone, which surprised and pleased Mozart, so he bought the bird. He was extremely fond of animals, and we repeatedly find him mentioning Pimperl, the dog; while he held the starling in such esteem that when the bird died he put up a little monument to it in his garden, and wrote the inscription in verse himself.

Notwithstanding the accuracy of his account-book, the regularity of which was not destroyed even by the little outbreaks of his always ready humour, it was only continued for a year. Then Constanze undertook it, but probably kept it in a more summary fashion. We know no particulars as to her mode of housekeeping; but this we may say, that had she been as exact in her domestic matters, and shewn the same love of order and rule as her husband did in his art, their household affairs, in spite of the irregularity of their income, and

so many hindrances, would have been in a better state than they really were. A rather amusing occurrence took place the day after their wedding, which may serve as an example of the careless life they were both to lead. The morning after the wedding, the composer Abbé Stadler, a friend of Mozart's, came to the house of the young couple to offer his congratulations, according to the fashion of that day. He found the hall-door open, so he went into the kitchen and then into a sitting-room, but saw no one. At last he found himself unexpectedly in a room where the young people were lying asleep. Stadler awoke them, and Mozart burst out laughing, and at once invited his friend to breakfast. But neither a maid nor any kind of servant could be found, so all that could be done was that Constanze, who had only her silk wedding-dress at hand to put on, should prepare the coffee, which they all drank together in the merriest mood. On another occasion an acquaintance of Mozart's came to see him, and found him dancing round the room with his wife; when the former asked in surprise whether he was giving Constanze lessons in dancing, Mozart told him that there was no firewood in the house, so they were cold and trying to warm themselves by dancing. This visitor was Joseph Deiner, the landlord of an inn which Mozart frequented, and who often entered into conversation with him. He offered at once to send in firewood, which Mozart promised to pay for as soon as he had any money.

These were amusing incidents, the latter occurring many years after their marriage, characteristic of the young ménage, from the beginning to the end. Careless, heedless, often in difficulty, but always happy and cheerful! Mozart himself had a natural fitness for the regulation of practical life, having been brought up in a home where the strictest order was always observed. But his labours, as well as the whole bent of his mind, equally prevented his making use of these practical tendencies, which ought to have been doubly and trebly exercised to regulate a ménage that started in debt, and which remained dependent on casual emoluments during the whole of Mozart's life. In addition to this, his wife, owing to tedious *accouchements* and severe attacks of illness, was often obliged to give up all domestic management. Journeys to baths for Constanze's health, and medicines, absorbed the greater part of their income. We rarely find such instances of kind feeling as we hear of in Herr Kindum, who did not even know Mozart, but was enchanted with his music. Being told that, owing to a sprained foot, Constanze was ordered medicated hot baths; he volunteered to receive her into his own house for that purpose, and to allow her to stay there as long as those baths were necessary. Afterwards he could not for a long time be prevailed on to accept any remuneration for Constanze's board and lodging. In fact, Mozart himself was obliged to bear the whole burden of the expense, and was always

anxious to procure anything that could alleviate his wife's sufferings when out of health, though the outlay was so heavy. In such cases what availed even the considerable sums he received? On the whole, Mozart's pecuniary position was quite as good, in fact better, than that of most composers of the day. Publishers and theatrical managers at that period, no doubt, made a hundredfold profit, compared to what Mozart received for his operas. This injustice, which has been happily abolished in more recent days, did not affect our Maestro alone, and certainly a Joseph Haydn, or Mozart's father, would have prospered on an income equal to that of Wolfgang's.

But how did matters now stand, only six months after the wedding? Shortly after his merry ball, he writes to Baroness Waldstädten :—

Highly esteemed Lady,—I am now in a fine dilemma. Herr von Tranner and I lately agreed to ask for a renewal of our bill for fourteen days. As every merchant does this kind of thing, unless he is the most disobliging man in the world, I was quite at ease, hoping by that time to have been able to borrow the sum, if I could not manage to pay it myself; and now Herr von Tranner to-day sends to let me know that the person in question absolutely refuses to wait, and that if I do not pay the money before to-morrow he will *sue me at law*. Only think, dear lady, what a distressing occurrence this would be for me! I have no means of paying the money at present, nor even so much as one-half. If I could have had the least idea that the subscriptions for my

concert would proceed so slowly, I would have got the money at a longer date. I do entreat you, honoured lady, for heaven's sake, to assist in preserving my reputation and my good name. My poor little wife is so unwell that I cannot leave her, or I would have come to you myself to entreat your good offices in person.

On the same day he begs his father to send him the hautboy concerto he had written for Ramm, as Prince Esterhazy had offered him three ducats for it, and six if he would write a new one. He also mentions that in the last days of the Carnival a small set of masqueraders are to assemble to perform a little pantomime, of which he afterwards writes:—

My sister-in-law [Aloysia] was Columbine; I, harlequin; my brother-in-law, Pierrot; an old dancing-master (Merk), pantaloon; a painter (Grassi), the doctor. Both the plot and the music of the pantomime were mine. The dancing-master was so kind as to train us, and I really must say we played very nicely. I enclose the programme, which was distributed to the company by a mask, in the dress of a courier. The verses, though intended only to be doggrel rhymes, might be better. This production is not mine, but the actor Müller's, who dashed them off.

So little were his spirit depressed by the petty exigencies of life! Mozart was exceedingly fond of dancing, and danced beautifully, especially minuets. Vestris was his master, according to Kelly the singer, of whom we shall hear more presently. Mozart had, indeed,

good cause to be cheerful, for he had just received marks of approbation that justified him in entertaining the brightest hopes. He writes:—

My sister-in-law, Madame Lange, gave her concert yesterday in the theatre, where I played a concerto. The theatre was very full, and I was again received in so handsome a manner by the public, that it caused me the most heartfelt pleasure. I had gone off the stage, but the clapping of hands was so incessant that I was obliged to come back and repeat my rondo; it was a perfect storm! This is a good omen for my own concert, which is to be on Sunday the 23rd of March. I also played the symphony I wrote for the *Concert Spirituel*. My sister-in-law sang the aria, '*Non so d'onde viene*.' Gluck had a box next to the Langes, in which my wife was; he was vehement in his praise of the symphony and the aria, and invited us all four to dine with him next Sunday.

As to his own concert he writes:—

I need not tell you much about the success of my concert, for no doubt you have already heard of it. Suffice it to say that the theatre could not have been more crowded, and every box was full. What gratified me most was the Emperor being present, who gave me great applause. It is his usual custom to send the money to the box-office of the theatre before going there; otherwise I might have justly hoped for a larger sum, for his delight was beyond all bounds. He sent twenty-five ducats.

This sum was by no means insignificant. Then came the receipts, which a contemporary reports to have

amounted to 1,600 gulden, and yet Mozart, in his next letter to his father, sending him payment of his debt for transcribing his opera, apologises thus :—

I cannot spare more at present, as I foresee many expenses when my wife is confined.

At a concert a few days previously where Mozart played, as the Emperor had expressed the utmost delight, he still continued to hope that he would do something for him; but this was not to be for some years to come. So Mozart began once more to turn his attention to opera. He now made the acquaintance of Lorenzo da Ponte, which eventually proved of great importance to him. Da Ponte was at that time a theatrical poet. He had written a new opera libretto for Salieri, and promised one to Mozart also, who writes :—

But who can tell whether he will or can keep this promise? You are aware that these Italian gentlemen are very civil to your face. Well, we know them! If he is in league with Salieri, I shall never while I live get a libretto from him.

In fact, Mozart got none at that time. He begged his father to ask the Abbé Varesco to write a new opera text for seven personages, if not still too angry with him about a Munich opera to which Mozart had made many objections. We shall shortly find him in

Salzburg, where he went in July, occupied with the composition of a comic opera.

The journey to Salzburg still filled the thoughts of the young couple. Mozart feared that the Archbishop might cause him to be arrested—'a priest being capable of anything'—but his father tranquillised him on this subject, so at last the journey was finally settled. The father, who had at last given his consent to the marriage 'willingly, but with an unwilling heart,' was still much displeased, and an incurable breach had evidently been made in the loving relations of the two. When Baroness Waldstädten, soon after Mozart's marriage, wrote to the father to try to pacify him, he replied, 'When I was a youth, I always thought those were philosophers who spoke little, seldom laughed, and assumed a morose air to everyone. My own experience fully convinces me that I am one, without knowing it. I have done my duty as a faithful father, and made the most clear and intelligible statements in my letters to my son; thus he is well aware of the painful trials and humiliations to which at my age I am subjected in Salzburg, and he well knows that I am the victim of his conduct, both in a moral and worldly point of view. All I can now do is to leave him to himself (according to his own wish), and pray to God that my fatherly blessing may prosper, and that He may not withdraw from my son His gracious favour. As for myself, I shall strive to preserve that natural cheerfulness I still

at my years possess, and continue to hope for the best.'

Unhappily, however, he did lose his cheerful spirit, and allowed too much space in his heart to bitterness of feeling against his son. But this made no difference in Wolfgang. Every letter of his manifests the love and reverence which he cherished in his soul for the parent who had hitherto guided him through life, and his most ardent wish was to accomplish a complete reconciliation by means of Constanze; for he never doubted that his father would find his darling wife as charming as he himself did. Shortly afterwards we hear that the little wife had her own affairs to attend to. In the beginning of June Mozart writes:—

She would like to write to my sister herself, but in her present circumstances she must be excused if she is inclined to be rather lazy. I do not think the event will take place before the 15th or 16th. She wishes now it would occur, and the sooner the better, as she would sooner have the happiness of embracing you and my dear sister in Salzburg. As I did not so soon anticipate this event, I delayed entreating you, dearest father, most earnestly to be godfather; but I hope it is still time; I therefore do so now. In the meantime (in the sure hope that you will not refuse) I have arranged that someone shall present the child in your name, whether *generis masculini* or *fœminini*. The name is to be either Leopold or Leopoldine.

It was in those days that Mozart, who was in the habit of going out riding at five o'clock in the morning,

used to leave a paper in the form of a prescription on his wife's bed, with the following injunctions:—

Good morning, my darling wife! I hope that you slept well, that you were undisturbed, that you will not rise too early, that you will not catch cold, nor stoop too much, nor overstrain yourself, nor scold your servants, nor stumble over the threshold of the adjoining room. Spare yourself all household worries till I come back. May no evil befall you! I shall be home at —— o'clock punctually.

When the time for her *accouchement* drew near, Mozart remained with her at home, as much as possible, and while she was dressing he sat in her room composing his works. If she complained of pain or wanted anything, he went to her at once to cheer and to help her; he then resumed his writing—indeed, in his famed D minor quartett, anyone can see in what mood and under what circumstances it was composed. All went well with Constanze, and Mozart's joy was great at the birth of his first son; unhappily 'the poor dear little fat baby' died in six months.

Meanwhile, they took their infant with them to Salzburg. This journey, to which the young parents had looked forward with such delight, did not after all prove very satisfactory. Just as they were starting an unpleasant thing occurred. As they were about to get into the carriage an importunate creditor presented himself. He only demanded 30 gulden, but even that small sum it was not easy for Mozart to spare! And

soon after their return he was disagreeably surprised by a claim for 12 louisd'or, which he had borrowed five years ago in Salzburg, but thought the debt had been long since discharged—at that moment, too, he could not possibly pay it. In Salzburg, where they remained nearly three months, they by no means found the hearty reception they hoped for. An apparent *rapprochement* seems to have taken place between the young wife and the father and daughter, but neither of them felt particularly attracted by Constanze. Since the marriage of his son, the father had become very close as to pecuniary matters, and thus he did not (as Mozart expected) bestow on his daughter-in-law any of the youthful presents Wolfgang had received. Indeed, he was rather disposed to consider the young wife selfish, and Marianne, who even as a girl was looked on by her family as 'interested,' with her economical views, regarded her with still greater distrust. As to Wolfgang, they were accustomed to think that he knew nothing as to the management of money. Thus there does not seem to have been much that was agreeable in their visit.

Mozart, however, did not pass his time here unprofitably. Before his marriage he 'made a vow in his heart' that, if he brought Constanze to Salzburg as his wife, he would produce a new mass there. In the year 1785 he made use of the different numbers in this mass in the oratorio of 'Davidde Penitente'; at that time he also wrote diligently his comic opera, which

Varesco had at length sent him—it was 'L'Oca del Cairo,' of which he had sketched part of the first act by the time he returned to Vienna. He also, with his usual kindness, did good service to his old friend Michael Haydn, who, for a long time, owing to severe illness, had been disabled from all work. One of Haydn's official duties was to write every year some violin and tenor duetts; but, not being able to complete them within the prescribed time, he was threatened with the loss of his salary. Mozart at once undertook the task, and during his daily visits to Haydn wrote so assiduously that the duetts were soon finished. They were presented to the Archbishop in Haydn's name, Mozart having composed them in a manner worthy both of himself and of his valued old friend.

On his way home he stopped at Linz, wishing to give a concert there in the theatre; but having no symphony with him, he writes that he is 'over head and ears in work to get a new one finished in time.' It is remarkable that he sketched there for his wife an 'Ecce Homo,' which made a great impression on him. She kept the drawing as a proof of his talent in this art also. The inscription was—'Dessiné par W. A. Mozart, Linz, Nov. 13, 1783; dedié à Madame Mozart, son épouse.'

On his return to Vienna, Mozart betook himself with renewed vigour to that style of composition which would make his name known, and also procure him a

livelihood. With regard to Italian operas, he had to contend against the same fierce cabals as formerly. This we learn from an incident which he relates to his father, and this instance is only one among many others which may serve as a proof of what we have just stated.

Anfossi's opera, 'Il curioso Indiscreto,' was to be given, and Madame Lange as well as Adamberger, who, as German singers in an Italian opera, encountered many obstacles, were well aware that they had always great success when singing Mozart's music, begged him to compose a couple of arias for their *début*. He did so, and writes:—

Anfossi's opera was given the day before yesterday, Monday, for the first time. Nothing was well received but my two arias; the second of them, a bravura, was encored. Now you must know that my enemies were so malicious as to spread a report that I had thought fit to improve upon Anfossi's opera. I heard of this, so I desired Count Rosenberg [the intendant] to be informed that I would not allow my arias to be given at all, unless the following announcement was appended to the libretto in German as well as in Italian.

'ANNOUNCEMENT.

'The two arias, pages 36 and 102, are set to music by the Herr Maestro Mozart for Madame Lange, and are not written by the Maestro Anfossi. This is made known in justice to the former, but without the slightest intention of detracting from the fame and merits of the renowned Neapolitan.'

This was published in the book of the opera, and I gave them the airs, which did great honour both to my sister-in-law and to myself. So my enemies were quite confounded. Now for a trick of Salieri's, which injures Adamberger more than me. I think I mentioned that I had written a rondo for Adamberger. At a private rehearsal, before the rondo was written out, Salieri took Adamberger aside and said to him that Count Rosenberg was averse to his introducing an aria, so, as his good friend, he advised him not to do so. Adamberger, provoked by Rosenberg's objection, and not knowing how otherwise to retaliate, was so foolish as to say, with ill-timed pride, 'Well, to show that Adamberger's reputation in Vienna is already made, and that he has no occasion to sing music expressly written for him to insure fame, he will sing only what is in the opera, and never so long as he lives introduce any aria.' What was the result? —that he had no success; which, indeed, was sure to be the case. Now he repents, but it is too late; for if he were to ask me now to give him the rondo, I would not do so. I can very easily find a place for it in one of my own operas. The worst part is, that his wife's prophecy and mine has been fulfilled, namely, that Count Rosenberg and the Direction knew nothing about it, so that it was only a cunning device of Salieri's.

Such were the shabby tricks to which this Kapell-Meister had recourse, especially towards Mozart. At the same time, 'for Salieri is politic enough,' their outward behaviour to each other continued the same, and it seems that Mozart often went to him, saying, 'Dear papa, give me some scores out of the court library, that I may look through them with you'; and he frequently

remained studying them with Salieri till long after his dinner-hour. A pupil of the latter relates this, having had it from his master's own lips.

Under such circumstances we can understand Mozart's laying aside the opera he had begun in Salzburg, especially as Varesco's text required very important changes, if it were to be made available. His great hope was to supersede the Italian school by producing some work of remarkable merit. The German opera had unluckily been given up, owing to the many intrigues of singers and actors, in which Salieri had his full share, and thus every opportunity was cut off for Mozart to place a second work by the side of the 'Entführung,' which continued to be given in Vienna with great applause. It was the same with regard to Church music. The Emperor Joseph, who wished to reform everything according to the principles of 'Enlightenment,' had substituted congregational singing during the Church services, according to the ideas of the new reformation. No further masses or instrumental compositions were to be given. The congregations were to sing German chorals, though no one seemed to be much edified by them. It is true, as we have already seen, that a very mundane and sensuous spirit, indeed, even operatic strains, had gradually crept into Church services, and such music seemed better calculated to diminish devout feeling than to increase it. Thus Mozart was justified in saying that genuine *good* Church

music was banished to attics, where alone it was to be found, eaten up by worms. But Mozart himself was the very man, both by his genius and inclinations, to stem the Italian flood, and to restore to the worship of his Church a dignity appropriate to her services, which only now, nearly a hundred years later, once more falls to her share.

It is easy to see that when the chief means of gaining a livelihood are cut off, the little family must often have been in difficulty. Mozart, it is true, as usual, took all possible pains to acquire an income by giving lessons and concerts, and by obtaining subscriptions for his works; so many a good sum of money found its way into the domestic cash-box. It was the universal custom at that time among the nobility to enliven their soirées by good music, and above all to invite the most celebrated artists for this purpose. Thus Mozart writes to his father that he is engaged for all Prince Gallitzin's winter concerts, and certainly artists of superior talent were remunerated in a manner worthy of their merits. Such occurrences, however, as the following, in spite of all the enthusiasm for artists, occasionally took place. A Polish count was present at one of the Sunday musical parties that Mozart was in the habit of giving at his own house, and which strangers could attend by paying for their tickets. This count took particular delight in the pianoforte quartett with wind instruments, composed on March 24,

1784, so he requested Mozart to write for him, when he felt in the mood for it, a trio, with flute obbligato. Mozart promised to do so on these terms. Scarcely had the count reached home when he sent him 100 half-*souverains d'or* with a very polite note, again expressing his thanks for the great pleasure he had enjoyed. Mozart, who naturally considered this sum a munificent gift, thanked him warmly, and with equal munificence sent the count the original score of the quartett he had admired—contrary to his usual habit—and extolled his generosity. A year afterwards the count arrived and enquired about his trio. Mozart apologised, but said that he had not yet felt in a mood to compose anything really worthy of the count. 'Perhaps then,' rejoined he, 'you do not feel in the mood to repay me the sum that I paid you for it in advance.' Mozart, however reluctantly, with proper self-respect gave him back the sum at once. But the count kept the score of the quartett, which was soon after published in Vienna without Mozart's sanction, as a quartett for pianoforte and stringed instruments.

Such incidents as these, no doubt, often reduced the family funds to a low ebb. On another occasion Mozart received the sum of fifty ducats from the Emperor. The worthless clarionet-player, Anton Stadler, found this out, and being an acquaintance of Mozart's, he went to him and represented in the most touching way his state of

destitution—he would be utterly ruined unless he could get fifty ducats. Mozart, who sorely needed the money himself, gave him two handsome gold repeaters to pawn, on condition that he should bring him the pawnbroker's tickets, and redeem them at the proper time. As he did not, however, do so, Mozart, in order not to lose the watches, gave him fifty ducats. Stadler took the money, but left the watches in pawn. He was a first-rate clarionet-player, much addicted to practical jokes and tricks, and knew well how to ingratiate himself into the good graces of everyone. Hence it was that Mozart frequently brought him home to dinner, which was always a pleasure to our Maestro. Whoever presented himself at dinner-time was an acceptable guest, and all the more so if he were jovial and merry. Mozart was pleased when his guests seemed to relish their entertainment, though the fare was very simple in his house. The father, when he visited his son in Vienna, writes that the housekeeping, so far as eating and drinking were concerned, was in the highest degree economical; and Mozart's youngest sister-in-law, Sophie Haibel, corroborates this by saying that he was certainly no *gourmand*, and never had anything on his table but the most simple fare. Still many guests frequented his house, and among them, as the sister-in-law declares, 'Many false friends, blood-suckers, worthless scamps who served him for butts at table, and whose society

injured his reputation.' But Mozart liked to be merry—we know how much he loved sociability. His domestic affairs did not, indeed, admit of his giving praties—small musical soirées, with a few friends, were the utmost that he ever attempted. All he sought was cheerful recreation when he needed it, in open-air places of amusement. In one of his quaint canons we find 'Gemma in Proda, Gemma in d'Hötz' (Let us go to the Prater, let us go to the Plaisir), and many more of these contain similar comic allusions in their text. We can well understand Mozart being very susceptible to the charms of nature. He was born in glorious Salzburg! How lovely, spacious, and free, are the surroundings of that gay imperial city! Mozart's only passion was billiards. He possessed a billiard-table, which was by no means usual at that time, and often played with his wife, or with one of his pupils. If we can realise the singular intensity with which Mozart's brain incessantly worked, we shall easily discover why he so much loved this game, which occupied the lower functions of his mind without obstructing his productive activity, in fact, rather promoting it. It was during a game at billiards in Prague, while Mozart was playing, that he composed the incomparable second quartett in the 'Zauberflöte'; he was humming some music in a low tone, when he took a note-book out of his pocket, jotted down something in it, and resumed his game, humming as before. Thus he worked out in his head, what he soon

after transferred to paper, that which was destined to enchant not only his friends but all posterity. Another advantage of billiards was its being good exercise; therefore the physicians encouraged this inclination of the restless hard-working artist, who was obliged to pass so much time at his writing-table. His family doctor advised him, at least, to stand while writing.

His love for billiards sometimes induced him to go to a tavern. It was there that he was found when the lady of the house at a soirée, having been promised a new song by Mozart for that evening, waited for him in vain. In the press of business or composition, he had utterly forgotten both the song and the soirée. He told the servant to bring him a sheet of note-paper at once, when he seated himself and wrote the vocal part only, as there was not time to write out the accompaniment also. He then hurried away to the lady's house, and after being met by some gentle reproaches, against which he defended himself with his usual pleasing amiability, his hostess sang the song, which called forth a burst of enthusiasm. It is certain that he often found the hour of rest he so much needed in the solitary corner of a tavern, where he was rarely disturbed, and could work at his leisure. His real labour was not writing out the music; this did not come till his work was completed in his head; and he put off the transcription as long as possible—in fact, delayed it till the last moment. Frequently, indeed, when the

piece was actually finished, there was scarcely time to make it legible for others; occasionally he only wrote down what the singers and actors required, often not in score, but merely the individual parts. It happened thus with a sonata that he had composed for himself and a pretty young violinist, Made. Strinasacchi. The violin part was ready, but not that for the piano. He placed a sheet of music paper on the desk before the concert began; but the Emperor, who was seated in his box close by, thought he perceived through his lorgnette that the paper was blank. He desired that it should be brought to him, and found that his eyes had not deceived him—it was so. This proved that Mozart could thoroughly rely on his memory.

How many works of the same kind may have been completed amid the buzz of a tavern or a noisy company! Mozart, no doubt, enjoyed this. We must remember that he was an artist endowed with the most marvellously acute perceptions of the peculiarities of others. He was pronounced both by his friends and foes to be very 'satirical'; thus to him it was almost a necessity to live much in those circles where men are free and unrestrained, where he could discover in homely groups a thousand traits of character. Life in its free impulses offered a thousand occasions to grasp the tragi-comic aspect of man's nature in all its sordidness. Why should our Maestro cease to frequent places where, after the day's work, men resorted in a

merry mood, and, while thus amusing themselves, involuntarily displayed their true character. Where could he have found richer food for his fancy and his spirit? How many instances of the coarsest selfishness and even comic meanness must Mozart have witnessed before he could work out an 'Osmin' from the sordidness of every-day life.

But, independent of this, was not a light heart indispensable to such an artist as Mozart? He required to be surrounded by cheerful life; thus he did not always enquire into the characters of those who amused him. They were his fellow-creatures, and with them he could always rejoice. Is it not the duty of a biographer not to conceal even what may tend to darken the picture of a great man and a great artist? Many have made it their mission to seize on the petty foibles by which Mozart paid his tribute to humanity, and to depict them as prevailing characteristics of our Maestro—not only foes and slanderers to whom Mozart himself often alluded, and who, immediately after his death, sought to spread the most disgraceful calumnies about him, alleging that his constant state of domestic embarrassment, nay, even his death, was entirely the result of his irregular life. The widow, indeed, bought up an infamous article in Schlichtgeroll's 'Necrolog'; but these malicious falsehoods were soon current, even in foreign countries. The multitude are too fond of striving to degrade the very genius they admire. But

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we who are acquainted with Mozart, from his own words, as it were, know how industrious he was, and how loyally he lived his life. Few have ever worked so hard as he did. When exhausted with his labours, he granted himself some relaxation; and, during the time of his artistic creations, in order to refresh himself, what if he knocked on the wall as a sign that his friend Loibl (who lived next door and had a well-filled cellar) should send him a bottle of wine, which the latter invariably did? Loibl used to say, 'Mozart is composing again; I *must* send him some wine.' Who can blame him for this? which of us would not have done the same?—or, if he were rather jovial with his friends, who could object to this? With him such moments as little formed the basis of his character as of that of other men. In fact, his thoughts were absorbed by his art; and though we may blame him for not restraining such proclivities within reasonable limits, yet it is to these uncontrolled impulses that we owe the fulness as well as the finish of his creations. He felt that work he *must*. Even had life granted him rest, his inner self would have granted him none; with such an irresistible love for spiritual things, can we believe that sensuality ever really ruled the existence of such a man? The gay Maestro liked a glass of punch even while at work; but his sister-in-law, who is our authority for this, declares that she never saw him intoxicated; but, supposing he did from time to time

exceed, where is the ungenerous critic who would lay this to his charge? He might more justly be blamed for the weakness that induced him to give too ready an ear to the entreaties of those who were in distress, relieving their necessities in a more liberal way than was consistent with his duty to his wife and children. But did not this arise from his too great kindness of heart, and the warm sympathy he felt for his fellow-creatures? And, although both he and his family may have suffered from his being too open-handed, still how few can boast of possessing goodness of disposition to such an extent! His heart was large, his intellect superior, and his thoughts and feelings animated by all that is noble and lofty. What wonder, then, if there were moments when he forgot strict justice, and yielded to the purely charitable impulses of his heart?

We will here introduce an anecdote more characteristic of our Maestro than all that could be said of him, in which his goodness shines forth in a most pleasing manner, especially in so great a genius, and which shews his disposition in greater lustre than do even his works.

When Mozart was in Leipzig, he not only gave free admission to his concerts to all the chorus singers, without the least claim on their part, but he privately pressed a considerable sum of money into the hand of a violoncellist in the Thomaner School, who particularly

pleased him. An old pianoforte-tuner, when Mozart asked what he owed him, stammered in great embarrassment, 'Your Imperial Majesty—I mean your Imperial Majesty—that is, Herr Kapell-Meister! I have come several times. I fear I must ask a thaler.' 'A thaler? So clever a man has no right to come even *once* for such a sum,' said Mozart, giving him several ducats. 'Your Imperial Majesty,' began the old man again, quite taken aback. 'Adieu, my good old fellow! Adieu!' exclaimed Mozart, hurrying out of the room.

CHAPTER V.

ARTISTIC PRODUCTIONS IN VIENNA—1785.

'A swimmer needs deep water.'

In the beginning of 1785, to the great delight of Mozart, his father came for some months to Vienna. He could no longer resist the urgent entreaties of his children, and also his wish once more to see with his own eyes the position of his son. This was the last joy that the worthy man, now advanced in years, was to experience; but it was also the greatest, for he saw that at length the chief aim of his life was accomplished. He found that his son was admitted to be the greatest artist of his day; of this he could convince himself by his own senses, and also by the recognition of his contemporaries. What comfort was this to his heart! He now reaped the full reward for his trouble.

It was, however, only in artistic things that he thus rejoiced. The domestic arrangements of his son did not at all suit him; for, though he considered Mozart's income ample, he writes thus:—'*If my son has no debts*, he could at this moment place 2,000 florins in the

bank.' He found the household orderly, and little Karl, then six months old, pretty and healthy; but the young wife does not seem to have found much favour in his eyes. At all events, he had no inclination to comply with his son's cordial and pressing invitation to transfer himself entirely to Vienna, and to live with him. This was destined to be the last time the father and son were to meet on earth, and with a presentiment that their intercourse was drawing to a close, they discussed the things appertaining to life from the depths of their hearts. Many trying experiences had by this time ripened the son into a mature man, and we find him more than ever occupied with pondering on the highest questions, and reflecting often and seriously on the close of life.

At that time many who were striving with an earnest mind and inner craving after higher truths were deeply interested in freemasonry. The newly awakened spiritual life of nations was no longer satisfied with the explanations offered by schools and creeds; thus enlightenment on the most elevated subjects was sought on every side. Discussions about Providence and immortality were everywhere prevalent among deep-thinking men. Their spirits sought purification and exaltation, in reciprocal exchange of feelings, in a brotherhood like this. There were very few distinguished men of that day who did not belong to this order; its mysteries being recognised by the world as

aiming at an honest search after truth, and sincere endeavours to disseminate high cultivation and helpful love. Lessing was a freemason; so were Goethe, Herder, and Wieland; how could Mozart neglect such a brotherhood, when his heart beat so warmly for all that was elevated, and had such an impulse to help others, and such a vehement desire to receive and to bestow love and friendship? Freemasonry thus being at that time quite in accordance with the national ideas, and providing the most intellectual and refined society, Mozart became a member soon after his arrival in Vienna. With what earnestness he was devoted to it, and how he gloried in the exertions of the brotherhood, we shall presently see. His great object now was to persuade the father whom he so fondly loved to accept this 'key to true happiness,' as he afterwards termed it; and the father, who, with all his reverence for Church authority, rejoiced in the most decided rationalism, and strongly criticised every kind of prejudice, was naturally not disinclined to join a body which promised to shed light on so many questions connected with moral and practical life. It was the abuses in his Church, especially those in cloister life, which the order specially attacked, and which he had always disliked. He, therefore, became a freemason; and the objects of this society henceforth continued one of the chief topics in the correspondence of father and son. These letters would have been of deep interest to us, but un-

luckily they were all destroyed by the prudent father; thus we cannot tell how far his own expectations were realised.

Leopold Mozart came to Vienna just at the time when concerts were given. One concert succeeded another, and his son assisted in them all. His grand piano was daily carried from one house to another. The father was equally delighted with the son's playing and his compositions, and it is pleasant to read what he writes to his daughter after hearing a concerto the son had composed for Madlle. Paradies:—'I was in such a good box that I had the pleasure of so distinctly hearing every instrumental modulation that it brought tears to my eyes. When your brother was going away, the Emperor, hat in hand, complimented him, and exclaimed, "Bravo Mozart!" and when he made his first appearance to play he applauded him.' The deepest impression, however, made on the old man was an admirable speech of J. Haydn's, whom Mozart invited to dinner two days after his arrival. The father writes:—'Three new quartetts were given—in B, in A, and C major. They are rather lighter than the others, but equally charmingly composed. M. Haydn said to me, "*I tell you before God and as an honest man, that I recognise your son as the greatest composer I ever heard of. He has such taste, and possesses the most solid knowledge of composition.*"' Such an opinion was most gratifying to the father, for he felt he had not

lived in vain, nor had all his trouble been wasted; and yet it is evident that even yet he did not fully understand his son's real nature. Their views were radically different. The father, with all his shrewd sense of practical life and its duties, knew nothing higher or more precious than these; and the son?—however earnestly he exerted himself in life—and it is, indeed, most touching to see how he does this—he recognised higher interests; and we must not imagine that he had not clear perceptions on these more elevated subjects. True, he spoke the speech common to all, and thus far his father understood him; but he also spoke another and a higher language with which he was not only conversant but familiar, and this the father did not understand. The bright sunny heights of genius separated him from the son's real being, as much as they did Constanze—at the same time they both found heartfelt satisfaction in their tender love for this wondrous genius; while the father joyfully accepted the filial reverence which the artist who had enraptured so many thousands gratefully exhibited for this simple, upright man—so here also we have a fresh instance of the best feelings of humanity.

The father had also a hasty view of Mozart's other relations in life. He heard Aloysia Lange sing in two operas; he says, 'She acted both times, and sang admirably.' He also visited Baroness Waldstädten, who at that time lived in Klosterneuburg. He then left

Vienna quite contented and happy. He was far from being dissatisfied with his son's worldly position, especially with the circle of his friends. All we know on this subject is as follows :—

The connection with his mother-in-law, which had caused the father so much annoyance, had gradually improved, solely through Mozart's goodness of heart. The youngest sister, Sophie, writes :—'Mozart became every day dearer to our departed mother, and she to him also; indeed, he often came running hurriedly to us, "auf die wieden," a package under his arm containing sugar and coffee, giving it to our mother, and saying to her, "Here is a little treat for you, dear mother;" she was as delighted as a child by this attention, and it often occurred. In truth, Mozart never came to us empty-handed.' He appears to have been on equally easy terms with the Langes, as the husband seems no longer to have felt any jealousy of Mozart; what the feelings of the latter were we do not learn. He was too little prone to morbid or sickly sentimentality to dwell on former times. On the contrary, we know that he danced 'harlequin' merrily, with Aloysia for his 'columbine.' He was now light-hearted and happy, and both head and heart were filled with other things. He was always ready to assist Aloysia (who lived on most unhappy terms with her husband) by his talents, and she, in return, sang at his concerts. The unprincipled Anton Stadler was also in the habit of frequenting Mozart's

house; and it is only from the fact of his being also a freemason, that we can comprehend why Mozart tolerated so long the meanness of this man's actions, and always continued to assist him.

Mozart was also by no means on bad terms with his brother-artists. He often provoked them by his *sans souci* conduct; and the most aggravating thing to them was that his judgment always hit the right nail on the head; for he invariably studied the subject thoroughly, and then gave his opinion fearlessly. It was said of him in Vienna, 'Hypocrisy and flattery were equally foreign to his guileless heart, and every constraint intolerable to his spirit. Frank and open in his opinions and answers, he often offended susceptible self-conceit, and thus made many enemies.' The Emperor only laughed at Mozart's candid reply to the question as to how he liked an aria composed by the Emperor himself, though he had not acknowledged it, Mozart replied, 'The aria is certainly good, but he who composed it is far better.' His opinions were certainly never influenced by envy or jealousy, but still they gave pain. He said of the Spaniard Martin, who was a general favourite at that time, 'Much in his works is very pretty, but ten years hence no one will take any further notice of them.' Still that he was ever ready to acknowledge all meritorious works 'that had anything in them' is shown by the following letter:—

Some quartetts have just come out by a certain Pleyel, a pupil of Joseph Haydn's. If you do not yet know them, you ought to try to get them, for they are worth the trouble, being very well composed and pleasing; you will at once recognise his master by the style of the music. It will be a good and happy thing for music if Pleyel in his day is able to supply Haydn's place to us.

Yet what insignificant composers both Pleyel and Martin were!

On the other hand, there were occasions when he gave way to his whimsical mood. How irresistible he found comic descriptions, when criticising, we see by the following confidential letter to his father:—

If the hautboy Fischer [who enjoyed great celebrity, and had just come to Vienna], when we heard him in Holland [1766], did not play better than he now does, he certainly does not deserve his reputation; *but this is between ourselves.* He plays, in short, like some very indifferent pupil. And then his concertos—of his own composition! Each ritournelle lasts a quarter of an hour; then appears the hero of the day, lifts first one leaden foot and then the other, stamping them alternately on the floor. His tone is entirely nasal, and his *tenuta* just like an organ *tremolo.*

Once, too, at Leipzig, old Doles gave him a mass to take home with him for revision, with the protest, 'It's not worth much,' so Mozart changed all the words. Rochlitz relates:—'A more comic performance of a mass never was heard. The chief personages—Father Doles,

the counter-tenor, who kept nodding his head steadily and singing gravely, Mozart, his ten fingers busily engaged with the trumpet and kettledrum parts, but always repeating with intense delight, 'Now, doesn't that go better together?' and then the droll but appropriate text. For instance, the brilliant *allegro* of the Kyrie Eleison, 'Deuce take me! it goes first rate'; and at the close of the fugue, 'Cum Sancto Spiritu in Gloria Dei Patris'—'Stolen goods; pray, gentlemen, don't take it amiss!' Such freaks as this did not gain him many friends.

In his personal intercourse with his brother artists, on the other hand, he was always kind and amiable, even when he might well have been rather sensitive. His heart was superior to every petty feeling. When the composer Paesiello came to Vienna he was praised up to the skies; in fact, he obtained without difficulty what Mozart so anxiously wished for, a commission to write an opera. The Emperor also conferred on him both honours and money. Mozart likewise made the most friendly advances to him; they associated together with mutual esteem, Mozart rejoicing that a maestro so highly regarded as Paesiello should have his most gifted pupil to render his compositions. Paesiello himself, however, was a most perfidious, intriguing man. Did Mozart know this? At all events he paid no attention to it; his opinion of Paesiello was, 'To those who only seek superficial pleasure in music, we cannot recommend

anything better than the compositions of this master.' He was equally complaisant and personally pleased with Sarti, who was all the rage at that time in Vienna. He writes to his father :—

If Maestro Sarti had not been obliged to leave to-day, he would have come with us. Sarti is an upright, worthy man. I have played a great deal to him, and lately I composed variations on an air of his which pleased him exceedingly.

And how did Sarti reward him? He afterwards wrote a criticism on Mozart's quartett in C, in which he spitefully exclaims, 'Could anyone do more to cause music to sound discordant?' and he points out one fault after another, adding that only a pianist could be so ignorant as not to know the difference between D sharp and E sharp, and, in conclusion, he says emphatically, 'I can only say with the immortal Rousseau, it is music to close your ears against.' Who knows Sarti now? But we shall see how wittily Mozart revenged himself and immortalised Sarti. Such traits as these did not prevent our Maestro from being generous to every artist, especially if young. An earlier biographer writes, 'How often Mozart shared with them his lodgings, table, &c., when they came to Vienna without money or friends!' The young composer, Gyrowetz, immediately after his arrival in Vienna, was presented at a large party to a number of distinguished musicians, who made further acquaintance with him. The same biogra-

pher writes, 'Mozart seemed the kindest of them all; he looked with such sympathy at young Gyrowetz, as if saying to himself, "Poor youth! you are entering for the first time on the thorny path of the great world, awaiting in fear and trembling the results that fate has in store for you."' Encouraged by his cordiality and goodness, Gyrowetz ventured to ask Mozart to cast a glance over the symphonies he had written, and to give him his opinion of them. Mozart, like a true philanthropist, complied with his request, looked through the works, praised them, and promised the young artist to perform one of them at his concert. The symphony was accordingly given with universal applause in the concert hall of the Mehlgrube, by the whole theatrical orchestra. Our Maestro, with his usual goodness of heart, took the young man by the hand, and presented him to the public as the composer of the symphony.

But Mozart found plenty of enemies and sharp critics even among German artists. Rochlitz says, 'Mozart cared little about fault-finding or strictures; there was only one censure to which he was very susceptible and constantly subjected, that of having too excitable a spirit, and too fiery an imagination.' This indignation on his part was very natural, for if such blame were deserved, then his most special and distinguished works were worth nothing, and lost all value even *in his own eyes*. The most indefatigable enemy and detractor of Mozart was his contemporary

Leopold Kozeluch, a Bohemian, at that time considered the best pianoforte-teacher in Vienna, well known for his ludicrous self-conceit and profound ignorance. It was his chief delight, by petty animadversions, especially on Haydn, to magnify his own critical powers. When a new quartett by the latter was performed one evening in society, he sat down beside Mozart, finding fault first with one passage and then with another. At last when a certain bold transition came, he said, 'I would not have written that.' 'Nor I,' said Mozart; 'but do you know why? Because such an idea would never have occurred either to you or to me!' Another time when this man with his 'poverty of genius' persisted in his strictures on Haydn, Mozart indignantly exclaimed, 'Sir! if you and I were melted into one, we should be a long way from making a Haydn!' On this account he persecuted Mozart at every step. He owned that the overture to 'Don Juan' was fine, but full of faults, and on hearing the one to the 'Flauto Magico,' exclaimed disdainfully, 'Oh! I see the worthy Mozart wishes for once to appear scientific.'

Such incidents, which we relate for the consolation of many struggling artists of our day, no doubt often disgusted Mozart; but what did all this matter, after the recognition of such men as Gluck, Dittersdorf, and, above all, Haydn! His connection with the latter is one of the most touching that ever subsisted between

artists. Mozart had just completed the six quartetts begun in 1782. He now dedicated them to Haydn, and the words he used in doing so shew such reverence and heartfelt devotion to his 'dear papa,' that we must insert them here:—

To my dear friend Haydn,—A father having resolved to send forth his children into the wide world, is anxious to confide them to the protection and guidance of a man who enjoys much celebrity there, and who fortunately is moreover his best friend. Here then are the children I trust to a man so renowned, and so dear to me as a friend. These are, it is true, the fruits of a long and laborious study, but my hopes, grounded on experience, lead me to anticipate that my labours may, at least in some degree, be compensated; and they will, I flatter myself, one day prove a source of consolation to me. During your last stay in this capital, you yourself, my dearest friend, expressed your satisfaction with regard to them. This indulgence from you above all inspires me with the wish to offer them to you, and leads me to hope that they will not seem to you wholly unworthy of your favour. Be pleased then to receive them kindly, and be to them a father, a guide, and a friend. From this moment I transfer to you all my rights over them; but I entreat you to look with indulgence on those defects which may have escaped the too partial eye of a father, and, in spite of these, to continue your generous friendship towards one who so highly appreciates it; and in the meantime I am from my heart your sincere friend,

MOZART.

This letter being written in Italian, it is difficult to render in translation the happy turns of expression

which came direct from the heart of this amiable man. Indeed, when spoken to on the subject, he declared that he had only done his duty, for it was from Haydn that he had learned how quartetts ought to be written. 'It was very charming,' writes another biographer, 'to hear Mozart speak of the two Haydns, and other great masters; it did not seem as if the all-potent Mozart were speaking, but one of their enthusiastic pupils.' No one, he used to say, can be everything by turns, playful yet touching, exciting laughter and profound emotion, and equally charming in all, like Joseph Haydn. We must also remember that Haydn's fame, at that time, by no means filled the world. This did not occur till after Mozart's death, and those works known to day to everyone, and that enchant everyone, were, in fact, not written till a later period—their merits being enhanced by the adoption of the inimitable progress music had made through Mozart. At that time Haydn was merely the clever Kapell-Meister of Prince Esterhazy, with whom he came every winter to Vienna, looking about him to discover any novelties in the musical world. His own works were as yet little known in Vienna, and even less liked. The Emperor and his *entourage* had no taste for Haydn's genuine humour. In fact, it was not for some time after that humour made its way into music. But Mozart from his youth upwards recognised in Haydn a kindred spirit, and we have already seen how highly the latter

appreciated the young genius. Haydn said of the quartetts, that if Mozart had written nothing but these and the 'Requiem,' he would have been immortal; and as for his pianoforte-playing, he used to protest, with tears in his eyes, 'he never could forget it as long as he lived, for it went to the heart.' Their intercourse was always simple and cordial. Mozart called him 'Papa!' and they addressed each other with the familiar *thou*. This was doubly significant at that period, from the great difference of age between them.

These were the true sunny spots in the life of the great artist, for in such fellowship he found contentment of heart and soul, of intellect and imagination. But besides these, Mozart had many intimate and friendly connections in Vienna, and most of these were among the aristocracy, who, at that time, especially the ladies, possessed unusual cultivation of heart and spirit. The same enthusiasm and admiration that the people of Weimar shewed for their poets was displayed by the Viennese towards their musicians, and at the head of this noble society was the circle that the charming Countess Thun gathered round her. Many celebrated travellers of that day have written much of this lady. She must have been most attractive, endowed with every gift by nature, and of rare cultivation. The depths of her character never discouraged that cheerfulness so singularly delightful when conversing with ladies. Among these men were many friends and

patrons of Mozart—Hofrath von Born, Baron Gemmingen, whom we have already heard of in Mannheim, and Prince Kaunitz. Prince Karl Lichnowsky, Mozart's friend and pupil, was the son-in-law of this noble lady. George Forster, the renowned traveller, writes on this subject to Therese Heyne in Göttingen:—'Countess Thun has three daughters, who may be termed three graces, each of whom is an angel in her own way; adorned by pure candid innocence, bright as the morning sun, and gifted with natural understanding and wit. I admire them in silence.'

Here, where cultivation had passed through its different phases and had now come back to nature, a Mozart, a child of the graces and the favourite of everyone—for the charm of his being exercised such a magic influence that all around him felt warmed and brightened as if by the genial sun—well might such a man as this feel at home, and in such circles forget for a few brief hours the constant pressure and the perpetual exigencies of each day. He also knew, like every man of independent nature, how to keep himself free from subserviency towards mere rank and position. He was unassuming and courteous, without sacrificing his personal dignity, when associating with men of high degree, although obliging and quite at his ease with them; and many, indeed, were his personal friends. He never deemed it necessary to assert the undeniable privileges of his genius in an

arrogant or overbearing manner. He was thoroughly conscious of his intellectual power, but let it work silently like a great influence to which those who are exposed willingly submit.

In the Von Greiner family Mozart heard the most interesting discussions on intellectual subjects. In this house, poets, actors, artists, and men of science assembled. Denis, Blumauer, Alringer, George Forster, the great Schröder, Cimarosa, and many others. The musicians chiefly resorted to the house of the Martinez, where Metastasio cultivated the mind of the daughter Marianne, and where Haydn, who lived when a young man in an attic of this house, and also Porpora, trained this young lady to a rare degree of musical excellence. The old maestro Porpora bequeathed his fortune to her and her brother. Mozart, who had also frequented this family when a boy, regularly took part in their musical receptions. It was the same with the family of Herr von Keess (whose wife it was who had to wait so long for Mozart's promised song); and the physician Von Genziger, his wife being Haydn's most intimate friend.

Mozart was gladly welcomed at all these soirées, for being always good-humoured and abounding in merry pleasantries, he scarcely needed his marvellous gifts to win all hearts; but he was never reluctant to use his abilities. He never required to be urged to play, but did so willingly for anyone who took pleasure in hearing him—and who would not have done so?

Still there were people who even while he was playing occupied themselves with other things; we are told; 'Nothing disturbed him so much as restlessness, noise, or talking, during music. When this was the case the usually gay, sprightly man became highly indignant, and did not scruple to express his feelings very plainly. It is well known that once when playing on the piano, he started up in the middle of the piece, leaving the instrument and his inattentive hearers! Sometimes, however, he had recourse to his satirical humour. An amateur (not in Vienna) had invited a society of people of rank. Mozart, who imagined that he was surrounded by connoisseurs and lovers of music, gave himself up to the flights of his fancy, but the audience not comprehending him, began a lively conversation. Mozart continued to work out his theme, with momentarily increasing irritation, and at length burst forth into a merciless diatribe against his audience, happily doing so in Italian, till the hearers, at length seeing what was the matter, much ashamed, subsided into silence. Mozart could not help laughing at his burst of rage, so he took a popular melody, which he varied, enchanting his audience. When he was going away he asked the master of the house, who was painfully embarrassed, to go home with him, inviting also some of the older musicians, gave them all supper, and went on playing for them far into the night. He never tired of playing before true connoisseurs.'

He seems to have found the highest enjoyment in the family of the celebrated botanist Von Jacquin, who had three children. The learned world gathered round the eldest son, and a gay youthful circle assembled beside the lively Gottfried and his charming sister Franziska. Mozart lived for a long time near them in the Land Strasse. Franziska was his best pupil, and Gottfried also had a good voice. Mozart wrote many things for them, and we shall often meet them again. It is Gottfried von Jacquin to whom we owe the origin of the well-known 'Bandl-Terzett.' Mozart had sent his wife a new band (ribbon) which she wished to wear one day when going out to walk with Jacquin, but nowhere could she find it. She exclaimed, 'My band! my band! where can it be?' Her husband helped her to look for it, and so did Jacquin, who found it, but would not give it up, holding it high in the air, and being a tall man the little couple could not reach it, so their entreaties, scolding, and laughter, became every instant more clamorous, till a little dog ran between the legs of the thief. He then gave up the ribbon, declaring that the scene would make a capital comic terzett. Mozart found words for the Terzett, in the Viennese dialect, and presented it to his friend; a *pendant* to this is the canon 'Caro mio Schluck und Druck.' The most enchanting of all songs, the 'Violet,' in which the poet and the musician combine in the brightest union, dates from the same

period. For what fragrant violet was this written? There has been much speculation on the subject, but nothing ascertained.

Thus Mozart knew how to embellish life for those around him. Every social occasion found him ready to contribute to hilarity by a song. In this way many a canon took its rise, Mozart being particularly partial to that form, finding in it scope for his comic humour. Many of these are known far and wide, though few have Mozart's name. For he placed little value on the preservation of such casual compositions. He usually wrote the words himself, and uncouth and even silly as the text often is, the music elevates the whole into the region of genuine humour. In this same year the tenor, Nepomuk Peierl, who had been for several years in the Salzburg theatre, came to Vienna. He had a very peculiar pronunciation which caused him to be much teazed, so Mozart wrote a three-part canon, which, being in patois, made a most comical effect—'Difficile lectu mihi Mars et jonicu'—the last word being pronounced when sung so that it sounds like *cujoni*. Scarcely was this finished when, on turning the leaf, the singers found a four-part canon on the text, 'O du eselhafter Peierl! O du peierlischer Esel! Du bist so faul als wie ein Gaul, der weder Kopf noch Hasen hat,' &c. But music is required to make this enjoyable. Canons of this sort, that often display

great talent, were frequently written on the spur of the moment.

Of all the circles, however, that Mozart rejoiced by his art, none exercised a greater influence over him than that of Baron von Swieten, who also by his individual bias worked suggestively and profitably on Mozart's productions. He had been for a long time ambassador at Berlin, where, naturally intelligent, he acquired a passionate love of music, especially of the Saxon school, and, above all, the works of Johann Sebastian Bach, which had been transplanted to Berlin. Bach's sons, Friedemann and Karl Philipp Emmanuel, had been personally very active there, and a succession of other composers and theorists such as Kirnberger, Quanz, and Fasch, wrote in the more contrapuntal style. Swieten made acquaintance there with Händel and Bach, and brought their works with him to Vienna, their compositions being scarcely known in South Germany. He, therefore, himself founded a kind of society for the purpose of practising this music, and happily persuaded Mozart to join them. In the first years of his abode in Vienna our Maestro constantly frequented this house, where he played fugues, and stimulated by these, wrote a number of contrapuntal works. Among these was the beautiful grand fugue in the stringed quartett in G, written in December, 1782. He also arranged some fugues from Bach's 'Wohltemperirtem Clavier,' for stringed instruments, and began

a pianoforte suite. It was not merely from his wish to exercise his powers on these musical intricacies; for that he already knew how to write in this style is obvious from his Salzburg masses; but that a more earnest spirit had begun to dawn on him, which, owing to many a hard struggle with life, pervaded his feelings; somewhat also of that peculiar character began to develop within him, characteristic of the heroes of North Germany, inclining him to the stern and solid in expression, connected with the contrapuntal form. His entrance into the order of freemasonry betokens the first significant awakening of this earnestness. We find the orchestral 'Freemason's Funeral Music,' which he wrote in July, 1785, on the death of two brothers of the order—Mecklenburg and Esterhazy —and also a *cantus firmus* (chorale) are thoroughly contrapuntal, and worked out in a grand polyphonic style. Otto Jahn justly says, 'Mozart has written nothing more beautiful, from its technical treatment and finished effect of sound, its earnest feeling and psychological truth, than this short *adagio*. It is the utterance of a resolute manly character which, in the face of death, pays the rightful tribute to sorrow, without being either crushed or stunned by it.'

Not long before, on May 20, the well-known Fantasia in C minor was written, which has caused such profound emotion in the heart of many a musician, for it expresses in the most touching manner that

sorrowful, almost painful, gravity of thought which in spite of every effort, cannot solve the problem of existence. What a deep sense of the discordant depths of life must at that time have entered the soul of this gay-hearted man! The strains of 'Don Juan' are close at hand. This disquietude can no longer be stilled into peace and reconciliation. No! it returns unappeased within itself. This fantasia is the basis on which Beethoven founded the noble structure of his pianoforte sonatas, destined to disclose the sufferings and joys of man's inmost heart. Not one of Mozart's pianoforte works forms so direct a precursor of the path which his great successor followed, giving forth such profound expressions of his own feelings. We are told that Mozart himself played this Fantasia on his grand pedal piano in the most marvellous way. His pupil, the celebrated physician, Joseph Frank, expressed his utter astonishment at the manner in which Mozart rendered this piece.

Living in the midst of such abundant and diligent cultivation of music, we can discover how it was that Mozart could compose with such unexampled facility and security. The rare good fortune had fallen to his lot from his youth upwards always to pursue the right path—that is, to make use of the gifts bestowed on him by nature without wavering or being disturbed by attempts to ascertain what his real vocation was. Thus the lifelong steady application of

his powers gave him entire mastery over them, which, like his talents, were never surpassed in the history of art. This was the result of his *industry*. Mozart was equally industrious and talented, if industry signifies that a person is absorbed in his object with all his heart and soul, and at every moment. His cousin Fridolin Weber was right when, in 1787, in Vienna, he wrote in his album, 'Be industrious—avoid idleness.' Mozart himself pondered and created unweariedly, but best of all in the presence of nature. The operas of 'Don Juan' and the 'Zauberflöte' were almost entirely written in a garden. 'When travelling with his wife through beautiful scenery,' says Rochlitz, 'he used to look attentively, but in silence, at the fair world around, while his countenance, usually more reserved and sad than gay or lively, gradually brightened, and he began to sing or rather to hum to himself, till at length he would burst forth saying, "If I only had this theme written down!" and when she replied that could be easily done, he rejoined, "Yes! of course, when completed! It is very irksome to be obliged to compose our works in a room!" There was always music paper in a side pocket of the carriage. He also had an old leathern pocket-book for the same purpose, which he called his portfolio, where he kept the papers he considered of value, from time to time writing down a thought or a specially important passage; yet he could thoroughly rely on his memory.'

We have many other interesting details as to Mozart's daily habits. Sophie Haibel writes :—'He was always in a good humour, but very thoughtful, even when in his best mood, looking at you with a piercing glance, and replying deliberately to every question, whether sad or gay, and yet he seemed to be brooding deeply on some other subject and working it out. Even when washing his hands in the morning he walked about the room, never for a moment standing still, knocking his heels together and evidently ruminating. At table he often took a corner of his napkin, twisted it up, rubbing his face with it, evidently not aware of what he was doing, and frequently making contortions with his mouth. At all times, indeed, his hands and feet were in perpetual motion, always playing with something—with his hat, his pockets, his watch ribbon, or drumming on tables and chairs as on a piano.' The friseur had no little difficulty in dressing his hair, for Mozart never sat still, at every instant when a thought struck him rushing to the piano, the friseur running after him, with the ribbon for tying his queue in his hand! Even at the opera the activity of his mind never ceased. Those who knew his habits at once perceived this by the restless movements of his hands, by his glance, and the motion of his lips, as if singing or whistling. His wife, therefore, though urgently pressed by his admirers to keep him to his work, thought it rather her duty often to detach him from it, or, at least,

to moderate his zeal; and yet the greater productiveness he shewed in the last years of his life consisted only in the fact that he more frequently wrote down his ideas. He had also more inducement to bring to the light of day those things which his spirit was constantly creating. He usually was up and writing by six or seven o'clock in the morning, and yet he had often come home at a very late hour from musical parties. It was his invariable custom to devote the early morning hours to composition, and in later years the only difference he made was, that, to be more comfortable, he wrote in bed. He did not require a piano for this purpose. '*He wrote music as others do letters,*' says a lady in the most naïve and forcible manner, 'and never tried over his compositions till completed'; on the other hand, in his mature years, he passed half the night at the piano, and these were the *creative hours* of his heavenly songs. In the quiet repose of night, his imagination glowed in the most active state of excitement, developing all the rich melody with which nature had endowed his spirit. In this phase of art Mozart was all feeling and euphony, and the most wondrous harmonies flowed from his fingers! '*Those alone who heard Mozart in such hours could fathom all the depths and extent of his musical genius; free and unfettered by all other influences, his spirit, in one bold flight, soared into the highest regions of art.*' Thus says Niemtschek, who has bequeathed us many a

trait of his immortal friend. Rochlitz also gives us some details, in which we once more find the great composer of comic opera:—'When he extemporised on the piano, with what facility did he work out a theme, at one moment comic, then grave, at another striking and quaint, or in turn imploring and piteous, varying it so that he could do as he liked with his hearers, even if an unpropitious fate brought him into contact with the greatest misanthrope, if not wholly devoid of all sense of music! This gift, in particular, no pianist, probably either before or since, ever possessed to such a degree. I know the playing of all the most distinguished virtuosi on this instrument since Mozart's time (Beethoven excepted); I have heard much that was admirable, but the extent of inexhaustible talent he possessed, I have never yet met with.' Schlichtgeroll says of his extempore playing:—'On those occasions this apparently absent man seemed to become a higher being, his spirit intensified, and his attention devoted exclusively to the object for which he was born—harmony of sound.' Professor Niemtschek also says, 'His whole countenance changed, his eyes became fixed and concentrated, every muscular movement expressed feeling, transferred to his playing, and which he knew so well how to awaken in those who listened to him.'

At other times we are told that his exterior was insignificant—'He was short, but his figure well proportioned, his hands and feet small; in his youth

slender, but rather more corpulent in the last years of his life. His head was rather too large for his body. His face, naturally pale, was not unpleasing, but betrayed no particular genius. Mozart's nose only appeared too large while he was thin; his eyes were large and well-shaped, but rather languid, with good eyebrows and eyelashes; his glance restless and wandering.' It is thus that Jahn describes the man who was about to compose those three works which form an epoch in dramatic art, shewing forth the various phases, of which Mozart had attained the mastery, as the result of his whole time and life. Our Maestro, of whose peculiarities we have already given many characteristic traits, was long since *complete*. He was about to produce the first work written for cultivated humanity at large, and we must now turn with him more to his inner self than this chapter will admit of; for the time now begins in which the character of Mozart is gradually spiritualised, when we find him persistently striving with unflagging energy to attain to the higher life, till the freshness and vigour of his youthful frame decay and perish.

CHAPTER VI.

'THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO'—1736.

'Infinite radiance streams from his eyes.'

We have already learned how Mozart made the acquaintance of the Imperial theatrical poet, Lorenzo da Ponte, who promised him a new libretto for a comic opera. Da Ponte was on the most intimate terms with Salieri, who was indeed the founder of Da Ponte's office in Vienna, so he had the first claim on his gratitude. This man had no wish that, after the great popularity of the 'Entführung,' and the abolition of the national *vaudeville*, Mozart should be equally successful on the Italian stage, so Da Ponte delayed his promised libretto. Soon, however, circumstances occurred which caused a complete separation between the two Italians. Paesiello, as we already know, had come to Vienna, and was in high favour with the Emperor, and commissioned to write a new opera, for which the poet Casti was to supply the text. The latter was a rival of Da Ponte, and a candidate for the office of Imperial Court poet, now vacant by the death of Metastasio. The opera

was 'Il Rè Teodoro,' and achieved a great success, so the names of Paesiello and Casti were everywhere talked of. This was very obnoxious to Salieri, who was already composing a text of Da Ponte's—which, indeed, the latter himself considered very trivial—'Il Ricco d'un Giorno'; but he decided to go at once to Paris, where he reaped great fame with his new opera, 'Die Danaiden.'

Meanwhile, it was rumoured that the public interest in the 'Rè Teodoro' was subsiding; so now the 'Ricco d'un Giorno' might be given; but this opera did not give satisfaction. Da Ponte alleged this was because Salieri, being wholly occupied with the Gluck novelties, had forgotten his usually melodious strains. Salieri, however, declared that the failure was owing to the wretched libretto, and vowed rather to cut off his hand than ever again to set to music a single verse of Da Ponte's! In short, the two quarrelled. Salieri then applied to Casti, and from him he got the libretto of 'Die Grotte des Trofonius,' and obtained immense success with this composition. Da Ponte on his side turned to the Spaniard Martini, for whom he wrote the 'Gutmüthiges Griesgram,' which was also much liked. At the same time he applied to Mozart, whose genius he declared even then to have appreciated. He made the acquaintance of our Maestro at the house of Baron Wetzlar, with whom Mozart stayed for some time. Wetzlar was a great lover of music, and one of Mozart's

most zealous patrons. On this occasion, when Mozart said he was prepared to write an opera, but expressed a doubt as to whether he should have an opportunity to do so, Wetzlar generously offered to give a good round sum to the poet, and, if necessary, to have it performed in Paris or in London. Da Ponte rejected this offer; but it was to cost no little trouble to succeed with the text selected.

At that time a comedy had been performed in almost every European theatre, which, by its social tendencies, had given rise to much excitement. It was 'Le Mariage de Figaro.' This piece satirised the reckless despotism of the aristocracy in the most piquant way, and on this account was prohibited in Paris; but, owing to the importunities of the public, it was at length performed, and acquired a certain political significance. In Vienna also, as we hear from Da Ponte, the Emperor soon interdicted it, on account of its 'immoral style.' The few performances in Vienna also caused a prodigious commotion, and Mozart likewise was greatly attracted by it, not from its political element, but by the lively dramatic spirit that prevailed in this comedy. Da Ponte says that Mozart himself suggested this subject for an opera text. Our Maestro had long been seeking a suitable 'Büchel,' and discarded the 'Gans von Kairo' after commencing it, on account of the 'silly story of the goose'; and probably for a similar reason the 'Sposo deluso,' for which some sketches are

still extant. In the 'Figaro,' however, he found sufficient sprightliness and dramatic development, and when Da Ponte, who had no doubt already turned his attention to this piece, declared himself willing to treat the subject, the work was at once commenced, and in the autumn of 1785 we find Mozart occupied with its composition.

The singer Kelly, a friend of Mozart's, and who was the Don Basilio, and subsequently the Don Curzio, tells us expressly that the Emperor himself commissioned Mozart to write this opera. Probably this had occurred when Da Ponte asked permission to write the text for the 'Figaro.' Mozart, however, had again many cabals to contend with. The Emperor himself had some scruples both about Mozart—whom he considered an admirable instrumentalist, but who had recently written an opera which 'nicht allzuviel sei' (was of no great merit)—and also with regard to the piece itself, which had been prohibited. But at last Da Ponte obtained his consent, and having heard part of the opera, the Emperor desired Mozart to complete the work. This in some degree corresponds with Da Ponte's assertion that the opera in question was written quite privately. For when Da Ponte received the Emperor's assent a considerable portion of the music was already written. Mozart afterwards continued the work by 'Imperial command,' and we find him discussing the subject openly with Count Rosenberg.

How ardently must our Maestro have wished once more to obtain a great success, both in order to increase his fame, and permanently to improve his finances! For the 100 ducats Arataria paid him for the six Haydn quartetts were not much in a household so ill regulated as to demand far greater means. The summer brought no concerts and few pupils. And now all possible time must be devoted to the new composition. His pupils, who had hitherto begun to harass him by ten o'clock in the morning, were all put off till the afternoon, for the Maestro must have his mornings free. We can, therefore, understand the following note, written in November:—

Dear Hoffmeister,—I have recourse to you to beg that you will advance me some money, of which I stand in great need at this moment. I beg further that you will be so good as to try to obtain the money for me as soon as possible. Forgive my importunity, but as you know me, and are well aware how anxious I am that what I write for you should be good, I feel convinced that you will pardon me for plaguing you, and that you will gladly be of as much service to me as I wish to be to you.

On receipt of this Hoffmeister sent two ducats.

Kapell-Meister F. A. Hoffmeister was also a music-publisher, and being a masonic brother, Mozart promised to write for him a succession of chamber music. The first of the set was the splendid pianoforte quartett in G minor. 'The best I ever wrote in my life,' says

Mozart himself; and which was finished in the July of this year, 1785. But as Hoffmeister complained that the public found Mozart's music too difficult, and would not purchase it, Mozart gladly released him from his contract, so the continuation was given up.

The way in which the music-publishers of that day took advantage of Mozart's good nature and carelessness was quite shameful. They got hold of many of his pianoforte pieces, written frequently out of complaisance towards his acquaintances, had them transcribed, and published them without ceremony. Rochlitz says that a certain celebrated music-publisher often had recourse to such measures, printing, publishing, and selling a number of Mozart's works without asking his consent. A friend once came to Mozart, and said, 'A— has again published a set of your variations, do you know this?' 'No!' 'Why don't you put a stop to such proceedings?' 'Oh! what is the use of making a fuss; the man is a scamp!' 'But money alone is not in question; your reputation is also concerned.' 'Well! if anyone judges me by such trifles, he must be an ignoramus; say no more about it!' He acted just the same with regard to the pianoforte arrangement of the 'Entführung,' though he wished to publish one himself at Torricelli's in Vienna, and had already begun to prepare one when in Augsburg. But we must remember that Mozart's name was not so universally known at that time, and therefore the publishers could not afford

to pay much for his works. The ears of the public, too, were not yet inured to such grave and solid music. The Haydn quartetts were sent back to the publishers from Italy, with a statement that the type was very defective. The many singular harmonies, especially sharp discords in various passages, had been mistaken for errors! A certain count, likewise, when his band were performing some of these, repeatedly called out, 'You are playing all wrong!' and being at last convinced to the contrary, he tore up the music on the spot. We can therefore understand Hoffmeister saying to Mozart, 'Write in an easier style, otherwise I can neither publish nor pay for anything of yours.' To which Mozart replied, 'Deuce take me if I do! in that case I shall make no more money, and starve.' But he had a wife and child at home who must be provided for.

The catalogue, written by Mozart's own hand, does not shew many compositions this winter. In November he wrote two pieces in the opera of another person, and likewise the violin and pianoforte sonata in C, with a beautiful *adagio*, and soon after, a pianoforte concerto, which he played in an *entr'acte*. The composition of 'Figaro,' however, absorbed the greater part of his time, and it was not inscribed on his list as finished till April 29, 1786. Meanwhile, rehearsals took place, wasting much time, and bringing with them many annoyances. 'Three operas were in hand,' says Kelly; 'one by Righini, one by Salieri, and one by Mozart. They were

ready for performance about the same time, and each composer claimed the right to have his opera given first; thus great dissensions arose, and different parties were formed. The characters of these three men were very opposite. Mozart was as inflammable as gunpowder, and vowed that he would throw the score of his opera into the fire if it were not placed the first upon the stage, and his pretensions were supported by a zealous set of partisans. On the other hand, Righini worked like a mole in the dark to get the start of the others. The third candidate was the Court Kapell-Meister, a clever, cunning man, who possessed what Bacon calls the "wisdom of crooked paths." He was supported by the two principal singers, who together plotted a cabal not easy to circumvent. Each of the opera-singers took part in these disputes. I alone was on the side of Mozart, and very naturally, for he had a right to my warmest sympathy, not only from my admiration of his wonderful abilities, but out of gratitude for much personal kindness. At last the strife was put an end to by the Emperor's order that Mozart's opera should be at once rehearsed.'

Salieri's 'Grotte des Trofonius,' the text by Casti, had been given in October, and it seems scarcely credible that the composition of 'Figaro' should at that time have been advanced far enough to be put into rehearsal, though Da Ponte asserts that the whole opera was written *in six weeks*; but a considerable portion

may then have been completed. This is confirmed by an anecdote related by Da Ponte as to the cabals against which Mozart had to struggle, and finally how the Emperor was at last forced to interpose his authority. For Count Rosenberg, the intendant, was also 'a sworn foe of the Germans,' and could not endure to listen to any music that was not Italian. Da Ponte also says, the manager Bussani (the singer for whom the part of Bartolo was intended) told Count Rosenberg that a ballet was to be introduced in the third act at the marriage festivities, while Susannah was slipping the note into the count's hand. Rosenberg sent for Da Ponte, and reminded him that the Emperor did not choose that there should be a ballet, and, without waiting for any reply, he tore the scene out of the libretto. When Mozart heard the news, he was furious, wished to call Rosenberg to account, to thrash Bussani, to appeal to the Emperor, and finally to take back his score, and it cost no little trouble to pacify him. The Emperor was present at the general rehearsal, when, according to the orders of Count Rosenberg, the ballet was not given—Susannah and the count, in profound silence, making all sorts of gestures, now utterly unintelligible. The Emperor asked in amazement what this meant, and when Da Ponte explained the matter, he gave orders that a suitable ballet should be introduced.

Meanwhile, the Emperor, who had been reminded by these rehearsals of Mozart's talents, conferred another

mark of favour on him. At the celebration of a great garden fête, at Schönbrunn, in the February of the new year, 1786, the Emperor commanded a dramatic performance, in which the most distinguished theatrical artists, and also the German and Italian opera-singers, were to give their services. Stephanie (junior), the same who furnished the text for the 'Entführung,' had written the words for the piece, 'Die Schauspiel Director.' The subject is as follows:—The manager Frank has got a patent for a theatre in Salzburg, but finds himself in great embarrassment, not having funds to engage the necessary artists. Various prima donnas and singers rehearse in his presence, and several actors and actresses also play their best parts before him. This is the simple sketch of a piece about which so many unworthy tales have been circulated as to the person and character of Mozart. The music for this little *vaudeville* was to be written by Mozart, who for this purpose composed an overture, three arias, the celebrated terzett, 'Ich bin die erste Sängerin,' and the finale. The rest of the music in the piece is certainly Mozart's, but originally written for very different purposes.

Meanwhile, the time for the performance of 'Figaro' drew near. On the 16th of April the father writes to Nannerl:—

On the 28th of April 'Le Nozze di Figaro' is to be produced on the stage for the first time. It will say much for the work if it be successful, for I know that some very strong

cabals have been formed against it. Salieri and all his satellites will again move heaven and earth to insure its failure. Duschek [who had just come from Prague to Vienna] recently told me that your brother was the object of so many hostile intrigues, solely owing to his remarkable talents and genius obtaining for him so great a reputation.

And Niemtschek says it was commonly reported that the Italian singers, influenced by hatred and jealousy, were about to organise a cabal, and do all in their power at the first performance to ensure the failure of the opera, so much so, that they received a severe caution from the Emperor, who insisted on their doing their duty. But Kelly, on the other hand, declares that the opera was so admirably given that—often as he had afterwards seen it performed, and well performed, too,—the first representations at Vienna were as superior to the subsequent ones as light to darkness. 'Those first performances had the advantage of being directed by the composer himself, who transferred his enthusiasm and his ideas to the musicians. Never can I forget his little animated face gleaming and glowing with the fire of genius. It is as impossible to describe this, as to paint the rays of the sun!' Such is Kelly's lively statement.

He then continues :—'I remember Mozart well at the first general rehearsal in a red furred coat and a gallooned hat, standing on the stage and giving the *tempi*. Benucci sang Figaro's aria, "Non più andrai," with the

utmost vivacity, and the full strength of his voice. I stood close beside Mozart, who exclaimed, *sotto voce*, "Bravo! bravo! Benucci!" and when that fine passage came, "Cherubini, alla Vittoria, alla gloria militar," which Benucci gave in a stentorian voice, the effect was quite electrical, both on the singers on the stage, and the musicians in the orchestra. Quite transported with delight, they all called out, "Bravo! bravo Maestro! viva! viva! viva il grande Mozart!" In the orchestra, the applause seemed to have no end, while the violin-players rapped their bows on their desks. The little Maestro expressed his gratitude for the enthusiasm testified in so unusual a manner by repeatedly bowing.'

On May 1, the opera was given for the first time. Kelly says, 'Never was there a greater triumph than Mozart enjoyed with his "Figaro." The house was crowded to overflowing, and almost everything encored, so that the opera lasted nearly double the usual time; and yet at its close the public were unwearied in clapping their hands, and shouting for Mozart.' How must his heart have beat!—at last, at last he had won the victory, and a victory, too, over the Italians! The father writes:—

At the second performance of the 'Nozze di Figaro' there were five encores, and at the third seven encores; one of these, a short duett, being encored three times.

How unfortunate that the father should have destroyed Mozart's own letters on this subject!

But his joy was not to be lasting. Immediately after the first performances the Emperor was persuaded, by cunning duplicity, to prohibit all encores, and after this interdict (we learn from Kelly) he spoke to some of the singers at a rehearsal, saying he thought he had done them a service by this, as these constant repetitions must be very fatiguing and burdensome. Nancy Storace, who sang the part of Susannah, replied, 'Yes, indeed! we dislike encores very much.' Benucci and Mandini (Count Almaviva) likewise bowed their assent; but the latter said boldly to the Emperor, 'Your Majesty must not believe that; they all wish to be encored, and I can certainly say this, so far as I am concerned,' on which the Emperor laughed.

Thus eager was the Italian faction to drive 'Figaro' from the stage! Even a Salieri might well dread such a rival, although he stood so high in the favour both of the Emperor and the public. Salieri dreaded that the taste of both of these would become gradually habituated to the deeper sense of this music, and find the hitherto popular Italian style insipid, so that soon no one would give him anything for his works. And yet, more than a generation later, Rossini and his satellites shine forth! The direction, therefore, took good care that the opera, which, after such a brilliant result, could not be at once laid aside, should at least not be given too quickly in succession. Thus it only appeared nine times during the season in the *répertoire*. This was, indeed, a good

deal compared with other operas, and only the 'Griesgram' of Martin was so frequently given that year. But the performances of 'Figaro' were fixed as far apart as possible. In November, another opera of Martin's, 'Cosa rara,' had a great success, casting into the shade, for a time, 'Figaro,' both with the Emperor and the public; so Mozart's work was soon laid aside, and the ensuing year not performed at all.

How must this have wounded the soul of our Maestro, who was conscious of having written a masterpiece surpassing a hundredfold those other operas, and which had been received with such enthusiasm! From it he had most justly anticipated lasting fame, and sufficient pecuniary profit to provide for the maintenance of his family; and now he found himself superseded by the subtle machinations of the hateful Italians, who, moreover, were revelling in luxury, while he was left to struggle with cabals, nay, almost with indigence. It was once more his lot to resume his weary teaching, and very sorrowful does a speech of his sound to Gyrometz, who was about to go to Italy. 'Happy man!' said Mozart. 'Oh! that I could travel with you! but I must continue to give lessons to earn my daily bread.' Most of the compositions of this period shew the influence of this mere mechanical teaching, until in the autumn Mozart wrote something for four concerts he gave. How well can we understand that he now thought more seriously than ever of leaving Vienna and going to

London, especially as at that time his pupil Thomas Attwood, his friend Kelly, and the two Storaces held out to him good hopes of success. In October, his wife presented him with a third child—a boy—named Leopold, who died in the ensuing spring. So Mozart wrote to his father that in the latter half of the carnival he proposed to take a journey through Germany to England, if he would take charge of the children and receive them and their nurse in his house during his and his wife's absence, as Constanze was to go with him. Of course the father was to have ample compensation for this. The father, however, was inexorable. In a letter to his daughter he says, rather harshly:—'I have written in strong terms to Wolfgang, and promised to continue my letter by the next post. The worthy Herr Müller, the silhouette-maker, admired little Leopold to your brother, and heard from him that the child was to be left with me—an arrangement I never made with him; so this famous idea must have suddenly struck him or, probably, his wife, and they thought it settled. This might certainly be very pleasant for them—they could travel comfortably, or settle in England, or die, or I might be expected to run after them with their children, to seek the payment he proposes to make for these little creatures and their nurse, &c. Basta! my excuses are both valid and just, so I hope he will understand them.'

This was not very agreeable to the sorely tormented Mozart; and the father scarcely expected such a letter

from him in return, though he had placed before him everything 'so lovingly!' But in the course of a few days a letter arrived from Wolfgang, which the daughter said had soon entirely pacified the father. Yet the son must have been deeply hurt by seeing how prejudiced his father was against his wife and himself, especially as he shewed the most touching love towards the little boy of his daughter, who had now been two years married. Thus many things combined to make Mozart's soul very sorrowful. He did not go to England at that time, wishing first to have some settled prospects there. His eye was henceforth steadily fixed on other places. How thankful must he have been when relief did really come from elsewhere—from Prague! The 'Entführung' was already very popular there; 'Figaro' had also been put on the stage, and the delight of those enthusiastic, music-loving Bohemians was boundless. Besides, Mozart had good friends in Prague—M. and Mdme. Duschek. In the year 1777, this musical couple, who at that time enjoyed a great reputation, came to Salzburg, where they became acquainted with the Mozart family. The lively young wife, of the same age as Wolfgang, and, like him, inclined to make merry at the expense of others, had made a certain impression on him; he wrote a beautiful aria for her at that time, and the two families since then always continued their intimacy. In the spring of 1786, the Duscheks came to Vienna, and there witnessed the cabals to which Mozart

was subjected at the performance of his opera. They spoke of it so highly in Prague that they succeeded in having it put on the stage there. Niemtschek says:— '"Figaro" was given in 1786 by the Bondini Society, and was received with a storm of applause, only to be compared with that which the "Zauberflöte" afterwards excited.' 'It is a fact that this opera,' continues Niemtschek, 'was given almost without interruption during the whole winter, and that its success fully redeemed the melancholy position of the *entrepreneur*. The enthusiasm it aroused in the public was quite unexampled, and no one could hear it often enough. It was soon arranged for the pianoforte by Kucharz, one of our best masters, and also for wind instruments; as a quintett for chamber music; transferred into German dance music; in short, the songs from "Figaro" resounded in the street and gardens, and even harpists on tavern benches played "Non più andrai," if they wished to be listened to.'

Thus it is not surprising when the father tells Nannerl that the orchestra and a society of great connoisseurs sent an invitation to the composer of this opera, and also some verses written in his honour. Mozart did not require this proposal to be made a second time. He thirsted for recognition elsewhere, to show the Viennese that he could do without them. He had now found not only enthusiasm for his music, but also cordial personal sympathy. He went off at

once to Prague with his wife, where they arrived in January, 1787. The father expected, though Madame Duschek was absent in Berlin, on a professional tour, that the Mozarts would stay in their house; but a greater honour was in store for them—Count Thun, 'a noble cavalier and a connoisseur in music,' invited Mozart to be his guest. We are told that he provided him with board, lodging, and every comfort in his own house. How must all this have worked on Mozart's spirit, recently so deeply depressed! His soul once more soared to the spiritual heights that we call joy. It was then that he wrote to his friend Gottfried von Jacquin the following long letter, which best describes his first visit to Prague:—

My dearest friend,—At last I find a moment to write to you. Soon after my arrival I intended to have written four letters to Vienna, but in vain!—one only (to my mother-in-law) I did contrive partly to accomplish, for I could only write one half, and my wife and Hofer [the husband of his sister-in-law Josepha] were obliged to finish it for me. The moment we arrived (Thursday, the 11th, at twelve o'clock in the forenoon) we had hard work to get ready for dinner, which was at one o'clock. After dinner, old Count Thun entertained us with some music, executed by his own people, which lasted about an hour and a half. This is a *real amusement*, and one which I can enjoy every day. At six o'clock I went with Count Canal to what is called the Breitfeld Ball, where the flower of the Prague beauties assemble. You ought to have been there, my dear friend; I think I see you

running, or rather limping, after all those pretty creatures, married and single. I neither danced nor flirted with any of them, the former because I was too tired, and the latter from my natural bashfulness. I saw, however, with the greatest pleasure, all these people flying about with such delight to the music of my 'Figaro,' transformed into quadrilles and waltzes; for here nothing is talked of but 'Figaro,' nothing played but 'Figaro,' nothing whistled or sung but 'Figaro,' no opera so crowded as 'Figaro,' nothing but 'Figaro'—very flattering to me, certainly. As I came home very late from the ball, and very tired and sleepy from my journey besides, nothing could be more natural than my sleeping very late next day, which was just what I did; so the whole of the next morning was again *sine linea*. After dinner the Count's music was to be listened to, and as on the same day I got an excellent piano in my room, you may easily imagine that I could not leave it untouched for a whole evening; so I played, and, as a matter of course, we performed a little *Quatuor in caritatis camera* ('*und das schöne Bandl hammera*'), and in this way the whole evening was likely to pass again *sine linea*, and so it actually did. You must chide Morpheus, not me—a deity who is only too kind to us in Prague. What the cause may be I know not, but at any rate we both went to sleep very quickly. Still we managed to be at Father Unger's by eleven o'clock, and to make a thorough inspection of the Imperial Library and the Public Theological Seminary. After we had almost stared our eyes out of our heads, we listened to a little remonstrance from within; so we considered it advisable to drive to Count Canal's to dinner. The evening surprised us sooner than you could believe, when it was time to go to the opera. We heard '*Le Gare generose*' [of Paesiello]. I can give no positive opinion about the performance of this opera,

because I talked so much; perhaps the reason of my being so loquacious, quite contrary to my usual custom, might be—— well, never mind! the evening was, *al solito*, frittered away. To-day I have at last been so fortunate as to find a moment to enquire after the health of your excellent parents, and all the Jacquin family. I hope and trust you may all be as well as we are. I must candidly confess (though I meet with all possible politeness and courtesy here, and Prague is indeed a very beautiful and agreeable place), that I very much long to return to Vienna, and I do assure you the chief cause of this is certainly *your family*. When I think that after my return I shall only have so short an enjoyment of your valued society, and then be so long, indeed, perhaps, for ever, deprived of this happiness, I thoroughly feel the extent of the friendship and esteem I cherish for your whole family.

And now, my dearest friend, adieu! My concert is to take place in the theatre next Friday, the 19th, which will, alas! prolong my stay here. I send my kind regards to your worthy parents, and best wishes to your brother [Joseph, his father's successor]. I beg also a thousand compliments to your sister [Franziska, one of Mozart's best scholars]; tell her I hope she will practise very assiduously on her new piano, though such an admonition is unnecessary, for I must say that I never had so industrious a pupil, or one who showed so much zeal as herself, and, indeed, I quite rejoice at the thoughts of giving her further instructions, according to my ability.

I suppose it is high time now to conclude—is it not? You probably have thought so some time since. Farewell, my dear friend! I hope you will always feel the same friendship for me. Write to me soon—really *soon*; or if you are too idle to do so yourself, send for Salzmann and

dictate a letter to him, though no letter seems to come really from the heart unless written by your own hand. Well, I shall see whether you are as truly my friend as I am, and ever shall be, yours, MOZART.

On Wednesday next I am to see and hear 'Figaro,' unless I become blind and deaf before then. Perhaps I may not become so till *after* the opera!

This letter gives us an idea of the gaieties by which Mozart was surrounded in Prague. He went from one sprightly society into another, and music was always the central point of all pleasure. At a performance of his opera given in his honour, he was received with great jubilation by a crowded house. He himself was so enchanted with this representation, especially with the skill of the admirable orchestra, that he expressed his thanks to Kapell-Meister Strobach, in 'a well-written letter,' saying also that his work had obtained so much applause owing to the artistic manner in which it was rendered. Strobach in return assured Mozart that he and the members of the orchestra were so excited by the music, that at each performance, in spite of the hard work, they would gladly have begun it all over again.

Mozart soon after gave two concerts. 'Never was the theatre so crowded,' says Niemtschek, 'and never did his divine playing excite more unanimous and intense delight than on this occasion. Indeed, we did not know which to admire most, his marvellously

beautiful compositions, or his marvellously beautiful playing; the two combined made such a profound impression on our souls that it really amounted to a magic spell! But this state of mind was intensified when Mozart, at the end of the concert, went alone to the pianoforte, and extemporised for more than half an hour, exciting our rapture to the uttermost, till we gave vent to our feelings in loud cries of delight.' Another of the audience, Stiepanek, says:—'At the close of the concert, Mozart extemporised for a good half-hour on the piano, increasing thus to the highest pitch the enthusiasm of the enraptured Bohemians, so that, owing to such stormy bursts of applause, he felt himself bound to seat himself once more at the piano. The stream of his new play of fancy had a still more powerful effect, the result being that he was a third time assailed by his inflammable hearers. Mozart again came forward, intense gratification at this unanimous and enthusiastic recognition of his artistic powers beaming in his countenance. He began again with increasing fervour, playing in a manner never yet heard, when, in the dead silence that prevailed, a loud voice in the pit called out, "From Figaro!" On which Mozart passed into the theme of the favourite aria, "Non più andrai," improvising a dozen of the most interesting and scientific variations on the melody; this remarkable fantasia being received with the most tumultuous applause.'

What may at that time have passed through his soul? As a boy, when much praised, he wept. Now he felt his own value, and was accustomed to wonder and appreciation, receiving them almost as a due tribute. And yet at this very hour, borne on the highest waves of enthusiasm, that involuntary sensation of sadness entered his soul, peculiar to profound natures. He felt his abilities to be great, and this he plainly recognised by the impression made on his fellow-men. But, clinging to higher objects more closely than any around him, he was the more impressed by the perishable condition of all earthly things, and the insurmountable barriers set to our nature, and whereas formerly his innate modesty drew tears from his eyes, now his quiet submission to the will of the Almighty brought forth profound melancholy. Probably no one near him suspected this. At the very moment, however, when his powers had reached their highest climax, and he found himself on the very pinnacle of his life, the thought first suggested itself that all this must one day pass away; and we shall find him descending from the heights of this agitating thought, into the depths of his inner self, and drawing from that spring whence joy and sorrow flow together, the power to compose a work, in which the sorrows of human hearts, and the sparkling joys of life, are united in one conception, and of which 'smiling sadness' forms the basis. But before we follow those tracks that lead to Mozart's

deepest feelings, we must cast a backward glance on the work in which all the brightness of his previous life is embodied as in a mirror. The success of 'Figaro' called forth the commission for 'Don Juan.' Mozart, in the joy of his heart, declared that it would be a pleasure to him to write an opera for a public like that of Prague, by whom he was so thoroughly understood and kindly welcomed; so the theatre director, Bondini, took him at his word, and a contract was signed for Mozart to compose an opera for the beginning of the season following, for which he was to receive the usual sum of 100 ducats. This proved to be 'Don Juan,' and it was only to such a work that 'Figaro' could lead.

'Figaro' was the first thoroughly comic opera written in a higher style. It deserves this praise from the quick perceptions describing the peculiarities of men's characters, and from the finesse and truth with which they are delineated. Such was Mozart's work, for the Beaumarchais personages are totally different, and deficient in that rich inner life that renders every figure of Mozart's a faithful picture of man.

The story of this opera is well known. It has been called frivolous, and no doubt it is so. Beaumarchais depicts the reckless sensuality indulged in by the nobility of that day, with all the keen satire that the subject demands. That he is himself imbued with that sensuality which pervades the two love intrigues in his

comedy, that he shews rather a political purpose than a desire for moral elevation, deprives his piece of all lasting poetical value. Yet we must admire the sure hand which sketched here a picture of the state of morals at that period, and the genuine dramatic life that breathes in it throughout, and this it was that attracted Mozart. He was indifferent to political tendencies, even when allied to music. Life, therefore, as represented in this comedy, contains views of morality which may appear frivolous to us, who, during the severe struggle of a later century, are become more grave and stern; but this was no reason for Mozart rejecting the comedy in his day. He selected this piece, not on account of this quality, but in spite of it. Moreover, all the proceedings in the castle of the count appeared by no means so objectionable to him, as we should deem them, seen, as it were, now in the full light of day. The age in which Mozart lived accepted in a far more indulgent spirit a free and uncontrolled life, more especially in love affairs; for the aspect in which they were then regarded was much more liberal than now. It was, however, only in the higher classes of society that frivolity had deepened into open immorality. Burgher simplicity remained unaltered, and there was as little real corruption among them as at present. Karoline Flachsland, the betrothed bride of the grave Herder, read 'The New Amadis,' and found it very amusing. In the same way, no mother

thought of preventing her daughter reading those books in which, according to the prevailing fashion of the day, sensuality was described, either by Goethe with purer views, or by Schlegel and others in a frivolous or indecorous manner. Are the works of fiction in our day less objectionable? Or are our wives and daughters corrupted by them?

Mozart was a thorough child of the period. In mirth-loving Vienna he saw a hundred connections around him which we at the present day would not consider very edifying! At that time all sense of the dignity of man had been extinguished in the people, for a long and evil time, and was now only just beginning to revive. Such things were considered quite customary, and Mozart was no moral censor. His mind was absorbed in the production of the Beautiful, and a graphic picture of life, while his greatness consists in having grasped humanity in its natural simplicity, representing it with purity of feeling.

With such views it was not difficult for Mozart to render the levity of the whole opera with a degree of simplicity that lets us think no evil, and even where passion develops into licentiousness, as in the character of the count, all that is repulsive in the French comedy is palliated by Mozart, from the truthful manner in which these strong impulses are grounded on nature herself, which in this case seems only to have been led astray. The charming frolics of the saucy page are as

natural and attractive as the bridal glow of the bewitching Susannah, who pours forth her heart in the garden aria. Both animate and rejoice us, by the picture they offer of an ever gay and sparkling life. Further, when the action goes so far that it amounts to impropriety, Mozart's natural levity inclines him to look on this as human fallibility, and not to condemn it too severely. Just as in real life, Mozart glided gently over the faults and failings of those around him, his inexhaustible goodness of heart always cherishing peace and joy within himself, so it is with the music of 'Figaro,' which, ignoring the indecorum, intrigues, and frivolity of the personages concerned, breathes a charm and inner harmony which reconcile us to what is more or less objectionable. In fact, we do not see, or rather, we take no heed of what is going on, because such magic tones transport us into a higher world. And this higher world was already in Mozart's heart.

It is neither levity nor pleasure in such things that causes our Maestro to sport so freely and gaily with them. It is something entirely different. His sole revenge for the blunt rudeness that had often rent asunder the delicate threads of his own life is the creation of an Osmin in the 'Entführung.' His experience was more matured. In addition to his maltreatment by the archbishop, and the lack of tender feeling he met with in his own love affair, he witnessed in the abundant follies of the capital every kind of

human passion, and suffered much himself from envy, malice, and cabals. All these things are reflected in various ways in the spirit of his opera—the aristocratic recklessness of the count, the extravagant lamentations of the countess, the worldly knavery of Figaro, the craftiness of Susannah. How much of this had Mozart already seen in the aristocratic mansions which he frequented, and where he was sometimes the confidant of one or another! He had a sharp eye for human character, and, as Niemtschek says, 'He often discovered a hypocrite at the first glance.' Basilio's perfidy and intrigues, Marcelline's old maids craving to be married, and the page's dainty ways—what escaped his eye in this gay imperial city?

But this was not the chief point—others saw all this and depicted it. Moreover, the succession of clever dramas placed on the Vienna stage at that time was a school for such experiences. Mozart might have learned them from a Lessing, a Goethe, or a Shakspeare. But what he did not require to learn from them, what indeed he by nature shared with them, were those keen perceptions that penetrate to the groundwork of life, enabling the possessor of such a faculty to regard those actions that to many appear weak or wicked, with a smile of compassion, as mere follies that bring their own punishment. Indeed, the wonderful cheerfulness that breathes through 'Figaro' is the very point in which Mozart himself surpasses those heroes of the drama. The

whole tone of the opera is so lively, free, and joyous, that we feel ourselves reconciled to life. For those actions which often revolt and irritate us in every-day life, are here ridiculed with such humour that we seem to have escaped from them. Yet the hearer is inspired with the deepest sympathy, by the sentiment which the composer of this music testifies towards humanity. Our Maestro, who so unsparingly exposes follies, does not exclude himself from the ridicule and mockery with which all human inclinations are treated. He is no harsh censor; he does not extol himself, nor think himself superior to the faults of others. He has his place with the rest, admits his own weaknesses, is not ashamed of his own fallible nature; and it is this loving charm that makes 'Figaro' so attractive, and, in reality, raises us to a higher level.

Thenceforth, however, the inevitable force of circumstances plunged our Maestro into the profound depths of life, and the miseries of debt, and we shall see how he at length found a path of extrication.

CHAPTER VII.

'DON JUAN'—1787.

'The presentiment of death cast a black shadow on his life.'

We have described the intense delight with which Mozart was welcomed in Prague, receiving fresh honours at each new proof of his abilities. In fact, at that time he felt he had attained the highest pinnacle of fame. All his previous successes were not to be compared with the wonder and excitement of this genuinely musical city, concentrated in one mighty stream, sweeping along and swallowing up all else in its tumultuous course. The kindly and unceasing applause of the public, who felt their best qualities called forth and elevated, was proved by their summoning back the still youthful Maestro three times in succession to the pianoforte, from which emanated such magic sounds. Each time Mozart played with increasing inspiration, his spirit soaring to the loftiest heights, and his faculties animated into a state of the highest productive power. Bright light streamed from his soul, and his fancy was

stimulated to the creation of the most sublime strains. Then all at once, when revelling in the consciousness of power, he felt as if the Eternal were drawing near in person; his soul was appalled by the image of death before him, and with a shudder he searched his own heart; he had looked into the beginning and the end of all things.

Henceforth, we see him more grave and thoughtful than seems to accord with his former self, and occupied with conceptions of the finite nature of all things. He does not, indeed, cease now, as before, to enjoy the freshness of life: at this time, too, he had not to struggle as much as usual with pecuniary difficulties. His stay in Prague had not only brought him honour, but solid gain, as well as the cheering prospect of more fame and more money. And yet after his return to Vienna, where he at once set to work on his new opera, with his friend Da Ponte, his soul continued veiled by a profound gravity, which cannot be explained by his outward circumstances. For even the malice of his enemies, and the want of recognition, were outweighed tenfold by his experiences in Prague. The verses written in an album, at that time, by the celebrated bass singer Fischer, about the Italian clique—

> Lips that sing in honeyed accents,
> Where yet the fire of envy glows —

and also a phrase of his Salzburg friend, the physician

Barisani, who, alluding to Mozart's art, says, 'For which the Italian composers envy you, never ceasing to persecute you as they best can!'—fully prove how much both he and his friends believed him to be harassed by the Italian party. Indeed, at that time Vienna was wholly occupied with Martin's 'Cosa rara,' and, in German opera, with Dittersdorf's dry, comic 'Doctor und Apotheker,' which for a time placed the 'Entführung' in the shade. But it was assuredly something very different and more profound that depressed Mozart's soul, causing him, on April 4, 1787, to write in the following strain to his father. He now knew what death meant, and sought in the depths of his soul to search out this new knowledge. Did he find it? Let us hear himself:—

Mon très-cher Père,—I have this moment heard tidings which distress me exceedingly, and the more so that your last letter led me to suppose that you were so well; but I now hear that you are really ill. I need not say how anxiously I shall long for a better report of you to comfort me, and I do hope to receive it, though I am always prone to anticipate the worst. As death (when closely considered) is the true goal of our life, I have made myself so thoroughly acquainted with this good and faithful friend of man, that not only has its image no longer anything alarming for me, but rather something most peaceful and consolatory; and I thank my heavenly Father that He has vouchsafed to grant me the happiness, and has given me the opportunity (you understand me), to learn that it is the *key* to our true felicity.

I never lie down at night without thinking that (young as I am) I may be no more before the next morning dawns. And yet not one of all those who know me can say that I ever was morose or melancholy in my intercourse with them. I daily thank my Creator for such a happy frame of mind, and wish from my heart that every one of my fellow-creatures may enjoy the same. In the letter that Storace took charge of [but never could subsequently find] I explained my sentiments on this point, at the time of the death of my dearest and best friend Count von Hatzfeld. He was only one-and-thirty, just the same age as myself. I do not grieve for *him*, but deeply for myself, and all those who knew him as well as I did. I hope and trust that even while I am writing this you may be recovering; if, however, contrary to my expectation, you do not feel better, I implore you, by all you hold sacred, not to conceal it from me, but either to write me the exact truth yourself, or cause some one else to do so, that I may be in your arms with as much speed as possible. I entreat you to do this by all that is holy in our eyes. But I hope soon to have a consolatory letter from you, and in this agreeable hope, my wife and Karl and I kiss your hands a thousand times, and I am ever your dutiful son.

He was henceforth prepared for all that life could bring him; and though just at this period a cloud of deep melancholy still cast a certain gloom over his being, so much the more brightly did the sun of joy break forth from that heavy cloud; and certainly nowhere more charmingly than in the enchanting *andante* in A minor, in the passage where, from the mystic strains of gentle sorrow which pervade the whole, the

major key intervenes. This well-known pianoforte rondo was written a very few weeks before the letter we have just quoted.

But now a severe sorrow was to sadden his life: the death of his beloved father, who, when apparently recovering from an illness, suddenly died; thus his self-sacrificing life unexpectedly came to a close on May 28. Mozart writes to his friend Jacquin:—

I must inform you that on my return home to-day I received the mournful tidings of the death of my excellent father. You may conceive the state I am in.

It was, indeed, true enough that he had not been exempt from anxieties. The quintett in G minor, finished on May 16, betrays many of the deeper emotions of his soul. In fact, among all Mozart's works, it stands alone in a storm of passionate sorrow, and in the utterance of heartfelt despair. Yet his father's death came upon him like a thunderclap. For this very reason it again purified the atmosphere, so that the compositions of the period ensuing once more display the brightest sunshine. Moreover, we know that Mozart's works were usually quite independent of the outward circumstances in which they were written. It shews an inner harmony which can only flow from a presentiment of deeper things, and from submissive resignation to the will of the Almighty, that Mozart, in spite of his sorrow of heart, could write such a work as

the joyous playful quintett in E sharp major. Nature endows the artist with the power of overcoming life's trials by the activity of his creative fancy. Thus Mozart acquired a more profound mode of searching into the signification of life, and hence he at length attained perfect peace and freedom of spirit.

We do not learn whether he was already occupied with 'Don Juan,' but much of the music was completed, at least, in his head, when he went to Prague in September. A few days previously the same Dr. Barisani who had attended Mozart during a malignant fever two years ago, and who always kept the most watchful eye on his health, suddenly died, though still young, and Mozart wrote under the lines this friend had inscribed in his album—

To-day, the 3rd of September, I have been so unfortunate as to lose for ever in this world, by sudden death, this high-minded man, my dearest and best of all friends, and the preserver of my life. For him all is well; but for me, for us, and for all who knew him intimately, it never will be well, till we are so happy as to meet him again in a better world, *to part no more.*

How vividly those ideas of immortality, so prevalent at that time, lived in Mozart's soul! They wert in accordance with the principles of freemasonry, and inspired him with peace and confidence, even when hearing of the death of his father.

All his thoughts and ideas were concentrated on his

new opera. The subject had laid firm hold on his spirit. On this occasion, indeed, it was Da Ponte who suggested the text; at least, he relates that, well knowing the immensity of Mozart's genius, and that it required a many-sided and elevated poem, he proposed 'Don Juan' to him. Did he, indeed, anticipate the importance of this choice? No doubt what really decided Da Ponte was only the number of lively scenes that the spirit of the Roman people bestowed on these love heroes, and also its gay, fresh, sensuous tone—indeed, we may also say the levity, from which Da Ponte's own character was by no means free. But Mozart, with the glance of true genius, at once recognised the significance of what was now offered him. And although Da Ponte in his memoirs informs us, 'with amusing swagger,' that he prepared the text, assuredly the spirit that breathes through it, as well as many individual traits of character in it, prove that, as usual, Mozart had an important share in the work. Da Ponte had at that time undertaken to write a poem for Salieri, one for Martin, and one for Mozart. The Emperor, in amazement, told him that he could never get through with them all. 'Perhaps not,' replied Da Ponte, 'but at all events I mean to try. I shall write at night for Mozart, and study Dante's "Inferno"; in the morning for Martin, when I shall read Petrarch; in the evening for Salieri, with Tasso beside me"; on which he set to work, a bottle of tokay and a snuff-box from Seville

before him. His landlady's pretty daughter, a girl of sixteen, of whom we hear much, sat beside him as his muse of inspiration. On the first day he wrote the opening scenes of 'Don Juan,' two scenes of the 'Baum der Diana,' and more than half of the first act of 'Tarare'; and in sixty-three days both the first-named operas were completed, and two-thirds of the latter.

Mozart certainly acted in a very different manner. Neither wine nor maidens for him! Art was the sole muse that inspired him. His circumstances were not very favourable during this summer. When he came to Prague, in order to complete the opera in the presence of the singers, he was again surrounded by a cheerful circle of friends, while the admiration of connoisseurs imparted the highest influences to his imagination. 'Among his friends,' says Niemtschek, 'he was as confiding as a child; full of high spirits, to which he gave vent by all sorts of droll freaks. His friends in Prague recall with delight the bright hours they passed in his society, and they cannot sufficiently praise his good and guileless heart. When in his company they could scarcely remember that it was the renowned Mozart whom they saw before them.' And how he did work! Go where he might, his thoughts were ever with his compositions, and in every situation he could always write down his ideas. At this period, especially, when so many occupations and pleasures claimed his time, he more than ever devoted the night to writing. We

already know that he completed the second finale of 'Figaro' in two nights and a day. During that time he worked without intermission; but on the second night he was attacked by illness, which forced him to stop when only a very few pages were yet to be harmonised. He felt it to be of the greatest moment to exercise mastery over his own compositions as much as possible, and he could only succeed in this so long as they lived in his head. When once on paper he never altered his works. Both the limited time and his own spirit urged him frequently to go on writing till he was quite exhausted. It was at such moments, when revelling in the highest delights of creative activity, that he more deeply felt the limits of our existence, and the end of all things, thus leading him to the vivid perception of those powers that speak to us with such a solemn warning voice in the second finale of his opera. At such moments he felt the void that exists in all earthly things. He thus gained a deep sense of the tragic, but likewise a pure appreciation of life's joys, and a consummate sense of the comic. All this mingled as a whole in his opera, in a manner never hitherto achieved by art. These solemn night-watches, in which he foresaw the debt humanity must pay, and the final destruction of all things, and also the sunny days of gayest life, such as now surrounded him in Prague—all this produced that singular quality of mind which is designated *humour*—that mood of the soul

when we laugh, though the eye be filled with tears. The series of trials still reserved for our Maestro, already so severely harassed, raised him to that higher condition of the spirit in which joy and sorrow, laughing and weeping, are brought into unity. He was yet to fathom these depths, and after fathoming them, to find within himself that soothing peace which in his last years he bequeathed to the world in his immortal works. We now see him with his genuine human nature placed in the midst of the joys of life and the terrors of death, vibrating between them, and giving such a living picture of every fluctuation of what passed through his own bosom, that it finds an echo in every human heart.

The Impresario, according to the custom of the day, provided him with a house free of expense. He lived in the Kohl Markt, at the 'Drei Löwen,' and Da Ponte lodged in the back court of the hotel 'Zum Platteis'; so the poet and the composer could easily talk to each other out of the windows. Even during his journey, Mozart, in his usual fashion, finished a considerable portion of his work, and that, too, without being obliged to have recourse to the store of music paper in the side pocket of the carriage. Constanze was anxious beyond measure to spare her beloved husband every interruption, for she knew what was working within him. The great object at issue was, by one bold stroke to excel both the Germans and the

Italians; and yet the power of the subject that a happy chance had placed in the hands of genius, worked more effectually on Mozart than even ambition. He now first felt in full measure the value of life and of joy, and rich enjoyment streamed from his soul. Da Ponte was beside him, and he was a man who understood life; we learn this from his memoirs, which are not very dissimilar to those of Casanova, and as we read them they bring before us a lively picture of the totally different life and being of our Maestro from that of those men who are, in truth, merely frivolous adventurers, and know nothing of the higher aims of human endeavours. Mozart could comprehend the fulness of existence and the power of enjoyment that lived in such persons, and thus he liked their society; but his own soul never came into contact with theirs. Of this number was Luigi Bassi, for whom the part of Don Juan was written. He, too, must have been gifted with a keen sense of vitality, for he is depicted by his contemporaries as of a genuine artistic nature, and about him, almost forty years later, some one writes down for the deaf Beethoven 'a fiery Italian!' Signora Bondini was Zerlina; Teresa Saporiti, Donna Anna; and Signora Micelli, Elvira, and all these contributed in those days to Mozart's personal cheerfulness, for the composer knew how to keep his dramatis personæ in good humour by his amiability. Hence all sorts of love adventures have been fabricated,

and their motley spirit said to be poured forth in the opera.

All this, it is true, is contradicted by what Mozart himself wrote, a few days after the performance of 'Don Juan,' to his confidential friend Jacquin :—

Now tell me, my dear friend, how you are. I hope you are all as well as we are. You cannot fail to be happy, for you possess everything that you can wish for at your age, and in your position—especially as you now seem to have entirely given up your former excited mode of life. Do you not every day become more convinced of the truth of the little lectures I used to inflict on you? Are not the pleasures of a transient capricious passion widely different from the happiness produced by rational and true love? I feel sure that you often in your heart thank me for my admonitions. I shall feel quite proud if you do. But, jesting apart, you do really owe me some little gratitude if you are become worthy of Fräulein N——, for I certainly played no insignificant part in your improvement or reform.

But we do not require such a confutation! It is pleasant to see Mozart at that time plunging deep into the delights of all social gatherings. Why should he not do so? It was the only means of refreshing his brain, and relaxing the strain on his hard-working spirit; and, moreover, in the excitement of pleasure, those lively pictures of life developed in 'Don Juan,' suggested themselves to Mozart's imagination. The ideal alights on our breast on the wings of joy; and we know the peculiarities of our Maestro's character. He required to see life around him in order to represent

life. On one occasion he played bowls with his friends in Duschek's vineyard, while he wrote out his score on a stone table in the garden. On the evening before the first performance of 'Don Juan,' he was as usual in a gay company, delighting the circle of his friends by his jests and lively sayings, which gave no token of the lofty earnestness of spirit enthroned behind his playfulness. The overture was not yet written out. At last (it was 11 o'clock at night) his faithful Constanze reminded him that it was time to put an end to all this gaiety, and to transcribe the overture. He went to his room, and, with a glass of punch by his side, began the work so distasteful to him. The actual composition had long since been finished, and he had already played three completed overtures to his friends, who unanimously decided in favour of the present one. But as writing it out bored him very much, his wife had to tell him different stories, such as the legends of Aladdin's wonderful lamp, Cinderella, and some of that charming popular poetry, which amuses the fancy while leaving the spirit free. Our imaginative artist was so agreeably excited that he sometimes laughed till he cried. Thus the work of writing got on well for some hours. At last, wearied with work and pleasure, sleep began to overpower him, and he begged Constanze to let him rest for some hours, when he fell so fast asleep that she could not resolve to waken him. But the copyists had been appointed to come at seven o'clock in the

morning, and the score they must have, if the performance were to take place the same evening. Mozart was, in reality, ready, though there was a little delay at the beginning of the opera, and the sheets of music paper were still wet when placed on the desks. However, the admirably trained orchestra played the overture *at sight*, and to such perfection, from their enthusiasm for the Maestro and his work, that, during the introduction on the appearance of Leporello, Mozart said to a violinist near him, 'A good many notes have fallen under the desks, but still it has gone off famously.'

All this indicates a Maestro whose soul is full of his production, and we should, indeed, be struck with amazement, if this man had not long ago accustomed us to miracles. In spite of all these proofs of his soul being absorbed in the highest phase of his art, sweeping away like a consuming fire all the mists of sensual life that still enveloped his companions, he thought he had not yet done enough to show forth the fulness of life which he intended this work to offer, and purposed to represent in all its beauty and significance. Serenely conscious as he must have been of his own abilities, yet he was himself doubtful whether in 'Don Juan' he had struck the right chords, and accomplished what he intended. He could not, indeed, fail in artistic form, but what he had written did not appear to him of sufficient intrinsic value. Shortly after the first rehearsals, when

taking a walk with Kucharz, the director of the orchestra, he asked him the singular question, what he thought of the opera, and whether it were likely to be as well received as 'Figaro,' from which it so totally differed. Kucharz cheered him by saying that the music was beautiful and original, and that he had no reason to doubt its success, for the people in Prague would welcome with enthusiasm any work of his. Mozart answered that the opinion of such a connoisseur tranquillised him, that he had spared neither time nor trouble to write something superior for Prague, and it must not be thought that his art was become an easy matter to him; for no one had bestowed more pains than he had done, in studying different composers, and there was scarcely one celebrated master whose works he had not diligently examined.

At the rehearsals he took the greatest trouble to make the performance of the music (the difficulty of which he subsequently admitted) as perfect as possible. He wrote for Bassi (Don Juan) no less than five different times the aria 'Reich' mir die Hand.' He could not prevail on Zerlina to scream loud enough at the moment when Don Juan carries her into the adjoining room. This scene had been repeatedly rehearsed in vain, so Mozart went himself on the stage, and when the crisis arrived, he clutched the fair singer so fiercely by the arm that she uttered a loud cry. 'Now that is right,' said he laughing; 'that's the way you must scream.' He

also danced the minuet for Don Juan, who had considerable difficulty in learning it. He went to work in the same practical but kindly manner with the orchestra. In the ghostly churchyard scene the words of the Commendatore were originally accompanied by trombones, but the passage was a failure, so Mozart tried to explain how these instruments ought to be played, when one of them said angrily, 'No one can play like that; besides I don't choose to learn from you.' 'Heaven forbid that I should attempt to teach you the trombone!' said Mozart, laughing, and at once altered the passage by adding other wind instruments. He never failed in exciting by his intellectual gifts reverence and esteem in this class. In the second finale, the parts for the trombones and kettledrums were still wanting. Without having the score before him, Mozart wrote them on the spot from memory, and pointed out to the musicians a passage where there would be four bars either too many or too few, which proved to be the case. All the musicians on this occasion were more than willing; they seemed inspired.

In the middle of October, when the rehearsals were in full activity, Prince Anton of Saxony, and his wife the Archduchess Maria Theresa, passed through Prague. 'Figaro' was given in their honour, when the theatre was brilliantly illuminated. Mozart conducted the performance himself, and earned the usual applause. The 'Baum der Diana,' for which Da Ponte wrote the

text at the same time as that of 'Don Juan,' had been given in Vienna to celebrate the nuptials of this illustrious couple, and Martin acquired fresh fame by his composition. Mozart meanwhile was brooding a grand revenge on his Italian rivals, and, as usual, he hit on a clever idea. Martin's 'Cosa rara' was at that time universally known and liked, and one melody in the first finale was popular above all. It belongs to the scene where the favoured lovers are to be betrothed to the objects of their love, while the others look and long in vain. Mozart arranged this melody for wind instruments, according to the custom of the day, to be played at the banquet, when the hungry Leporello sees his master gaily seated at table, and parodying it in the most striking manner. He did the same with a favourite aria out of Sartis, 'Wo zwei streiten, freut sich der Dritte,' for which he had written variations in honour of that maestro when in Vienna. The words of the text, 'Wie ein Schäflein, das zur Schlachtbank geht,' were also well known, and amusingly suitable to the situation of Leporello, who lingers near the table to see if he can succeed in snatching some morsels for himself. This bit of fun was enhanced by the humorous manner in which Mozart harmonised the music, so thoroughly in the style of music at a banquet. But, with his usual good-nature, he blunts the sharp point of this revengeful proceeding, by introducing at the end of the banquet and parodying one of his own arias, the

air 'Dort vergisst leises Flehen,' which the people of Prague greeted with a storm of applause, and were never tired of hearing. This he turned into a comic style, using Leporello's own words, 'Dies da kenn' ich nur zu gut,' which the audience instantly greeted with delight. We here insert a letter to G. von Jacquin, which has only recently been brought to light, and which gives us many interesting details:—

Prague: October 15, 1787.

My dear Friend,—No doubt you think that my opera has been already given, but you are not a little mistaken. In the first place, our theatrical company is not so clever as that in Vienna, and cannot study an opera in such a short time. Secondly, when I arrived here I found so few arrangements or preparations made, that it would have been utterly impossible to give the opera on the 14th (yesterday). So my 'Figaro' was substituted, and conducted by myself in a brilliantly illuminated theatre.

I must tell you a good joke. On this occasion some of the most aristocratic ladies here (a most illustrious one in particular) thought it very absurd, improper and all sorts of things, that 'Figaro' and his *tollen Tag* (as they called it) should be played in honour of the Princess. It did not occur to them that no opera in the world could be suitable for such an occasion unless written expressly for it, so that it was a matter of indifference whether this opera or another were given,

provided only it were a good one, and never yet heard by the Princess—which was certainly the case as to 'Figaro.' In short, the eloquence of the ringleader was so successful, that she persuaded the government to intimate to the impresario that 'Figaro' was not to be performed on that day. What a triumph for her! '*Ho vinta*' (I have conquered)! she exclaimed one evening in her box. Certainly she was far from suspecting how soon that *ho* was to be changed into *son vinta* (I am conquered)! The following day came the noble ——, with a command from His Majesty that 'Figaro' *must* be performed if the new opera could not be ready! I wish, my dear friend, you could only have seen the handsome haughty nose of the lady in question! Oh! it would have given you as much pleasure as it gave me!

'Don Juan' is now fixed for the 24th.

21*st*.—The opera was fixed for the 24th, but one of the female singers being taken ill caused a fresh delay. The company being small, the impresario lives in a state of constant anxiety, and is obliged to spare his people as much as possible, that in the event of unexpected illness he may not be placed in the most critical of all critical positions—that of not being able to have any opera at all.

Here, therefore, there are endless delays, because the actors (from laziness) will not study on opera days, and the impresario (from fear and anguish) will not insist on their doing so—but what is this? Is it

possible? What do my ears see, what do my eyes hear?—a letter from—I may rub my eyes as hard as I please—it is, devil take me if it be not!

God be with us!

It is actually from you, it really is—if winter were not so near I would upset the stove!

As, however, I often require the aforesaid, and expect to require it still more, you must permit me to moderate my excitement, and to say in a few words how heartily I rejoice in such good tidings of you and your family.

25*th*.—To-day is the eleventh on which I have been writing away at this letter, but this will shew you that my good will does not fail. If I can find a morsel of time I mean to scribble a little bit more for you, but I cannot possibly sit long at it; I belong too much to other people, and too little to myself. I need not tell you that this is not my favourite mode of life.

Next Monday, the 29th, my opera is to be performed for the first time. You shall have a report from me about it the very next day. As to the aria (from reasons that I will give you when we meet), it is quite impossible to send it to you.

I rejoice to hear what you write about Kathel, that she is well, and knows how to hold the cats in respect, and how to make friends with the dogs. If she is so fond of her papa (to whom I beg to send my kind

regards) it is as much as to say she never cared for me. Now farewell. I request you to kiss your excellent mamma's hands for me; remember me kindly to your sister and brother, and rest assured that I am always your faithful friend and servant,

W. A. MOZART, m.—p.

What then was the reception of his opera? Such jests as in the above letter were understood by his friends in Prague, and felt by them as the most agreeable flattery; but they also understood the fulness and significance of 'Don Juan.'

The first performance took place on October 29. The theatre was crowded to the door. When Mozart appeared in his place as conductor, he was welcomed by a tremendous clapping of hands, and three separate flourishes of trumpets. This opera had been looked forward to with the utmost eagerness. The audience now burst forth into the most unrestrained jubilation, the most tumultuous applause, greeting each number with delight till the very end of the opera. We hear that the performance of the work was truly admirable. Though no artist of the first rank was present, yet all were filled with the enthusiasm inspired by reverence for the great Maestro, and the delight of the sympathetic audience was sufficient to impel even mediocre talents to accomplish great things. In addition, Mozart

himself conducted, which always had an animating effect on the orchestra, and invariably kindled their enthusiasm. It is this impetus and rhythm of the whole which imparts the highest effect to every dramatic musical performance.

Thus the hoped-for grand success was attained. Guardasoni, the director of the theatre, writes in delight to the poet of the libretto (who had returned to Vienna), the following striking words:—'Long live Da Ponte! long live Mozart! All theatrical directors, all singers must extol them; so long as *they* live, theatrical *misères* will no more be known!' The report of Mozart himself, however, is as modest and unassuming as ever. A few days later he writes to V. Jacquin:—

My dearest and best friend,—I hope you received my letter. My opera 'Don Giovanni' was given here on the 29th of October, with the most brilliant success. Yesterday it was performed for the fourth time (for my benefit). I think of leaving this on the 12th or 13th. When I return, you shall have the aria to sing.—N.B. *Entre nous*, I do wish that some of my good friends (particularly Bridi and you) could be here even for one evening to share my pleasure. *Perhaps it may yet be given in Vienna*—I wish it may. Every effort has been made here to persuade me to remain for a couple of months, and to write another opera; but however flattering the proposal may be, I cannot accept it.

This was all our Maestro had to say of a work that,

containing a world of harmony within itself, was one day to fill the whole world with his fame.

Mozart had nourished this work with his own heart's blood, and living reality glimmers under a slight veil throughout the piece.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JOURNEY TO LEIPZIG—1788–89.

'The light of the sun in due course breaks through gloomy night and brightens it.'

NOTWITHSTANDING the marvellous success 'Don Juan' met with in Prague, Mozart declined to compose a second opera, for what reasons no one can tell. Joseph Haydn was applied to, who at that time lived with Prince Esterhazy in Hungary, and had already written many operas which acquired considerable fame, so he was requested to send one of these to Prague for the next Carnival. Haydn placed some value on his dramatic works. In the year 1781 he wrote to Arataria:—'M. Le Gros, director of the *Concerts Spirituels*, writes me very fine things about my "Stabat Mater," given four times in Paris with great applause. These gentlemen wondered that I gave so much pleasure by my vocal compositions; but I do not at all wonder—if they could only hear my operetta, "L'Isola Disabitata," and the last opera I have written, "La Fedeltà Premiata," I assure you no such work has hitherto been heard in

Paris, nor possibly in Vienna either. My misfortune is that I live in the country.' In the year 1784 he writes that his opera 'Armida' had been performed with great success, and was considered his best work. When Noth wrote to him from Prague about the astonishing success of 'Don Juan,' his reply places both Mozart and himself in the best light. He writes:—'You wish to have an opera buffa from me. I gladly agree to this if you only wish to possess some of my vocal works; but if they are to be placed on the stage in Prague, I cannot be of service to you, because all my operas are too closely connected with our personalities here; moreover, they never could produce the effect that I have calculated according to the locality. It would be very different if I had the invaluable good fortune to get an entirely new libretto to compose for your theatre. But even in that case, I should run great risks, for it would be difficult for anyone to stand beside the great Mozart. *I only wish I could impress on the souls of my musical friends, especially on those who are really great, the same profound reverence, the same musical appreciation, that I experience for the inimitable works of Mozart.* Then nations would vie with each other for the possession of such a gem within their walls. We hear Prague is to retain this dear man—but it must also reward him. For without this the history of great geniuses is sad indeed, and gives little encouragement to posterity to make further efforts. Alas! this is why so

many sanguine spirits succumb! 'I feel indignant to think that the incomparable Mozart has not yet been engaged by any royal or imperial court. Pardon this digression—but I do so love the man!'

What precious words are these! Thus kindred spirits know how to appreciate each other. We also learn afresh from this how much in reality Vienna neglected Mozart, entirely ignoring his splendid quartetts, and allowing 'Figaro' to be snatched from it. But now the renown that the great artist succeeded in winning in the provinces at last made its way into the capital, and as such rumours became every day louder, Mozart wished to leave Vienna altogether, and to go to England, there to gain the means of living, so unjustly denied him by his beloved imperial city. A short time previously, death closed the great and productive existence of the old master Gluck. Then at length it occurred to the Emperor that something must be done for Mozart. But, instead of conferring Gluck's place on him, and the salary of 2,000 gulden, he appointed him his Kammer Musikus, with a salary of—800 gulden! The decree was signed on December 7, 1787. Mozart was by no means satisfied with this arrangement. With regard to the amount of salary, the Emperor asked the opinion of one, whom least of all he should have referred to—the all-potent valet, Strack, who did not like Mozart's music. Mozart was justified when, at a later date, being obliged to report the amount of his

income to the tax-gatherer, he wrote after the figures on the list, 'Too much for what I do—too little for what I could do.' For his present mission was to write—dance-music for the salons of the Hofburg! He who had so recently proved what his genius could accomplish, who had at last attained the full conviction of his powers, must write dances! Such was the imperial behest. He fulfilled it faithfully, and wrote for the next Carnival a succession of waltzes, minuets, and contredanses, which, indeed, are not of much musical value, but remind us by their fresh melody and lively rhythm, that Mozart himself loved the gaieties of the Carnival, and, above all, enjoyed and understood dancing. What was naturally at that time uppermost in his mind was to have his opera performed in Vienna, and a command to that effect from the Emperor would probably have been more welcome to Mozart than the shabby office to which he was appointed. But as to any commission for a new opera, which Mozart had so much at heart, the Emperor never once thought of him. He gave repeated commissions to Dittersdorf; Mozart's music did not suit his taste. Shortly after the performance of 'Figaro,' he told Dittersdorf that, in his theatrical works, Mozart absolutely overpowered the singers by his noisy accompaniments. The light and pleasing melodies of Martin were infinitely more to his liking. But even the performance of any opera already known of Mozart's was hopeless. Salieri stood in the way. In the June of this year he put his 'Tarare' on

the stage, for which Beaumarchais wrote a libretto, that by its action, decorations, and costumes, and also by its political tendencies, proved very attractive, and gained great applause. This opera, though a medley of the most incongruous elements, pleased the Emperor, who desired Da Ponte to translate it into Italian, to celebrate the nuptials of the Archduke Francis. A considerable portion of the music was altered. The great object was to cast into the shade the 'Baum der Diana,' which, like 'Don Juan' in Prague, delighted everyone in Vienna. Salieri, therefore, could not possibly wish a new opera of Mozart's to be performed, having still a startling remembrance of his 'Figaro,' although the public, excited by the enthusiasm at Prague, eagerly wished to see the work. On January 8, 'Axur' was given (for thus 'Tarare' had been rechristened); the theatre was free to all, and, in spite of the strange novelties it contained, was repeatedly given, and received with approbation by the public, and more especially by the Emperor, whose favourite opera it was considered. It was performed twenty-nine times during this year.

Meanwhile, Mozart was engaged in amusing the Viennese by dances, 'giving vent to his patriotic feelings by a song on the Turkish war'; and by a German war-song, 'Ich möchte wohl der Kaiser sein,' which he wrote on March 5, for the comic actor Baumann, in the Leopold Stadt. Four days after we find inscribed in his catalogue that short *adagio* in B minor, in which there

dwells such sorrow, that our inmost hearts are touched by it. It breathes a profound melancholy—indeed, gloom—like the weeping of a soul. Yet what a cheering and consoling effect, like a streak of light from above, in the D sharp, introduced with such incomparable beauty at the close. Yes! Mozart was one whose sun is never entirely obscured. Even when hidden sometimes behind the blackest clouds, he knows that it is still there, and will reappear at the right time. Pecuniary difficulties began once more to assail him. A concert that he gave during the Carnival, and for which he wrote a concerto, did not help him much.

At last the Emperor commanded the performance of 'Don Juan.' He was much pleased with the success of his Kammer Musikus in Prague; and, as Da Ponte says, was burning with the desire to hear this opera. We see from the theatre account-book for 1788–89, that Mozart received 225 florins, and Da Ponte 100 florins, for composing a text for 'Don Giovanni'; but this sum did not go far. The opera was first given on May 7, *but it did not please*! 'All the world,' says Da Ponte, 'except Mozart himself, were of opinion that the piece must be remodelled. We made some additions, changed various passages, but the second time also *it did not please*! which, however, did not prevent the Emperor saying, "This is a heavenly work. It is even more beautiful than 'Figaro,' but it is not a morsel for my Viennese." I repeated these words to Mozart, who,

without being at all discomposed, said, "Only give them time to relish it." There he was right. By his advice I caused "Don Juan" to be given as often as possible, and every time the success increased.'

'Don Juan' was performed fifteen times this year. Mozart composed two additional arias—the celebrated 'Mich verlässt der Undankbare,' for Elvira, and that of Ottavio, 'Ein Band der Freundschaft,' and a comic duett for Leporello and Zerlina. They are all masterpieces, but do not actually belong to 'Don Juan.' Neither do they seem to have made any great impression on the Viennese. The whole style of this opera was to them quite a novelty. It was everywhere discussed, and everywhere people disputed as to its merits. Haydn was in Vienna at that time, and present one evening at a crowded assembly in the house of Count Rosenberg, when the most distinguished artists and connoisseurs in Vienna were discussing in the most various manner the failings and shortcomings of 'Don Juan.' At last someone asked Haydn his opinion, who said, 'I cannot enter into the argument; but this I do know, that Mozart is the greatest composer now in the world.'

Did this silence the critics? Scarcely; Mozart reaped no benefit from the important recognition of such a man as Haydn; he received no commission from the Emperor, and no profit from the performances. He was at that time in a most painful position,

which, indeed, hindered his work. His sole friend in his difficulties, during these months, and, indeed, to the end of his life, was his brother mason, Puchberg, whose memory ought long to be cherished, for the fidelity and unselfishness he showed towards our Maestro. Mozart had no power of responding to such noble conduct except by his heartfelt love, and an occasional composition for the musical soirées at Puchberg's house. On this occasion he wrote for him the enchanting trio in E sharp major. In the list of debts drawn up after Mozart's death, Puchberg is a creditor for 1,000 gulden, afterwards repaid.

On June 17, 1788, Mozart wrote him the following letter, which gives us full insight into his melancholy circumstances, and also his manner of thinking:—

To Herr Puchberg.

My dear esteemed Friend and O. B.—The conviction that you are a true friend of mine, and that you know me to be an honourable man, gives me courage to open my whole heart to you, and to make the following request. Without any further preamble, and with my natural straightforwardness, I proceed at once to state the case. If you have sufficient regard and friendship for me to succour me by the loan of one or two thousand gulden for a couple of years, at the usual rate of interest, you would extricate me from a mass of troubles. You, no doubt, yourself know how difficult—nay, impossible—it is to pay your way when obliged to wait for the receipt of various sums, without a certain, or, at all events, the most needful, amount of cash in hand;

without this there can be no regulation in one's affairs; nothing can come of nothing. If you do me this friendly service, having then some money to go on with, I can, in the first place, more easily manage the necessary outlay at the proper time, the payment of which I am now obliged to defer, and thus am often forced to pay away all I receive at the most inconvenient time; secondly, I can also work with a mind more free from care and with a lighter heart, and thus earn more. I do not believe that you can have any doubts of your safety in making this loan. You know pretty well how I stand, and also my principles. You need not be uneasy about the subscription; I am only prolonging the time for a few months, in the hope of finding more lovers of music elsewhere than here. I have now opened my whole heart to you on a matter of the greatest importance to me. I shall anxiously expect your reply, which I do hope may be favourable. I don't know, still I take you to be a man who, like myself, will, if possible, succour a friend—a true friend.

If it should so happen that you find it inconvenient to part with so large a sum at once, I beg you, at all events, to lend me a couple of hundred gulden, because my landlord in the Landstrasse was so pressing that I was obliged to pay him on the spot (in order to avoid anything unpleasant), which has caused me great embarrassment.

We sleep to-night in our new apartments for the first time, and we mean to remain there both summer and winter. I think this, after all, quite as well, if not better, for I have not much to do in the town, and shall not be exposed to so many visits, so I can work harder; and if business compels me to go into the town, which is not likely often to be the case, any fiacre will take me there for ten kreutzers. This apartment is not only cheaper, but far more agreeable in spring, summer and autumn, especially as I have a garden.

My house is in the Währinger Gasse, bei den 5 Sternen, No. 135. Pray consider my letter as a proof of my sincere reliance on you, and believe me, till death, your true and attached friend, W. A. MOZART.

P.S.—When are you likely to have a little music again in your house? I have written a new trio [in E major].

Puchberg wrote on this letter, 'June 17, 1788, sent 200 florins,' which would furnish a momentary relief. Yet in these weeks of distress and embarrassment he wrote the *symphony in E sharp* known now as the 'Song of the Swan,' in which a sea of melody is poured forth. 'Love and sadness breathe in sweet spirit tones throughout,' says Th. A. Hoffmann, in his 'Phantasie Stücken;' 'night falls in purple gloom, and with inexpressible longing we follow the forms, which by friendly gestures invite us into their ranks, as they fly through the clouds to join the never-ending dance of the spheres.'

Our admiration of the artistic grandeur of the man is enhanced when after such words as these we recall the wailing tone of the above letter, and his wish to be able to work with a mind free from care, and a heart at ease! It seems as if earthly needs only refined into greater purity this man's immortal soul! What a sense of the dignity and power of man speaks to us in the stately pomp of the introduction to this symphony! What self-consciousness, what bright vigour in the *allegro*! And though a gentle strain of melancholy

occasionally breathes through the magic tones of this *andante*, yet in the background there lies that peace of heart which flows from the recognition of an Everlasting Ruler; just as in the last movement we find a tranquil joy, an overflow of glad life, as if he had enjoyed an untroubled existence!

This *chef-d'œuvre*, setting forth the impulses of all his faculties flowing from the depths of life, is inscribed by his own hand as written on June 26, 1788; on the 27th, another letter is sent to Puchberg, from which we learn that his difficulties have by no means decreased during the last few days; on the contrary, they had brought many 'black, black thoughts,' that he strove earnestly to dismiss from his mind:—

To Herr Puchberg.

Vienna, June 27, 1788.

My dear kind Friend and esteemed O. B.—I have every day been in hopes of being able to go into the town myself, to thank you in person for the friendly service you have rendered me; but I had not the heart to appear before you, as I am obliged to confess that I cannot as yet repay your loan, and must entreat you to have patience with me. That your circumstances are such as to prevent you from assisting me to the extent I wish distresses me much, for in my painful position I am unavoidably obliged to borrow money; but, good heavens! to whom can I apply but to you, my best friend? If you would only be so good as to devise some other way of procuring the money for me! I would gladly pay the interest; and whoever lends it to me has, I believe,

sufficient security in my character, and in my salary. It distresses me enough to be in such an extremity, but on this very account I should like to have a considerable sum at a longer date, to avoid a similar difficulty. If you, my dear friend, cannot assist me in this emergency, I shall lose both my honour and my credit, the only two things I am anxious to preserve. I rely entirely on your kind friendship and brotherly love, and confidently hope that you will give me a helping hand both by word and deed. If my wish be fulfilled, I shall be able to breathe again, for I should then be able to put my affairs into good order and to keep them so. Come here and pay me a visit; I am always at home. I have worked more during the ten days I have lived here, than in two months in my former apartment; and if dismal thoughts did not so often intrude (which I strive forcibly to dismiss), I should be very well off here, for I live agreeably, comfortably, and, above all, cheaply. I need no longer detain you by my idle talk, but be silent and hope. Always your obliged servant and true friend and O. B.

W. A. MOZART

Where do we here find the levity with which Mozart has been reproached, as to practical economy? In truth, this accusation does not apply to one who is so concerned to guard his own honour, and who strives thus earnestly to regulate his means so that no dishonour may accrue either to himself or his family. And yet the last words of this letter shew us that Mozart feels he is in rather a false position compared with people who know how to manage their own affairs with businesslike caution, and are very unlikely to encounter similar embarrassments. It humiliates him to ac-

knowledge such things, even to a friend. A little acquaintance with business might easily have prevented all these difficulties; but to a Mozart they appeared inevitable. His mind, being absorbed by higher objects, failed to regulate those common things, on which rests the outward prosperity of our lives; and for this let others blame him; on the other hand, the anxious solicitude betrayed in this letter is so honourable to our Maestro, that we are disposed to forget how little mere good-will could effect in keeping his affairs in good order. Everyone obeys the bias implanted in him by nature, and only in this way can he do right. Mozart's entire being was devoted to artistic creation. He followed these impulses—was he successful? In such natures good intentions seem to suffice in all other things to free a man from blame, for results are not decisive in questions of morality.

In those ten days of domestic tranquillity he worked more than he usually did in two months. The splendid E sharp major symphony was written then. The freshness of nature that Mozart enjoyed at his ease in his garden imparted a deeper impetus to his productive energies, in spite of all outward annoyances. Four weeks later, on July 25, the G minor symphony is inscribed as finished in his catalogue. *The G minor symphony!* This triumph of orchestral art! We see here with what conscious vigour, and almost defiance, the great mind of the artist battles with the obstacles of

existence. It seems as if the pressure of every-day life, which threatened at first altogether to crush him, now first fully roused within him the conviction of those powers which elevate man above all these things; so that, like the glance of the sun, he could survey the vast plain of human life, and thus raised far above all human joys or sorrows, discover within himself creative power. What an assurance of victory is contained in these sounds in the minor key! In them we find no sorrow, no wailing! Self-confidence is enhanced into the most heart-stirring disdain of those powers that would fain drag down the spirit into the dust of the petty requirements of earth. What a world of unwearied striving energy does the minuet contain within its few bars! and in the finale what stately energetic sparkling life breaks forth!

Scarcely more than a fortnight later, on August 10, the *Jupiter symphony* is finished, proving that, even beyond the daring defiance in the former work, a still higher condition is possible; the full triumph of the nobler nature. What a majestic strain of victory lies in this *allegro*! and what immense enjoyment of every life gift in the magic charm of the *andante*! All the nightingales of the grove seem warbling together, as if all that moves the soul of man to joy or sorrow were here harmoniously blended. Once more the eye glances over the vast extent of the earth, and we are forced to admit the never-ending influences of the fates, those

contending powers who regulate life, creating and ordering all things here below. This image is reproduced in all its majestic vigour and fulness by this work, but by means of art which none of the three sisters have at their disposal. The finale is a polyphonic work, in which the marvels of science are heaped up, as it were in mere sport. With Cyclopean strength the Maestro seizes the rocks of the most intricate contrapuntal difficulties. And yet these are to him the mere symbols of those far richer experiences that life has given him. Here Mozart first shews the deep perceptions of his German nature. Here we find those intuitive powers of research peculiar to the German mind. And of course our Maestro clings closely to the mode of expressing thought which the German spirit has discovered in music also. He has recourse to strict polyphony. But how far more animated in his hands do those contending powers appear in his themes than in those of the old masters! We see that he is acquainted with the mighty Händel, and remembers the Bach Fugues; but he also knows life, and while the former remain abstractions, his themes furnish examples of the most vivid power, giving life and animation to reality. It is this musical form that enables us to plunge into the depths of the never-ceasing excitement of man's existence, and which has become a school for all artists, as representing life itself, more especially dramatic life.

At this time it was that Mozart's attention was again directed to Händel, and he also became more familiar with the manner of that master by an arrangement of 'Acis and Galatea' that he made for some musical performances at Von Swieten's. In Mannheim, indeed, when still a youth, he quitted a rehearsal in which 'the Messiah' was given, because previously a *Magnificat* of the Abbé Vogler was performed, and lasted for nearly an hour. But many experiences had now revealed to him deeper things. His was a rich artistic nature, caring little about outward appearances, but convinced by stern reality of the value of moral influences. He, therefore, could better appreciate the spiritual aims of those musical representatives of North Germany, whose lofty aims he had long venerated. We recognise, in the reverence with which he undertakes the arrangement of 'Acis and Galatea,' how he honours as an equal this great maestro, and it does not require any reference to his own words—'Händel knows best of us all how to produce grand effects; when this is his aim, he bursts on us like a thunderstorm'—to convince us that Mozart had discovered the importance of this ethical spirit. The final fugue of the symphony in question had already proved this.

In Mozart's hands the brilliant life and inner fulness of polyphony rise into the regions of genuine beauty. It is no longer the imperturbable powers of nature that are here represented, but the warm living

energies that beat within the heart of man, and govern life.

But his soul was to be still more intensified, and to realise those mysteries of the Eternal that lived always so vividly in his imagination, until he was sufficiently matured to comprehend the profound sense revealed by the German spirit of a Johann Sebastian Bach. The South Germans had scarcely a perception of these powers; for, in the previous century, there was a separation of the two halves of our Fatherland, extending even to their fundamental views of life. It is only recently that the South is gradually assimilating with the North, and, in return, the Southerns offer to their Northern brethren their own fresh practical views of life. At that time how far were these contradictions from being reconciled! A yawning gulf still divided them, and the way in which the people of North Germany neglected practical life, devoting themselves to search out its deeper meaning, was thoroughly obnoxious to the Southerners, who revelled in a gay existence, believing that by this devotion on their part they should find life itself. Mozart felt much the same, and was by no means well disposed toward the 'enlightened Protestantism' that divested existence of all its attractions, and yet found no compensation for doing so in higher things. This was not in accordance with the fulness of his harmonious nature, and the way in which he enjoyed, understood, and represented life.

But gradually he had begun to meditate profoundly —that is, in his own fashion. He did not reflect like the North Germans. Yet, tossed about as he had been by many earthly passions and emotions, he could not help trying to search out the hidden meaning of all those events that gladden or sadden our hearts. This train of thought pervaded Germany at that period and all deep-thinking men were engaged in such reflections. This was also the sole reason why Mozart entered an Order that nourished and satisfied this bias. Above all, his more close acquaintance with death, 'the surest and truest friend of man,' whose image had passed before his soul when standing on the highest pinnacle of his life, cast him back wholly into his inner self. 'Black, black thoughts' instigated him more and more to brood over subtleties, which he often did for hours, sitting in the same place in the most absent mood, from which even the glad creative activity, that had ever cheered and accompanied him, could not always rouse him. His soul was gradually plunged into a degree of profound thought that revealed to him those deeper principles of the heart of man, which a fresh impulse towards higher things had inspired in the Northern portion of our nation. By a happy chance in his life he became familiar with the works of the artist who expressed the German spirit in this phase in all its energy and sublimity, as well as in its depth and austerity—*grand old Sebastian Bach*—

and from him he learned, as it were, the musical speech of wisdom. He felt relieved that, besides the power of expressing gay life, and its thousandfold changes, he could now also by his utterances express his feelings, and no longer continue to brood over the 'final results of all joy and all sorrow.' We see a change, a depth within him, which could not have been anticipated in the ever young and sprightly man, but which first thoroughly matured our Mozart.

We must now return to our biography.

Things went badly with our Maestro, for neither lessons nor compositions sufficed to supply his daily wants, so that at last he was compelled to have recourse to usurers, and to issue bills that no doubt cost him double their value. So his thoughts once more turned to foreign countries, and it certainly must have been a welcome event to Mozart, when his friend and pupil, Prince Karl Lichnowsky, invited him to accompany him to Berlin. Lichnowsky had a post in the Prussian army, and might possibly be of infinite service to Mozart with the music-loving and liberal King Frederick William II. Mozart, therefore, gladly took advantage of this opportunity. He was at all times fond of travelling, which roused his creative powers in every phase; and this journey would also release him for the moment from the annoyance of pecuniary difficulties, and probably lead him to new sources of emolument and fame. When seated in the comfortable travelling

carriage of the Prince, what images must have glided through his fancy, emanating from the fair scenes of nature, in which he always took such delight! What glad emotions must have brightened his soul on once more contemplating fresh life around him, and seeing man occupied with the things of this world, which to him, indeed, appeared innately worthless, but yet were an attractive emblem of higher joys.

The letters he now writes breathe a sense of freedom, and are of considerable import to our purpose, not only by the details he gives of the journey, but by the revelations of his heart that they offer. From them we learn the purity and devotion with which he loved his Constanze, who was dearer than ever to him, not only from their mutual love for their charming boy, but from the many hours of anxiety they had shared, but which had only bound them together more closely. The 'little wife' meanwhile lived with his brother mason, Puchberg, in the Hohe Markt. A few days after her husband began his journey, she received the following letter from him, dated Prague, the second he had written to her:—

My dearest and sweetest Wife,—We arrived here safely at half-past one o'clock this forenoon, and I hope you got my note from Budwitz. Now for my account of Prague. We drove up to the 'Unicorn,' and after being shaved, frisé, and dressed, I drove to Canal's, intending to dine with him; but as I was obliged to pass Duschek's door, I called there first,

where I was told that Madame had set off for Dresden yesterday; so I shall meet her there. Duschek was dining with Leliborn, where I too used often to dine, so I drove there straight. I desired them to call out Duschek, and to say that someone wished to speak to him, and you may imagine his delight; so I also dined with Leliborn. After dinner I drove to call on Canal and Pachta, but found neither at home, so I went to see Guardassoni [*impresario*], who almost agreed to give me 200 ducats next autumn for an opera, and fifty ducats for travelling expenses; and then I came home to write all this to my dearest wife. By the bye, Ramm left this about a week ago to return home; he came from Berlin, and said that the King had frequently and eagerly enquired of him whether I was quite certain to come there, and as I never did come, he again said, 'I fear he won't be here at all.' Ramm became very uneasy, and tried to persuade him of the contrary. Judging by this, my affairs are likely to do well. I am now going to take the Prince [Lichnowsky] to Duschek's, who is expecting us. At nine o'clock at night we start for Dresden, where we hope to arrive to-morrow. My darling wife, I do so long for news of you! Perhaps I may find a letter from you in Dresden. May Providence realise this wish! After receiving my letter, you must write to me, Poste Restante, Leipzig. Adieu, love! I must conclude, or I shall miss the post. Kiss our Karl a thousand times from me, and I am ever, with kisses innumerable, your faithful

MOZART.

P.S.—All kind remembrances to Herr and Frau von Puchberg. I must delay writing to him till I get to Berlin, to thank him in writing also. *Adieu! aimez-moi et gardez votre santé, si précieuse à votre époux.*

Probably Puchberg had again supplied money for the journey; and how kindly he behaved to Constanze! She certainly had no lack of tidings from her husband. Three days later another letter is sent off glowing with fondness and tender fidelity, as if our Maestro found no greater treasure on earth than his beloved wife. On April 13, at seven o'clock in the morning, he writes thus to her from Dresden :—

We expected to be in Dresden on Saturday after dinner, but did not arrive till yesterday—the roads were so bad. I went to Naumann's yesterday [one of the secretaries at the War Office], where Madame Duschek lives, to give her Duschek's letter. Her lodging is on the third floor in an alley, and from her room you can see all who are coming. When I arrived at the door, Herr Naumann was already there, and asked me whom he had the honour to address. I replied, 'I will tell you presently who I am, but first be so good as to call out Madame Duschek' (in order not to spoil my fun), but at the same moment Madame Duschek stood before me, having recognised me from her window, when she at once said, 'I see someone coming who looks very like Mozart.' All was now joy. The party was large, and consisted entirely of ladies, most of whom were very plain, but they made up for their want of beauty by their amiability. The Prince and I are going to breakfast there to-day; we then visit Naumann [Kapell-Meister].

We must here interrupt our narrative to say that the Naumann to whom Mozart alludes was Kapell Meister at Dresden, who had a good name, both for his operas and Church music. Mozart does not seem to

have taken much pleasure in his society, nor did Naumann in that of Mozart. But through the Naumann family Mozart became acquainted with other musicians, and among these, above all, was Schiller's friend, Körner, father of the poet who wrote 'Leyer und Schwert.' Mozart seems to have had considerable intercourse with the Körners, and to have found great admirers in the charming ladies of this family. Doris Stock, sister of Körner's wife, and once betrothed to the well-known *littérateur*, Huber, sketched the head of our Maestro in crayons. This portrait has caught a good deal of the peculiar characteristics of Mozart, in the fine lines of the profile, and especially in his brilliant glance. His particular friend, however, was again the sprightly Mdme. Duschek, with whom he was always on the most playful terms. When 'Don Juan' was first finished in Prague, he promised to compose an aria for her, but as usual he could not be prevailed on to write it down, so one day when he was visiting her at her vineyard, she locked him into a summer-house in the garden, and would not let him out till the aria was finished; but Mozart, in revenge, introduced below the words, 'Questo affanno, questo passo è terribile per mè,' a frightfully difficult succession of chromatic intervals, and vowed only to give her the aria if she could sing the passage at sight and without a mistake. This Mdme. Duschek did at once, and thus received an aria which is a masterpiece of vocal beauty. She again

sang Mozart's works with fresh delight, and he was never weary of accompanying her.

But all this did not affect his inner being—who reveals to strangers the joys and sorrows stirring within their hearts? This Mozart daily experienced in spite of all his cheerfulness, and writes to his wife:—

My darling wife, would that I had a letter from you! If I were to tell you all my follies about your dear portrait, it would make you laugh. For instance, when I take it out of its case, I say to it, 'God bless you, my Stanzerl! God bless you, Spitzbub, Krallerballer, Spitzignas, Bagatellerl, schluck und druck'![1] and when I put it away again, I let it slip gently into its hiding-place, saying, 'Now, now, now!' but with an appropriate emphasis on this significant word; and at the last one I said quickly, 'Good night, darling mouse, sleep soundly!' I know I have written something very foolish (for the world at all events), but not in the least foolish for us, who love each other so fondly. This is the sixth day that I have been absent from you, and, by heavens! it seems to me a year. You may often have some difficulty in reading my letters, because, writing hurriedly, I write badly. Adieu, my only love! The carriage is waiting, but on this occasion I cannot say, 'Well done! the carriage is here'; but *male*. Farewell! and love me as I shall ever love you. I send you a million of the most tender kisses, and am ever your fondly loving husband, W. A. Mozart.

P.S.—How is our Karl? well, I hope? Kiss him for me. Kind regards to the Puthbergs. N.B.—You must not take my letters as patterns for yours; the only reason mine

[1] These words occur in a jocose canon of Mozart's.

are so short is because I am so hurried, or I would cover a whole sheet of paper; but you have more leisure. Adieu!

Another letter follows in the course of a few days, which we cannot resist giving at full length. The reader may make his own reflections on this pure and charming goodness of heart.

Dresden: April 16, 1789, 11.30 P.M.

My darling sweet little Wife,—How? still in Dresden? Yes, my love. I will tell you everything as minutely as possible. On Monday last, after breakfasting at Naumann's, we all went to the Elector's private chapel; the mass was by Naumann (who himself conducted), and a very indifferent one it was. We were in an oratory opposite the music; suddenly Naumann touched me, and presented me to Herr von König, who is the *Directeur des plaisirs* (and melancholy these Electoral *plaisirs* are!) He was exceedingly polite, and on his asking me whether I did not wish the Elector to hear me, I replied that it would certainly be most gratifying to me, but that, as I depended on others, I could not remain. This was all that passed. My princely travelling companion invited the Naumanns and Duschek to dinner; during dinner a message was sent that I was to play the following day (Tuesday, 14th) at court at half-past five in the evening. This is something quite extraordinary, for it appears that it is very difficult to obtain a hearing in this town, and you know that I had no thoughts whatever of playing here. We had arranged a quartett at l'Hôtel de Boulogne, in the private court orchestra, with Antoine Teyber (the organist, as you know), and with Herr Kraft (Prince Esterhazy's violoncellist), who is here with his son.

On this occasion I introduced the trio which I wrote for Herr von Puchberg, and it was very fairly executed. Duschek sang a variety of airs from 'Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni.' Next day, at court, I played my new concerto in D; and the day after, Wednesday the 15th, I received in the forenoon a very beautiful snuff-box. We dined with the Russian minister, where I played a great deal. After dinner we agreed to have some organ-playing, so at four o'clock we drove to the church; Naumann was also there. You must know that a certain Hässler (the Erfurt organist) was present; he is the pupil of a scholar of Bach's, and has talent both on the organ and the piano. Now people here think that because I come from Vienna I must be utterly unacquainted with this style and mode of playing, so I sat down to the organ and played. Prince Lichnowsky (who knows Hässler well), after some difficulty, persuaded him to play also. His chief excellence consists in his pedal-playing, which, as the pedals here are arranged in stages, is no very great art; moreover, he has only committed to memory the harmony and modulations of old Sebastian Bach. He is not capable of executing a fugue thoroughly, nor has he a solid style of playing; so he is very far from being an Albrechtsberger. After this we resolved to go once more to the Russian Ambassador's, that Hässler might hear me on the pianoforte. Hässler also played. I consider Fräulein Aurnhammer quite as good; so you may imagine that he stands rather low in the scale. We afterwards went to the opera, which is truly miserable. Do you know who is one of the singers? Rosa Manservisi. You may conceive her delight at seeing me. Still the prima donna, Madame Allegrandi, is far better than Ferrareso [the prima donna in Vienna], but that is not saying much. After the opera we went home. Then came the happiest of all moments for me; I found the long and

ardently wished-for letter from you, my darling, my beloved! Duschek and Naumann were with me as usual; I carried off the letter in triumph to my room, and kissed it over and over again before I broke it open, and then rather devoured than read it. I stayed a long time in my room, for I could not read over your letter often enough, or kiss it often enough. When I rejoined the party, Naumann asked me if I had received a letter from you, and on my saying that I had, they cordially congratulated me, because I had been daily lamenting that I had heard nothing from you. The Naumanns are admirable people. Now for your dear letter. You shall receive by the next post the account of my visit here till we leave this.

Darling wife, I have a number of requests to make to you:—

1st. I beg you will not be melancholy.

2nd. That you will take care of yourself, and not expose yourself to the spring breezes.

3rd. That you will not go out to walk alone—indeed, it would be better not to walk at all.

4th. That you will feel entirely assured of my love. I have not written you a single letter without placing your dear portrait before me.

5th. I beg you not only to be careful of your honour and mine in your conduct, but to be equally guarded as to *appearances*. Do not be angry at this request; indeed, it ought to make you love me still better, from seeing the regard I have for my honour.

6th. Lastly, I wish you would enter more into details in your letters. I should like to know whether my brother-in-law, Hofer, arrived the day that I set off; whether he comes often, as he promised he would; whether the Langes call on you; whether the portrait is progressing; what your mode

of life is—all things which naturally interest me much. Now farewell, my best beloved! Remember that every night before going to bed I converse with your portrait for a good half-hour, and the same when I awake. We set off on the 18th, the day after to-morrow. Continue to write to me, Poste Restante, Berlin. I kiss and embrace you 1,095,060,437,082 times (this will give you a fine opportunity to exercise yourself in numeration), and am ever your most faithful husband and friend, W. A. MOZART.

The account of the close of our Dresden visit shall follow next time. Good night!

It must have been far into the night when he wrote this; but could he prattle enough to his 'dear little wife'? Another letter follows in four days, and in a week or two four more, which unluckily are all lost, or fallen into unknown hands. We thus know few details of his visit to Leipzig; but Friedrich Rochlitz, one of Mozart's most ardent admirers, has collected many individual traits, characteristic of Mozart, both as a man and an artist, some of which we have already quoted. He became rather intimate with Mozart from meeting him at the house of Cantor Doles (a pupil of old Sebastian Bach), where Mozart was often to be found, and there our Maestro, as he always did among friends and admirers, developed all the amiability of his nature. His conversation, both in jest and in earnest, was unconstrained, and his opinions of art and his fellow-artists open and candid. Complaisant as ever, his abilities were at the service of everyone; and we are told that

'he was not so "costly" as many other artists.' There was chamber-music almost every evening at one house or another, especially quartetts, when Mozart played either the pianoforte or the tenor violin.

'On July 22,' writes an ear-witness, 'without any previous announcement, Mozart privately played the organ in the Thomas Church to a crowd of listeners for an hour, in the most beautiful and artistic manner. The organist Gärner, and the late Cantor Doles, were there, and pulled out the stops for him. I saw Mozart himself, a young fashionably-dressed man, of middle height. Doles was enchanted with the artist's playing, and declared it almost seemed to him that old Sebastian Bach, his master, had come to life again. Mozart, with infinite grace and perfect ease, extemporised on the various themes, introducing all sorts of harmonic technicalities, especially in the choral, "Jesu, meine Zuversicht," on which he extemporised in the most splendid manner. In return for this, Doles made his Thomaners perform an eight-part motett of Bach's, "Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied."' How deeply must this have worked on his soul! His mind was already stored with Händel, whose works had busily occupied him for a year past, and whose splendid productions he as truly loved (Rochlitz says) as if he had been a life-director of the London 'Academy for Ancient Music,' and he was now suddenly brought face to face with the creations of a man who, like a sea, entirely overwhelmed him, and

who shewed by his spirit the reality of those forces which have for ever moved the world, heeding little the dormant agitation in men's hearts, yet imparting rest and peace to their souls. 'Here is, indeed, at last, something from which something is to be learned!' exclaimed Mozart joyfully; and on hearing that they had several more such motetts, he got possession of them all, and as no score was at hand, he placed the parts round him, on his knees and on chairs, his whole soul absorbed in studying them, nor did he stop till he had carefully gone through them all. Indeed, he begged for copies of them, which Doles accordingly gave him.

What impression may have then been made upon his soul! Here he found ideas expressed, on which his own inmost thoughts had already pondered, and these had the most powerful effect on his productions. We shall soon discover distinct traces of this. How entirely he was at that time absorbed by them we learn from an observation made by Rochlitz. After relating the scene where Mozart spoke against 'enlightened Protestantism,' saying how much he liked their Church and music, referring eagerly and sorrowfully to the religious impressions of his youth, Rochlitz continues: 'He then suddenly became silent and looked sarcastic, drank a good deal of strong wine, and did not say another pleasant word. Moreover, not unfrequently, in the midst of the most unbridled mirth, he would suddenly fall into deep thought, shewing no sympathy with what was passing

round him, and only giving careless and almost unconscious answers; then again giving way to deep serious, and often sad and bitter reflections, which in turn he tried to obliterate by the most extravagant merriment and folly.'

Often foiled in his efforts after the ideal, and feeling his depression increased by the daily trials of life, perhaps also somewhat embittered, he sought, in a recklessness that wine only increased, a momentary relief from such harassing thoughts. Still there was nothing for which he had so little toleration as sickly sentimentality—his heart was filled with deeper things than the petty contrarieties of life. Rochlitz relates an instance which is a striking proof of Mozart's extraordinary facility in improvisation. 'The evening before he went to Berlin, whence he intended to return in a few days, he was dining with Doles, and in a very cheerful mood. His host, who was very sad at his departure, begged he would give him a few lines written by himself, as a remembrance. He made merry at the thought of this "sentimental" idea, and said he was more inclined to sleep than to write. At last, however, he told them to give him a sheet of paper, tore it in two, and sat down to write; in the course of five or six minutes, he gave the father one half of the paper, and the son the other. On one sheet was a three-part canon on sustained notes without words, and when sung it sounded charming, but sorrowful. On the second paper there

was also a three-part canon, but in quavers, and very droll. When someone remarked that the two could be sung together, he wrote under the first canon these words—"Lebet wohl; wir sehen uns wieder!" (Farewell; we shall meet again!); under the other, "Heult nicht gar wie alte Weiber!" (Do not cry like old women!), and it was sung a second time together in this way. It is impossible to describe what a ludicrous, yet profound, almost weird, impression this made on us all; and, if I am not mistaken, on Mozart himself, for, with rather a wild air, and calling out, "Adieu, my children!" he was gone in a moment.'

In this we see a relic of the humour of former days —mingled joy and sadness—but in a form evidently produced by Bach. The more Mozart searched into the inner being of this great man, the more closely he followed the threads of his pious wisdom and the coherence of his actions, all the more was his own soul relieved from the burdens of life, and we shall henceforth see him treading a higher path; and this old Sebastian Bach had effected.

CHAPTER IX.

'COSÌ FAN TUTTE'—1789.

'Through Beauty to Truth.'

From Leipzig they went to Berlin. We do not learn what impression this city made on Mozart; but the greater part of its fine edifices were built at a later period. He was already familiar with all the grandeurs of Europe, and at this moment his mind was so exclusively fixed on attaining the object of his journey, that in his letters to his wife he does not allude to such subjects. He does not even discuss the rich musical life which then began to spring up in Leipzig, impressing Mozart also with vivifying power. In Berlin, since the death of Frederick the Great, the exclusive Italian style had been abolished, Frederick William II. giving fair play to every school of music, being himself of a musical nature. He was already acquainted with the 'Entführung,' which was received with great delight at that time in Berlin, and loved Mozart's quartetts, in which he played the violoncello parts. This instrument he had learned from the celebrated Duport, who had

then some influence at Court. Mozart visited Duport—who was thought proud and arrogant, and also an *intrigant*—immediately on his arrival. Duport asked him to speak French. This Mozart declined to do, although well versed in that language. 'Such a French puppy!' said he afterwards. 'He who has lived for years in Germany, and earned his living in Germany, ought to speak German, or, at least, try to do so, in the best way his Frenchified tongue can manage.' The Frenchman never forgave him for this; and though Mozart paid Duport the compliment of composing variations on a minuet of his, and playing it to him in the most enchanting manner, still the Frenchman strove to injure Mozart with the King. Frederick William fully appreciated Mozart, and invited him regularly to his concerts, delighting in his playing. It was on one of these occasions that the King asked him what he thought of his band, at that time directed by the well-known Friedrich Reichardt. Mozart candidly replied that it no doubt included some of the finest *virtuosi* in the world, but if these gentlemen went together, they would do better. This, no doubt, displeased Reichardt, and did not tend to improve his opinion of Mozart, whose works he was in the habit of criticising and depreciating. A nature such as that of Mozart, 'who, heeding nothing else, followed only his own artistic conceptions,' creating the highest form of the ideal by the irresistible impulse of his heart, and taking no

measures to obtain outward success, could not fail to be both incomprehensible and repulsive to a man like Reichardt, whose one-sided, brooding intellect rendered pure artistic creations difficult, if not impossible.

The King, however, paid no attention to this. He was pleased with Mozart's judgment, and proposed that he should himself undertake to conduct the band, with a salary of 3,000 *dollars*. Mozart was much struck by this liberality; it seemed really too much that such an offer should be made to him here—which, indeed, his productions deserved—and should not long since have been made to him in Vienna. His unpretending modesty caused him to be satisfied with the small salary the Emperor Joseph gave him, 'because none of the other musicians had so much.' After due reflection he replied, 'Can I leave my Emperor?' The King desired him to take the matter into consideration, and told him that, if he would return a year hence, the offer would still remain in full force.

This prospect cheered Mozart exceedingly, and his letters now breathe the freshness inspired by a new hope springing up at the very time when there seemed no relief from his difficulties. His days were again spent very gaily. He lived in Potsdam with Thürschmidt, a horn-player, whom he had known in Paris, and associated much with Sartory, a decorator, a great lover of music—this ethereal arabesque—and who possessed

a good grand pianoforte. All who were interested in music frequented this hospitable house, and Mozart, both by his playing and his good humour, formed the central point of this cheerful circle. Being naturally confiding, he quickly became acquainted with people, for every man seemed to him a friend; thus he considered none as strangers. He often visited the admirable singer, Sophie Nicklas, whose brother was the Kammer Musikus, Sember. He gives us the following instance of Mozart's good-nature:—'On one occasion he was asked to extemporise. He was always ready to oblige, and so it was now. He seated himself at the pianoforte, having received two themes from some musical connoisseurs present. Sophie Niklas stood behind his chair that she might not only hear but see him play. Mozart, who liked to jest with her, looked up and said, in his homely Austrian patois, "Well! have you also a theme on your conscience?" So she sang him one. He then began to play in the most exquisite manner, first taking up one theme and then another, and at the close he combined all three, to the intense delight and wonder of all present.'

Well might it be an enjoyment to watch his hands, which by their graceful movements prefigured to the eye what sounded so charming to the ear. He had beautiful small hands, and when playing moved them so gently and naturally on the keys, that the eye had as much pleasure as the ear. And, when inspired by

the muse of youthful beauty, when bright eyes betrayed their emotion, when a pretty mouth smiled approbation! well might his fancy be kindled into sparkling inspiration, susceptible as he was to all that was beautiful, and to that sweet poetry of youth which ever lived in him, and which few comprehended as he did. At such moments his fingers by their charming playing expressed the glad emotions of his soul, giving forth by sound that ineffable joyousness that few men have either felt or uttered; at such moments the elevation of his soul burst forth in his tones. What an array of attractive pictures does Mozart's life offer! What ample subjects for the painter as well as for the poet! His letters to Constanze shew us his glad mood, and how fondly he thought of her in those quiet moments when her image bloomed afresh for him, when alone with her beloved portrait; only a pure and childlike soul could rejoice thus, a nature with a firm self-basis—*a good man alone can be so happy.* He had the greatest delight in joyousness, and this he diffused around him, like a star that, when it rises, brings light. All who knew him agree in this. 'People speak of him as men do of the woman they love,' says one who had related many traits of Mozart to his acquaintances, Moritz von Schwind, the painter of German legends, on whose pictures the fragrance of poetry is shed; his drawings in all their grace being themselves music, because his mind was nurtured by

the creations of our Maestro, and his sense of form trained by them.

Meanwhile, Mozart returned from Berlin to Leipzig, having been persuaded to do so by his friends, who promised in the interval to make every preparation for a concert, from which good pecuniary results were expected. Prince Lichnowsky in particular prevailed on him to do this. Mozart spared no pains to make the concert as brilliant as possible. One day he was rehearsing one of his symphonies with the musicians, whose good-will, as usual, he quickly gained. And we are about to have a proof of his knowledge of human nature. A short time before he had expressed himself very sharply as to the too rapid *tempi* by which most players and conductors spoil music. At this rehearsal, however, he took the first *allegro* at such a pace that the orchestra, unaccustomed to such speed, in a short time began to drag the time. He rapped on his desk, pointed out where the fault lay, and began at the same quick pace. He did all he could to keep the orchestra together, and stamped the time so violently that his steel shoe-buckles snapped. This made him laugh, and as, in spite of all his efforts, they persisted in dragging the time, he began once more for the third time from the beginning. The musicians, irritated by all this bungling, set to work again angrily, and—it went all right at last. 'You must not be surprised,' said Mozart then to his friends; 'it was not caprice,

but I saw that most of the musicians were elderly men, and there would have been no end of this slackening of the time, if fire had not been kindled in them, and provoked them to such a degree that from actual rage they at last did their best.' He did the same, subsequently, in Mannheim, when the *tempi* of 'Don Juan' were taken too slow. On one occasion his personal conducting remained a tradition with the orchestra, and these performances long retained something of the vivacity of this fiery spirit. Now also his stormy mode of conducting made such an impression, that a tenor violinist marked the passage on his part where the shoe-buckles broke, and the old servant of the orchestra picked up the pieces, and preserved them in remembrance of Mozart. The other movements of the symphony were taken in more moderate time, and after the aria was rehearsed, he praised the accompaniment, and said it was unnecessary to rehearse his concerto. 'The parts are correctly written; you play correctly, and so do I'; and it went off famously. The concert, however, was but thinly attended, and brought him so little profit that it scarcely paid the expenses of his journey. His generosity was partly the cause of this, for he distributed free tickets to everyone whom he knew, so one half of the audience came in without paying. As Mozart required no choir, the chorus singers, according to the custom of that day, were debarred free entrance; but they were present in great

numbers. Some of them enquired of the check-taker at the door if they might go in. He applied to Mozart, who said at once, 'Oh! admit them all; they are worthy people, and sang well in my quartetts; who could be punctilious with them?'

The Abbé Vogler had very different views. Once in Leipzig he quartered himself uninvited and without any warning on a respectable music publisher, with whom he was in no way personally connected. When he gave a concert, he begged to have the honour of escorting his hostess, which he accordingly did as far as the check-taker, where he left her to buy her own ticket.

The small result of the concert did not affect Mozart's musical mood; although during the whole evening his powers had been strained to the uttermost, still when asked to extemporise he at once complied. Rochlitz says:—'He seated himself again at the piano, and played so as to please the taste of all; he began in a free, simple, and pathetic strain in C minor; but it is vain to attempt to describe his playing, as in the first part he thought chiefly of connoisseurs; but gradually he yielded to the flights of his fancy, and he wound up with the published variations of "Je suis Lindor." He then went up to the admirable old violinist Berger, with whom he had often played quartetts, and who, when he was a grey-haired man, if any particular work was mentioned, used to whisper to a friend with touching emotion, "Ah! I have had the honour to accompany

the great Mozart himself in that piece!" On this occasion, Mozart said to him, "I now first feel that I have warmed to my work. Come with me, that I may play something for you suitable to a man who understands art"! and after a short repast he poured forth his ideas and feelings on the piano till nearly midnight. When, suddenly springing up, as was his wont, he exclaimed, "Well! did that suit you? Now, papa, you have heard Mozart play *in his own style*; as for the rest, anyone could do the same."' Rochlitz tells us this. He was equally amiable about his compositions. On May 17, most undoubtedly incited by the high art of Bach, he wrote for the court organist, Engel, at the palace chapel, a splendid little gigue, a glorious specimen of counterpoint. He returned to Berlin the next day, where the 'Entführung' was to be given by 'unanimous desire.' He only just arrived in time for the opera, and went there in his travelling costume. He placed himself close to the orchestra, and by muttering to himself various remarks attracted the attention of those near him. When Pedrillo's aria, 'Nur ein feiger Topf versagt,' occurred, the second violin played D sharp, when Mozart called out loudly, 'Deuce take you! play D natural!' which caused everyone to look round in amazement. The orchestra recognised him at once, and the news of Mozart being present spread like wildfire through the theatre; on which Mdme. Baranius, who sang the part of Blondchen, positively refused to appear again on the

stage. The music director in great embarrassment applied to Mozart, who said to the fair singer, 'Madame, what is all this nonsense? You sang splendidly, and, in order that you may sing your part still better, we will study it together.'

Mdme. Baranius was extremely beautiful. The well-known Rahel Varnhagen was charmed by her appearance, and in 1793 writes thus to a friend:—'I got your ticket this morning when Mdme. Baranius was at my sister-in-law's, but you did not come, when you would have had a thousandfold more pleasure than you will have from the ticket. Oh! how lovely she is! I have still a headache owing to this, which sounds somewhat paradoxical; but the room was small, and our whole family, as well as Mdme. Simon and Mdme. Schutz, my mother and I, crowded round her—I, nearest of all, caring neither for heat nor headache, the pleasure of looking at her was so great; and this went on increasing till half-past one o'clock, when she went away. . . . She is truly beautiful, and related some anecdotes very prettily, which shewed she was not stupid, and must have some feeling—and such a charm of manner! When I see you I will tell you more about her.'

Mdme. Baranius was young and anxious to please, striving always to enhance the fascination of her appearance by tasteful and brilliant toilettes; off the stage it was rumoured that she was rather venal. Mozart, too, was not insensible to her attractions; moreover, her

talent as a singer and an actress induced him to reveal to her more of his real nature than he usually did. We are told of a somewhat serious affair in which our Maestro was at that time involved, his friends finding some difficulty in releasing him from the hands of the siren in question. But is this credible? The susceptible artist may have yielded to the charms and fascinations of woman's loveliness. He may in his own way have revelled in felicity, and his whole being been animated by joyous and lively emotions; all this befitted *the artist* who needed the impulses of fancy and thought—but his heart, his inmost self, even in the most confidential intercourse with others, was always devoted to his beloved wife. She had certainly never hitherto been without constant tidings of him, and at the close of his visit to Berlin, he could with truth assure her that his heart clung to her with unchanged affection.

Berlin: May 23, 1789.

My sweetest, best, and dearest Wife,—I received with the most extreme pleasure your dear letter of the 13th, but only this moment your previous one of the 9th, because it came round by Leipzig to Berlin. The first thing is to reckon up all the letters I have written to you and those I have had from you. This makes eleven letters. I have only got six from you. Between the 13th and 24th of April—a blank; so a letter from you must surely have been lost. Owing to this I was actually seventeen days without a letter! If you were equally obliged to live

seventeen days under similar circumstances, one of my letters to you must also have been lost. Thank God! we have got over these mischances, and when once more clasping you in my arms, I will describe to you all I felt at that time; but you know all my love for you.

Where do you think I am writing this? in my room at an hotel? No, at an inn in the Thiergarten (a garden pavilion with a lovely view), where I am to-day dining quite alone, that I may devote my thoughts wholly to you. 1st. the Queen wishes to hear me on Tuesday; *but this will be no great profit.* I only mentioned my arrival because such is the custom here; for had I not done so it might have given offence. My darling little wife, when I return you must rejoice more in *me* than in the money I bring. 100 Friedrichs d'or don't make 900, but 700, florins—at least so I am told here. 2nd. Lichnowsky being in haste left me here, so I was obliged to pay for my own board (in that expensive place, Potsdam). 3rd.—— borrowed 100 florins from me, his purse being at so low an ebb. I really could not refuse his request—you know why. 4th. My concert at Leipzig turned out badly, as I always predicted it would, so I went out of my way nearly a hundred miles almost for nothing. Lichnowsky alone is to blame for this, for he gave me no rest in entreating me to go back to Leipzig; but more of all this when we meet. There is not much to be got by a concert here, for the King would not like me to play publicly. You must be satisfied *with me*, and with hearing that I am so fortunate as to be in favour with the King. What I have written to you must rest between ourselves. I leave this on the 28th for Dresden, where I shall stay the night. On the 1st of June I intend to sleep at Prague, and the 4th—*the 4th*—return to my darling wife. I hope you will drive out to meet me at the first stage, where I shall arrive on the 4th,

in the forenoon. Hofer (to whom I send my kind regards) will, I trust, come with you; and if the Puchbergs are also of the party, then I shall see all those together whom I would wish to see. Don't forget to bring our Carl too. Be sure to have Salzmann with you, or some confidential person who can drive straight in my carriage to the custom-house with the luggage to save me needless trouble, so that I may go home at once with you all. Now remember this. Adieu! I send you a million of kisses, and am your ever-faithful husband, W. A. MOZART.

The 100 louis d'or that the King sent him were the sole profits of this journey, on which Mozart had built so many hopes. He arrived in Vienna on June 4, after having written from Prague, as follows:—

Prague: May 31, 1789.

My darling sweetest Wife,—I am this moment arrived here. I hope you got my last letter of the 23rd. My plans remain the same. I intend to arrive at the first post-station from Vienna, on the 4th of June (next Thursday), at twelve o'clock, where I hope you will meet me. Be sure you bring someone to drive to the custom-house in my place. Adieu! Heavens! how I do rejoice at the idea of seeing you again! In haste,

MOZART.

His next object was to set to work at the quartetts ordered by the King of Prussia; one of these was finished the same month—that in D sharp major. It has all the fascinating coquettish charm of the minuet style of the previous century. Throughout it was

suited to the taste of the King, who, in return, sent him a very valuable gold snuff-box, containing 100 Friedrichs d'or, accompanied also by a generous letter. At that time Mozart's situation was most distressing. Constanze was again dangerously ill, so her husband fluctuated between hope and anguish, and could scarcely manage to scrape up sufficient money to pay for medical attendance. In these straits he again applied to Puchberg, on July 17 :—

Vienna: July 17, 1789.

My kind Friend and esteemed O. B.—I fear you are displeased with me, for you do not answer me. When I compare the proofs of your friendship with the demands I have made on it, I cannot but admit that you have good right to be so. But when I compare my misfortunes (for which I am not to blame) with your kindly disposition towards me, I think that, at all events, there is some excuse for me. As in my last letter to you, my dear friend, I wrote to you openly, I can only repeat what I then said; so I shall merely add—1st. That I should not have required so considerable a sum if I did not anticipate such heavy expenses to enable my wife to have recourse to the baths recommended for her, particularly if she goes to Baden. 2ndly. As I am certain of shortly being in better circumstances, the amount of the sum I shall have to repay is a matter of indifference to me; but a large one would be both more agreeable and more useful to me at this moment. 3rdly. I entreat you, if it is impossible for you to assist me with this sum yourself, to shew your kindness and brotherly love by supplying me at once with what you can spare, for I stand in great need of it. You certainly cannot doubt my integrity—you know me

too well for that—nor can you mistrust the assurance I give you, my conduct, or my mode of life, because you are acquainted with my conduct and with my life; so you will forgive my reliance on you.

I feel quite convinced that impossibility alone will prevent your succouring your friend. If you can and will entirely relieve me, I shall look upon you as my saviour on this side of the grave, for you will enable me to enjoy good fortune hereafter on earth. If you cannot do so, I implore you in God's name for temporary aid, be it what it may, and also for counsel and comfort. Your obliged servant,

W. A. MOZART.

P.S.—My wife was again very ailing yesterday. To-day, thank God! leeches have relieved her. I am, indeed, very unhappy, in alternate hope and fear. Dr. Closset [their family physician] was here again yesterday.

What a disconsolate condition; and yet in his letter we recognise his honourable character. The improved circumstances on which he grounds his hopes and his application are of course the offer made to him by the King of Prussia. According to his usual custom, Mozart made no mention of this in Vienna. Possibly, too, it was no pleasant prospect for the son of free-living, gay South Germany, to pass his future days in the cold grey North, especially in sober, critical Berlin. In Vienna, a life bloomed round him that incited his fancy to constant productiveness, elevating him even above all his domestic troubles. These last, however, as well as the advice of his friends—the most faithful of these

being the Abbé Stadler—induced him at length to lay the state of his affairs before the Emperor, to shew him that his only alternative was to accept the salary offered to him by the King (1,000 dollars). He did so. and after Mozart's modest statement, the Emperor said, 'How can you think of leaving me?' on which our Maestro's courage failed, and he replied with emotion, 'Your Majesty, I commend myself to you—I remain!' So little did this man cling to the goods of this world, and so faithfully devoted was he to anyone whom he believed to have a kindly feeling towards him. When a friend, to whom he repeated this conversation, asked him whether he had not taken advantage of this opportunity to request, at least, some fitting compensation by an increase of salary, he exclaimed, 'Who the deuce could have thought of such a thing at such a moment!' The relation minds bear to each other seemed, to him the only thing worthy to be considered. The mutual impulses that move heart to heart alone excited his interest, and for this fine trait in his character, he was rewarded with priceless treasures—not those of earth, but those more sublime and pure feelings which animated his creations. The Emperor, however, did not think it incumbent on him at all to increase the salary of his Kammer Musikus, and Mozart was not the man to take advantage of the favour with which he was now regarded at court. Amid the mass of state affairs by which Joseph II. was at this time unpleasantly oc-

cupied, all else was forgotten. By his desire, probably, 'Figaro' was again performed in the August of this year, and given eleven times. Salieri was still in no mood to endure witnessing the fame that Mozart's music gained afresh; it is doubtful, therefore, whether our Maestro received anything from the theatrical treasury. At that time he wrote the grand aria of the Countess, in F major, for Ferraresi, the first singer in Vienna. The vast amount of sympathy which the Vienna public now testified for their great fellow-citizen's works decided the Emperor to fulfil Mozart's dearest wish. He ordered a new libretto to be composed, the subject being a wager that had recently been made by two officers.

It was at this time—September, 1789—that Mozart wrote his celebrated clarionet quintett for Anton Stadler (not Abt), a work in which a heaven of youthful poetry and love dawns on us. Who can say what bewitching sounds this work offers, in which Mozart gives such prominence to his favourite instrument, that the violinists were obliged to bring forth their most beautiful tones in order to hold their own against it. What was it that sounded in our Maestro's soul? Was all he had ever dreamt of love and its sweetness suddenly transferred into reality in this work? The whole work swims in a sea of sweet longing, which yet in its pure innocence scarcely realises its own wishes. How is it that, amid all the troubles of life accumulated on his head at that moment, no feeling but that of un-

alloyed happiness awakes within his heart? All the joys his heart had ever experienced are here amassed; all the poetry of life and of sound are expressed by melody. Did he in this way find relief, for some hours at least, from the oppressive restraints of his earthly career, to soar into those regions where there is no more care, no more sorrow—where all is peace, and joy, and happiness?

In truth, this music transports us into that sweet dream of genuine art, where we find the things of life, once so hopelessly divided, reunited in harmonious sounds within this narrow space. We seem to apprehend the inner sense of all things, and everlasting truth itself; for we appear to grasp the golden hem of her celestial garment! A greater triumph of gladness and beauty has scarcely ever been won! Had this man a foreboding that, as love equalises all things, so beauty is her only suitable garment? Was his imagination so enhanced by this captivating idea, that he was entirely absorbed by the language of marvellous sound?

For this quintett was only a beginning, a prelude to higher things. When the opera text soon after arrived, our Maestro had for the first time full opportunity to reveal in all its brightness that 'charming gaiety of heart' with which, disregarding the trials of life, he strove to pursue the straight path leading to felicity and beauty in all their charm. The playful sportiveness with which those things, usually considered

venerable, nay sacred, are treated, had such magic influence that even the defective text must be exempted from the criticism of common sense. His music now first attains that enchanting grace and charm of melody which his own soul aspired to. He who suffered so many earthly privations, seems in this work to wish to satiate himself with what he never could be deprived of —Love and Beauty. The increasing trials of life, and also the stately influence of old Sebastian Bach, first taught our Maestro the truth that no man can conquer life and its trials till he has first conquered himself. Being now imbued with a deep sense of the influences of those mighty powers that shape and foster life, he turned, with the usual mysterious inconsistency of human nature, to those enjoyments which lie ever in the region of art. He wrote, with the most exuberant delight in sound, and with enchanting grace, the work that depicts that joyous life which, casting aside all other ties, revels in the pure enjoyment of love and beauty. This work was the opera 'Così fan tutte.' The plot of the piece is very little known, but characteristic of the views of life entertained by people of that day. We shall therefore give a short account of it, as a guide, too, to the character of Mozart's music.

Two officers conversing with a bachelor are scoffed at by him for their belief in the fidelity of their betrothed brides. Ready for any jest, they make a bet

that the latter will withstand every temptation. Under the pretext that their regiment is suddenly summoned away, they take leave of their betrothed, whom they find waiting for them in the garden by the sea, fondly expecting them. Little prepared for such a shock, they almost swoon away with sorrow. The young men return in disguise, and obtain access to the house by bribing the maid, Despina. They instantly declare their passion, but each lover to his friend's bride. Both are rejected with virtuous indignation. The ladies withdraw, and sink into a sorrowful *rêverie* about their absent lovers. These, however, rejoice at their first defeat; but penetrate once more into the garden, where they take poison before the eyes of the cruel fair ones. Their cries and convulsions terrify the deceived ladies, who send their maid off at once for a doctor. Despina returns disguised as a doctor, orders the ladies to support the heads of the sufferers, magnetises them; and thus recalls them to life, when the first words they utter are an avowal of their love. The ladies attribute this to the effect of the poison; still their feelings are rather touched. At another meeting contrived by the bachelor, the rescued patients gently and modestly approach their benefactresses, who begin to feel a certain degree of interest spring up in their hearts, which Dorabella, indeed, steadily resists, but to which Fiordiligi quickly gives way. Meanwhile Despina, in *soubrette* fashion, assures them that no men deserve fidelity. The one

who has remained faithful wishes heroically to rejoin her betrothed, but is assailed by her new adorer, who rushes in and swears that only over his corpse shall she find a way. This is too affecting, so Dorabella also is vanquished, and the marriages are to take place the same evening. Despina comes in disguised as a notary, and the marriage contracts are about to be signed, when the march is heard of the departed regiment, which has been suddenly recalled. The former lovers suddenly appear, and to complete the confusion of the brides, they sing the love strains by which they had in disguise won their hearts. At the close a general reconciliation takes place. The officers, indeed, have lost their wager, but are wise enough to console themselves by the thought, 'Così fan tutte' (they all do the same), and thus forgive the past.

It is impossible to treat the tender passion with greater levity, and Da Ponte's poem is very insignificant. The music of this opera, however, is of the most enchanting and dithyrambic beauty, only to be equalled by the antique, and by it our Maestro made a step in advance towards perfection. We here find the true groundwork of life, but not yet in all its fulness. A deeper experience was to bring with it a higher work, and a higher existence. After a period of severe pressure, we shall see how the great Maestro, elevated by the last trials of his life, comes forth spiritualised, and becomes as a man what he had long since been as

an artist. This full harmony of his being produces the highest work of his art, with which in its finished beauty 'Così fan tutte' can alone be compared, but in depth and intrinsic value surpassing the former work a hundredfold—the 'Zauberflöte'!

CHAPTER X.

'DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE'—1790–91.

'Così FAN TUTTE' was given, on January 26, in the Kärthner Thor Theatre, with an admirable cast, the style of the music being chiefly adapted to the powers of each singer. We have no precise information with regard to the composition or performance of this opera. That the result was good, we gather from its being given many times in succession. The piece was written quite in the opera buffa style, then so popular; but this charming flowing music did not inspire the hearers with the earnest attention demanded by 'Figaro' and 'Don Juan.' It was the stamp of the time borne by the libretto, and also by portions of the music, that almost banished this opera from the stage. None of the attempts hitherto made to alter the text, so as to make it more suitable to the requisitions of the stage, have been attended with much success. Meanwhile, the music is liked and highly appreciated now as it ever has been by true connoisseurs.

On this occasion, also, Mozart derived none of the

profits he had hoped for from his diligent labours. The Emperor did not even once come to hear what a grand work his commands had called forth. At the time of the first performance he was ill, and in three weeks he died—on February 20—without having provided any better position for his 'Court composer.' Joseph's latter years were saddened by many severe trials. His benevolent wish to improve the condition of his people was foiled by the opposition of that very class who, with good cause, did not choose to submit to the tyranny of the nobles. To this was added the most vexatious complications with foreign powers, so that, at last, inward grief caused even love for his favourite art gradually to die away. He had other things to think of than how to reward a musician, who was not likely to remind others of his merits and abilities. The musicians around, too, dared not allow a Mozart to prosper; for their own existence would have been endangered, well aware, as they were, of the Emperor's increasing tendency to parsimony—even Mozart's small salary not being paid up.

His position this spring was more depressing than ever. The year 1790 was the climax of all Mozart's previous difficulties, and to these he attributes his inability to produce any new works. There is no year of Mozart's life in which we find so few compositions. We see, therefore, why another melancholy letter is sent to friend Puchberg:—

You are right, my dear friend, if you do not think me worthy of an answer. My importunity is too great. I only beg you to view well my position on every side, to compassionate me, and to pardon my sincere friendship and trust in you. If you can or will, however, extricate me from a *momentary difficulty*, pray do so for the love of God! Whatever you can spare will be welcome. Pray forget, if possible, my troublesome importunities, and forgive them.

To-morrow, Friday, Count Haddick [Field-Marshal] has asked me to let him hear Stadler's quintett [the clarionet quintett] and the trio that I wrote for you, so I take the liberty to invite you to be present. Häring is to play it. I would have come myself to speak to you, but my head is racked with rheumatic pains, which make me feel my situation still more keenly. Once more assist me according to your ability, only for this *one* time, and forgive me.

The waves were already rolling heavily over his head; his pecuniary distress and his weak state of health could scarcely be endured. They had struck too deep, and the Maestro's mind was too much absorbed in higher things, for any remedy to be possible. Such small advances as the '25 florins in bank-notes' that Puchberg notes on his letter as having been sent to Mozart could no longer be of much service to the utterly ruined Maestro—indeed, a much larger sum could not have rescued him. The unhappy man soon fell into the hands of usurers, who forced him to accept half of the loan, he hardly wrung from them, in goods. This increasing pressure made him many a time strive to forget his troubles in rich productive enjoyment, and,

at length, caused a painful schism in his mind, which, in spite of the light-heartedness peculiar to every genuine artistic nature, was filled with deep earnestness and a true sense of the value of life. These distressing struggles effected a revolution in his whole being. He learned by entire self-sacrifice to conquer self. There is something tragic in the fate and the life of this great man. Disregarding practical things, he pursued only what seemed to him the higher path, and thus ruined his very existence. Mozart had already a presentiment of early death, so the ideal that lived and worked within him prompted him to untiring, impetuous activity. He pressed forward restlessly to his mark. The original type of all beauty dwelt within his soul, and he hastened after it till he sank lifeless in its embrace.

Even now, however, he did not entirely neglect his affairs. Gloomy thoughts only occupied his spirit when, with mysterious flutter, the bird of death flapped his black wings over his head. He had a beloved wife and son, and for their sakes he would fain have lived and worked to provide them with daily bread. So when his Imperial benefactor died—who, however, had so sparingly rewarded his abilities—Mozart strove to win the favour of the new Emperor. Leopold II. entered the capital of his kingdom, on March 13, 1790, and our Maestro at once applied to him for the post of second

Kapell-Meister in the Kärthner Thor Theatre. The first Kapell-Meister, old Bono, died two years previously, when Salieri was appointed in his place. No one had yet been selected to fill Salieri's former situation, so Mozart drew up a hastily-written memorial, and the following letter, addressed to the Archduke Francis, afterwards Emperor: —

To H. R. H. THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS.

[MEMORIAL.]

Vienna: May, 1790.

I am so bold as to entreat your Royal Highness to present to his Majesty, with your sanction, this humble petition. Desire of fame, love of work, and the conviction of my capabilities, all embolden me to presume to apply for a second situation as Kapell-Meister, especially as that very able Kapell-Meister, Salieri, has never devoted himself to Church music, whereas I, from my youth, have carefully acquired this style. The reputation I enjoy in the world for my pianoforte-playing makes me venture to solicit also the honour of being appointed musical instructor to the Royal Family.

Persuaded that I have applied to a most kind and gracious patron, I shall live in the hope of a favourable result, and shall assuredly strive by my industry, zeal, fidelity, and integrity, always to, &c., &c.

That the petition was forwarded we learn from letter to Puchberg, who sent him 150 florins on May 17. This letter deserves to be given here; for though its substance is of the same distressing nature, still it shews the pure, noble mind of the writer:—

Dearest Friend and O. B.—You no doubt heard from your servant that I was at your door yesterday intending (according to your permission) to dine with you uninvited. You know my situation—in short, not being able to find any true friend, I shall be obliged to get money from usurers; but as it requires time, with that unchristian race of men, to seek and find the most christian among them, I am at this moment in such a state of destitution that I must entreat you, my dear friend, for Heaven's sake, to supply me with what you can spare. If I receive the money that I expect eight or fourteen days hence, I will then at once repay whatever you may lend me now. As to my debt to you, of such long standing, I can only beg you to have patience. If you could only know all the sorrow and care it causes me! I am entirely prevented by it from finishing my quartetts.

I have sanguine hopes now from the court, for I know to a certainty that the Emperor has not sent back my memorial like the others, either granted or rejected, but has kept it, which is a good sign. Next Saturday I intend to play the quartett in my own house, and have great pleasure in inviting you and your wife. My dear kind friend and brother, do not let my importunity deprive me of your friendship, and do not desert me—I rely entirely on you, and am ever your most grateful MOZART.

P.S.—I have now two pupils; I should like to have eight, so pray endeavour to make it known that I do not object to giving lessons.

What touching childlike supplication from a man in whose brain thoughts were revolving destined to fill the world, and in whose head dwelt the purest and

most exalted feelings that man can cherish—a man who conquered the hearts both of his contemporaries and of posterity—yet now imploring, at the feet of another, some small loan, some slight assistance! Whatever blame may have attached to him for his present sad position, his faults were amply punished by such degradation, such humiliations of every kind! But he never lost sight of honour and integrity in his unhappy condition. He, before whose eyes the Ideal and the Immortal brightly shone, had a hundred times over recognised the empty nothingness of all the frivolities of common life, and man's estimate of honour or disgrace! In this we plainly discover the profound abyss that divides such a man from the fickle unstable genius of a Da Ponte, or an Anton Stadler, with whom many ranked Mozart, merely because he frequented their society. Pressing as his necessities are, he only uses honourable means to supply them. He bears the utmost extremity, even the humiliation of asking for help, rather than have recourse to expedients not only often unscrupulously adopted, but with which too many are familiar. We cannot give a more striking proof of the excellence of his moral character. But we are to find still brighter virtues in our Maestro. He again gives pianoforte lessons—a task year by year more repulsive to him. What must he have felt, his brain more than ever swarming with the most splendid thoughts, when he had to place the fingers of beginners

on the keys, or endure the pretensions of unmusical, aristocratic, dilettante self-conceit. Poor Maestro! you were destined to learn all the harassing cares that genius is subjected to, in an earthly career, for life is unrelenting—posterity, however, will not be so in judging this noble-minded man.

He was not entrusted with the instruction of the Imperial children, nor did he obtain the Kapell-Meister's place. The former patron of Gluck, the Emperor Leopold, was not well disposed towards Mozart, who had enjoyed too much favour with Joseph II. to seek that of his successor. Leopold was in all things a contrast to Joseph, and purposely everywhere displayed this difference. Even in artistic taste he followed a different path. He again introduced ballets, and patronised grand operas. Count Rosenberg was dismissed from his office of intendant, and soon followed by Da Ponte and Mdme. Ferraresi; indeed, even Salieri was obliged to give place to his pupil Joseph Wergl. Mozart also was left to his own devices, and did not receive from the court the support due to his art. In the stringed quartetts that he wrote in the May and June of this year we perceive no traces of the melancholy mood in which he now lived. They are bright and gay, and full of melodious charm, though not so conspicuous as his other works by their power and fulness. In July, always glad to be occupied, we find him arranging Hiindel's 'Alexander's Fest,' and the 'Ode auf den Cecilientag,' for Von Swieten's concerts in the

splendid library hall of the Hofburg, and, no doubt, the manly vigour and energetic solidity of this great master revived Mozart, and, above all, imparted fresh strength to his will. He did, indeed, more than ever require this, for Constanze was again seriously ill, thus increasing both his anxieties and his expenses. An anecdote, related by his sister-in-law, Sophie Haibel, shews in such a striking light his sweetness and patience, that we add it to the many traits we have already amassed of his thorough goodness of heart.

'Oh! how anxious was Mozart,' she writes in the year 1825, in reply to an application from Staats Rath Nissen, Constanze's second husband, 'how troubled when his little wife could not have what she require! It was so once, when she was alarmingly ill, and I nursed her during eight months. One day I was sitting beside her bed, and so was Mozart, who was composing while I was watching her in a sweet slumber, the first she had for long enjoyed. We were as still as the grave in the room for fear of disturbing her. Suddenly a rough servant came in. Mozart started up in terror lest his dear wife should be awakened from her refreshing sleep, and wishing to make a sign to the woman to be quiet, he pushed his chair gently back; but having an open penknife in his hand, it slipped and stuck into his leg, so that it went up to the handle in his flesh. Mozart, usually so susceptible to pain, did not stir, and suppressing every expression of suffering,

made me a sign to follow him out of the room. We went into an apartment where my mother had been living concealed, because we did not wish the good Mozart to know how ill Constanze was, and my mother was at hand in case of need—she staunched the deep wound and bound it up; she contrived to cure him by St. John's-wort oil, and though rather bent and lame with pain when he walked, he managed that it should not be known, nor did his dear wife ever hear of it.'

So accustomed was he at that time to receive visitors with his finger on his lips, and a gentle hush! that even after Constanze's recovery, when he met an acquaintance in the street, he whispered, and put his finger on his lips.

In these days of care and anxiety it was doubly painful to receive a public slight from the court, and thus to find every hope of support from that quarter frustrated. In September, 1790, the King of Naples came to Vienna to attend the marriages of his two daughters to the Archdukes Francis and Ferdinand. The usual musical performances were to take place in honour of these festivities. A new opera of Joseph Wergl and Salieri's popular 'Axur' were given. No one seemed to think of 'Figaro' or 'Don Juan'; and when a concert was given after the marriage in the great Redoute Salle, under Salieri's direction, his favourite prima donna, Cavaglieri (the original Constanze of the 'Entführung'), and the two brothers Stadler were engaged for it, but

again Mozart's pianoforte playing was totally ignored. One of Haydn's symphonies was given, which was so familiar to the King that he sang it loudly throughout. Haydn was presented to him, invited by him to Naples, and honoured by various commissions. At a later date, however, Mozart had an opportunity, in a foreign country, of shewing this monarch something of his art. All this caused Mozart deep pain, and the total neglect in his own home—for such Vienna had become to him—wounded him so deeply, that partly to escape, at least for the moment, from these depressing feelings, and also in the hope of gaining more fame, and the money now so necessary, he resolved again to play the virtuoso, and to seek in foreign lands what was so unjustly denied him at home. Thus he undertook a new and *last* artistic tour.

In October, 1790, King Leopold was to be crowned Emperor of Germany in Frankfort. These festivities usually attracted a vast number of strangers. So Mozart anticipated pecuniary advantages by being also present, for his name was now famed throughout the whole German realm. He resolved, therefore, to go to Frankfort. Being an Imperial Kammer composer, he expected to join those musicians who, as part of Leopold's retinue, would be sent to Frankfort, and thus enjoy all the advantages of Imperial protection. But this was not granted. In order, therefore, to supply money for his journey, and to purchase a travelling

carriage, according to the custom of the day, he was obliged to pledge his silver plate. He set out on September 23, to enable him to arrive in good time at Frankfort. So certain did he feel of the happy results of his journey that, with his usual good-nature, he took with him, at his own expense, Hofer, a violinist, husband of Constanze's eldest sister, whose circumstances were also not very flourishing, that he might share any of the profits of this excursion. The ensuing little details we learn from a letter to Constanze, September 29, 1790 :—

Frankfort-on-Maine : Sept. 29, 1790.

My sweet darling beloved Wife,—We are this moment arrived—one o'clock in the forenoon, so we have only been six days on the road. We might have made the journey even quicker if we had not rested a little on three different nights. We took up our quarters at the inn in the suburb of Sachsenhausen, delighted beyond measure to have secured a room. We do not yet know our destination, whether we shall remain together or be separated. If I am not offered a room somewhere *gratis*, and do not find the inns too dear, I shall certainly stay where I am. I hope you duly received my letter from Efferding; I could not write to you again on the journey, because we seldom halted anywhere, and then only to have a little rest. Our travelling was very agreeable, for we had fine weather, with the exception of one day, and even that day did not cause us any discomfort, for my carriage (to my great comfort) is first-rate. We had a capital dinner at Ratisbon, divine music, English cheer, and splendid Moselle. We breakfasted at Nürnberg—an ugly town. In Würzburg we refreshed our precious selves with

coffee—a grand fine city. The charges were everywhere very moderate, but at the third station from here the landlord thought fit to cheat us famously. I anxiously look forward to news of you, of your health, of our affairs, &c. I am quite determined to do the best I can for myself here, and shall then be heartily glad to return to you. What a delightful life we shall lead! I will work, and work in such a manner that I may never again be placed by unforeseen events in so distressing a position. I wish you, through Stadler, to get —— to call on you about all this. His last intimation was that someone was willing to supply the money on Hofmeister's sole signature—1,000 florins down, and the rest in cloth. By this means all could be paid, and leave a surplus, and on my return I should have nothing to do but to work. By my giving *carte blanche* to any friend of ours, the whole thing might be settled at once. Adieu! I send you a thousand kisses. Ever your

MOZART.

Thus we find him determined, by working assiduously, to improve his pecuniary affairs. Just as if he had not always shewn the most marvellous industry! But he reproaches himself for not having hitherto realised more money by his productions, though their being so badly paid was no fault of his. He now resolved to write more for music publishers, such as Hoffmeister; but what availed such resolutions, called forth by a sense of duty and pecuniary distress, when opposed to the impulses of creative genius!

We hear nothing of what he did in Frankfort, the following letter being written the very next day:—

Frankfort-on-Maine: Sept. 30, 1790.

My best beloved Wife,—If I only had a letter from you then all would be right. I hope you received mine from Efferding and Frankfort. In my last I told you to speak to ——. I should feel more secure, and it would be more satisfactory to me to get 2,000 florins on Hofmeister's signature. You must, however, make some pretext—that I had, for instance, a speculation in my head, though you did not know what. My love, there is no doubt whatever that I shall make something here, but certainly not so much as you and some of my friends expect. That I am both known and respected here is undeniable; still—well, we shall see. I like, however, in every case to make sure, so I should be glad to close the affair with Hofmeister, as in that case I receive money instead of being obliged to pay it away, and shall hereafter be able to devote myself entirely to work, and that I shall willingly do through love for my darling wife.

Where do you think I am living? At Böhm's, in the same house, and Hofer too. We pay thirty florins a month, which is wonderfully cheap, and we also board with them. Whom do you think I met here? The girl who so often played at hide-and-seek with us in the Auge Gottes [Constanze's former residence]: I think her name was Buchner; she is now Madame Porsch, and is married for the second time. She requested me to send you very kind messages from her.

As I do not know whether you are in Baden or Vienna, I enclose this letter again to Madame Hofer. I am as happy as a child at the thoughts of returning to you. If people could see into my heart, I should almost feel ashamed—all there is cold, cold as ice. Were you with me, I should possibly take more pleasure in the kindness of those I meet here,

but all seems to me so empty. Adieu, my love! I am ever your loving MOZART.

P.S.—While writing the last page many a tear has fallen on it. But now let us be merry. Look! Swarms of kisses are flying about—quick! catch some! I have caught three, and delicious they are. You have still time to reply to this letter, but it is safer to address to me at Linz, Poste Restante, as I am not yet certain whether I go to Ratisbon or not, for I can fix nothing at present. Write on the letter, 'To be left till called for.' Adieu, my dearest sweetest wife! Be careful of your health; and do not go into the town on foot. Write to me how you like your new quarters. Adieu! I send you a million of kisses.

What a strain of melancholy breathes even in these cheerful lines! Deep within the soul of the Maestro was brooding *that* which led him far beyond the sad or gay utterances in his former works, causing him to soar to the regions of life eternal. He says, 'My heart is cold, cold as ice.' He! whose heart beats so lovingly towards every human being! We feel that already his spirit is estranged from all his surroundings, but only to press forward to a higher goal. This melancholy mood has produced many of Mozart's finest works, and is the beginning of his soul's deep longings for *home*. The atmosphere of sadness that affected his being ever since the hour when from the pinnacle of success he steadily contemplated his latter end, had now deepened into unquenchable longings. But from the depths of

sorrow the better life is gradually springing up, and his soul craves to be entirely purified. He had drank of life's foaming goblet even to the last drops, and these last drops were bitter, bitter as death—the taste of which, the Maestro declared, 'he already felt on his tongue.' Sadness now assails him, and a longing for those higher things that seem to fly from us in every-day life, shortly to become a passionate storm, a violent ebullition of the imperishable in his soul, which feels itself too cramped within the narrow limits of human nature. A struggle ensues for the possession of the highest blessings, foreshadowing that strife of the soul, those vehement efforts to comprehend the Eternal, which his splendid works in their various aspects were destined to express and to call forth in the German spirit. The two great productions of our classical period, Goethe's 'Faust,' and the 'Zauberflöte,' were close at hand, and their combined influence was eventually to introduce a new spirit into the language of the German nation.

On October 9, 1790, the coronation of the Emperor took place. We do not know whether this ceremony made any particular impression on Mozart, for the next letters to his wife are missing; nor do we hear what he did in Frankfort, and how he began to 'make money.' On October 14, he gave a morning concert in the theatre, but we can give no report as to how it was attended. Ludwig, a double bass player, long since

dead, who played at this concert with Mozart, could still recall even in his old age the pianoforte on the platform, and the little, lively, restless man, who, during the rehearsal on the previous evening, repeatedly jumped over the prompter's box into the orchestra, talking eagerly and kindly to the musicians, and then as rapidly clambering on the stage again. On this occasion Mozart introduced only his own works. He played a pianoforte concerto (a duett), with old Papa Becke. There is no doubt that in Frankfort, as well as previously in Prague and Leipzig, in spite of all his 'gloomy thoughts,' Mozart was well disposed to cheerful sociability. His nature required this compensation. That man alone who cherishes in his soul the most profound earnestness, constantly striving to form a just estimate of his inmost feelings, and of life itself, can enjoy true cheerfulness, and lead others to be cheerful also. The evenings he usually spent at Grau's (a wine-shop), with Concert-Meister Hoffmann, with whom he was very intimate, when, as usual, his charming liveliness made him the chief attraction of the circle.

On his way home from Frankfort he also visited Mayence, and it was then that the celebrated artist Tischbein, who had recently been in Italy with Goethe, painted the portrait familiar to everyone by the clever engraving of Sickling. Although differing considerably from other portraits of Mozart, the form and outlines shewing little of the usual characteristics of

his likenesses, yet in the expression of the countenance it gives us the best idea of the singular union of intellect and joyousness, humour and sadness, peculiar to Mozart's very being. Its whole character recalls that fascinating little portrait of the fourteen years old Maestrino painted in Rome in the year 1770, especially in the well-opened eyes which show us, in the bud as it were, Mozart's peculiarities. Tischbein's portrait has also, both in the mouth and eyes, the attractive expression of merry sportiveness and ingenuous candour so characteristic of our Maestro. The true spirit of a Mozart was not likely to be mistaken by such an artist! Never having before met him, and even now only for a short time, yet he saw him in all the fulness of life, and thus seized the likeness with greater freedom and purity. Although the features are not so photographically correct as the charming *basso relievo* of Bosch, and the engraving of Kohl, still Tischbein's portrait gives us the impression which the clever excited Maestro made, during his cheerful visit, on the quick perceptions of the gifted artist. It was this expression the Maestro wore when with those who comprehended his genius. All other portraits of him are evidently conceived by matter-of-fact eyes. In that of Tischbein it is not the mere rendering of the aspect and features with which our Maestro met every citizen in the street, but the reality of that artistic

spirit so much admired by those of his own day, as well as by posterity, and which alone survives.

On resuming his journey, Mozart once more saw his beloved Mannheim. Had life fulfilled what it once seemed to promise him there? At that time the dream of his aspiring youth was that, led by the hand of love, he was to conquer the world; and now!—now he had scarcely a home he could call his own, to shelter a quiet existence. Now, pecuniary distress forced him to seek his daily bread in a foreign land. Had that happiness fallen to his share which in those days appeared to him the brightest adornment of life? He certainly found a faithful wife in his Constanze, who strove to lighten the burden of the day by her love, and his letters shew us that his devotion to her continued to increase. But the poetical dreams of his youth remained only dreams. Art alone had realised them. The stern realities of life had long banished such visions, though, doubtless, there were times when the image of 'first love's golden hours' passed before his longing soul. Now, however, he began to strike a balance with life, his mind gradually returning, spiritualised, to the poetry of his youth; thus the memory of former days was soothing to the greatest degree.

He found many an old friend in Mannheim with whom he could renew the remembrances of his glad young days. Music was, as usual, the central point of

his enjoyment, his spirit working with eager excitement. He played the organ of the Trinity Church with the subsequent court organist, Schultz, who was then a young man; but when a grey-haired old man of eighty, he recalled this circumstance with intense delight, relating how Mozart, at a rehearsal of 'Don Juan' given in his honour, denounced the slow *tempi* of the Kapell-Meister, and himself conducted at a more rapid pace. 'Figaro' was given on October 24, for which he also marked the *tempi*. The actor Backhaus writes:—'I once got into a great scrape with Mozart. I took him for a little journeyman tailor. I was standing at the door while the rehearsal was going on, when a young man came up to me and asked whether it was permitted to hear the rehearsal—I refused. "Perhaps you will allow Kapell-Meister Mozart to go in?" Imagine my embarrassment.'

From Mannheim he went on to Munich, where he lodged with his friend Albert, the learned host 'Zum Schwarzen Adler,' in the Kaufinger Gasse, where he was thoroughly comfortable and happy, surrounded by many friends; so the letter to his wife, written in the beginning of November, assumes a cheerful aspect:—

Munich: Nov. 1790.

My own darling Wife,—It does vex me to think that I must wait till I get to Linz to hear from you. I must have patience. Without knowing precisely the length of one's stay in a place, it is impossible to make better arrange-

ments. I intended (though I should have liked to remain longer with my old Mannheim friends) only to have been here for one day, and now I am obliged to remain till the 5th or 6th, the Elector having requested me to attend the concert he is to give to the King of Naples. This is really a distinction. It is highly to the honour of the court at Vienna that the King should hear me first in a foreign country! [July, 1790; he was not asked to play at court.] You can easily imagine how happy I have been with the Cannabichs, the worthy Ramm, Marchand, and Brochard, and how much, my love, we talked *about you*. I look forward with joy to our meeting, and I have a great deal to say to you. My idea is to make this same journey with you, my darling, towards the end of next summer, that you may try some other waters; besides, amusement, change of air, and moving about will do you good, for it has agreed famously with me. I am delighted with this scheme, and so are all my friends.

Forgive my not writing as much as I could wish, but you cannot conceive the piece of work they make about me here. I must now be off to Cannabich's, where a concerto is to be tried over. Adieu, my darling wife! According to my calculation, I can receive no answer to this letter. Farewell, my own love! I send you a million of kisses, and am ever, till death, your loving

MOZART.

This is the last letter he wrote during his journey. On this occasion also he returns home without the hoped-for emoluments. So he could only manage to redeem a portion of the silver plate he had pledged to pay for his journey. In addition to this, the clarionet-player

Stadler, already well known to us, who was to take the articles out of pawn, made away with the tickets, which he probably abstracted out of Mozart's desk, which was always open; so the rest of the silver was never redeemed. It was in those days that the landlord of the 'Silberne Schlange' found him dancing round the room with Constanze to keep themselves warm. How welcome then to our Maestro must have been an offer made to him by the violinist Salomon of London to come there shortly. I. P. Salomon, a native of Bonn, had already engaged his old friend Haydn for his concerts, on terms considered brilliant in those days—the death of Prince Esterhazy having set Haydn free. After Haydn's return, Mozart was to come on the same conditions. The parting of these two noble-minded men was very affecting. The 'old papa' was the only artist in Vienna who thoroughly understood our Maestro, and whose intentions towards him were good. Mozart, as well as Haydn's other friends, thought his journey a very rash undertaking, and pointed out the difficulties a man so advanced in years, and unused to the great world, must encounter among a foreign people, whose language even he did not understand. Haydn, however, said it was indeed true that he was old, being 59; but he was still active and full of energy, and *his* language was understood all over the world. On the day of his departure Mozart never left his side. He dined with him, and when the hour of farewell arrived, Mozart

melted into tears, saying, 'We must now bid each other a last farewell in this life!' Haydn also was deeply affected, but thought of his own death, which, as a man so much older, seemed nearer; but he sought to pacify and console his friend. Mozart's presentiment, however, proved right. While still in London, Haydn received intelligence of the Maestro's death, and shed many bitter tears.

In those days of anxiety, Mozart wrote the 'Stück für ein Orgel Werk in einer Uhr,' which expresses in so striking a manner the great strife of his soul; followed a few months later, on March 3, 1791, by a second and grander work, still more distinctly unveiling his feelings. The quartett, indeed, in D major, written in December, 1790, 'at the eager instigation of a zealous friend,' was to assist in freeing him from all his liabilities, and to it he devoted all his powers; also the pianoforte concerto in B major, of January, 1791, bears some impress of that serene cheerfulness and mild gravity which express in wondrous melody our Maestro's homage to everlasting nature. What preceded this we learn from the 'Orgel Werk.' Although bespoken by Count Deym for his Müller Museum, as funeral music for a 'Mausoleum' to the memory of Field Marshal Laudon, they seem to be written from an inward impulse. So absorbed was the Maestro's soul in higher objects, that any mere outward impetus sufficed to bring forth the most pathetic and touching

expression of his sorrows. These little pieces contain a whole world of music and psychological passages. The first is of less importance; but it is in the manner of Händel, and exhibits that energetic will which is the prominent characteristic of that master. It has the security and vigorous convictions of that manly spirit. The short introduction that precedes the principal theme so far surpasses the outpourings of Händel's soul, that it might almost make us forget the finest works of this grand master, and yet the little passage coming in again at the close, shews increased depth of feeling, heart-broken lamentation and unquenchable longing. The second larger work has still more mastered the speech with which German thought strives to express its best feelings. It is a fugue, written in a very noble style; and here we see that by contact with the North Germans, who certainly were the first to introduce deeper conceptions of life, echoes had been awakened in Mozart's soul, of which he had scarcely been himself cognisant. His object was not merely to write a fugue in imitation of the master of all masters in that style—old Sebastian Bach; this creative impulse was already fermenting and urging him on, within his inmost soul. We recognise in this work the whole depths of Mozart's nature, which knew no rest till it had securely grasped the highest objects, or, at all events, drawn near to them. Here we have the 'Faust' that also lived in Mozart, who, after being satiated

with life's joys and sorrows, is impelled to ask—what is the meaning, what the final aim of all these things? Mozart also struggles to acquire knowledge, and although, in his case, darkened by gloomy conceptions and forebodings, still with not less impetuosity, not less power. In him is awakened also a craving for durable good, a mysterious inward horror; while his heart demands, with burning desire, the waters of everlasting truth, whose bright lustre he saw in the form of the Beautiful, but which seem now scarcely to suffice him. Deep in his heart he broods on these questions with solemn earnestness, and, in truth, our Maestro has answered them in a manner unsurpassed either by 'Hamlet' or 'Faust.' Such was Mozart's mood when, by one of those strange decrees of fate, he received a commission to write a work in which, at the close of his life, he was to develop in the most striking manner all the struggles and efforts, the triumphs and gains, of his existence. It was the 'Zauberflöte.'

This work was written under peculiar circumstances. Its origin is insignificant, and quite accidental, but it became the basis of something deeper and more important in the hands of him who clung to the loftier purposes of life, using every subject as a means to reveal his profound conceptions. Mozart was especially delighted when he once more found an opportunity to relieve his difficulties, and to express in the clearest

manner, that bright harmony of heart, that happy reconciliation, which his spirit had at length found.

We already know that in the year 1780, Mozart, when in Salzburg, made the acquaintance of the theatrical director, Emanuel Schikaneder, who thoroughly appreciated the talents of the youthful artist. This second Serlo had, since then, travelled in many parts of our Fatherland, with its varied aspects. In his reckless way, he had undertaken many things, and given up many things—one day revelling in luxury, at another in the greatest need; but always, by his experience and worldly cleverness, making use of men for his own advantage. Some years previously he erected a little wooden theatre, scarcely larger than a booth, in the Stahremberg Frei Hause auf der Wieden. The rivalry of the Leopold Stadt theatre and its Kasperl, in addition to the failure of various speculations, had again greatly impoverished Schikaneder, so that he and his undertaking were in danger of being utterly ruined. Mozart, who loved cheerful society, and was not over particular as to the position of his companions, had long been in the habit of associating with Schikaneder's company, and passed many merry hours with these light-hearted people, always ready to oblige them by using his abilities for their benefit. There still exists a bass aria with *obbligato contrabasso*, that he wrote for Pischlberger and Gerl, both members of this theatre. Gerl had a very charming wife, formerly Madlle.

Reisiger, a favourite of Mozart's, to whom he paid court in his own gay fashion. Schikaneder, in his great need, now turned to his friend Mozart—in the spring of 1791—and represented that he must infallibly be ruined if he could not get an attractive opera; that he had already discovered an admirable subject, a fairy opera; and that Mozart was the very man to write the music for it. In spite of Schikaneder's great distress, our Maestro on this occasion decidedly refused his request. But we are told that, when Schikaneder had recourse to Mdme. Gerl, Mozart could not resist her eager entreaties, and at length agreed to the proposal. After all, he must have known that to write an opera was the best and most agreeable thing for himself. 'But,' said he, 'if it prove a failure, I cannot help it, for I never yet composed a fairy opera.'

Mozart was at that moment in the utmost need. His wife had again been very ill, and her physician prescribed a longer stay in Baden. He might, therefore, rely on some emolument from this new opera. He had not much hope of Hoffmann's endorsing his bills, and he had no commissions whatever. Thus his present enterprise was welcome on this account also. Schikaneder could not pay the money at once. He promised 100 ducats; and Mozart, who knew his circumstances, agreed with him that, if the opera proved a success, he would be satisfied with the profits produced by the sale of the score to other theatres; but this promise was

not kept. When Mozart was told that other theatrical directors had already purchased copies of the opera from Schikaneder, his only remark was—'The scamp!'

After their compact, Schikaneder set to work at once at the fairy legend, and so arranged that (being a first-rate buffoon) he should have a popular merry part to sing, dressed in a costume of feathers, invented by himself. Mozart went as quickly to work with the music. Schikaneder foresaw the many changes the Maestro's refined feelings would suggest in the text, both dramatic and effective, in opposition to the Director's own ideas of what would please the public. In order, therefore, that the music should proceed quickly and satisfactorily, and knowing the difficulty of persuading Mozart, with all his zeal, to write down his ideas, Schikaneder, well aware of the beneficent influence of free nature on his compositions, gave up to him a garden pavilion in the middle of the great court of the Freihause, close to the theatre. There the Maestro, whose wife was still in Baden, could write quite undisturbed, and he did this so assiduously that by the month of July the music was so far advanced that the rehearsals could begin.

Schikaneder, who himself led a jovial, reckless life, and loved every sort of amusement, was careful always to keep Mozart in the best humour; and when, exhausted by work, he needed refreshment, he supplied him with it liberally. His light-hearted friend

Stadler also formed one of this mirthful group, who contrived to entangle in their nets our hard-worked Maestro. We can quite understand why Mozart, whose soul was so absorbed by higher things, innocently shared in these merry meetings, which also tended to incite and animate his mind and fancy to their fullest extent. It was something more profound that occupied his thoughts; his heart beat in unison with higher objects than the mere joys of life, for his spirit was absorbed in the contemplation of the ideal. It is difficult to obtain a clear view of the mood in which our Maestro then lived. He felt deeply that the ties which bind us to earthly existence were gradually loosening. Life and he had nothing more in common, so he felt impelled to give utterance to his best gifts, before for ever leaving the world. He had yet so much to say, and was not this a happy opportunity to say it? Schikaneder, with his usual shrewdness, profited as much as possible by this mood of our Maestro. Hummel, a pupil of Mozart's, tells us of the festive gatherings which Schikaneder tempted the Maestro to join, when writing the 'Zauberflöte'; at the same time he expressly declares that Mozart never, except on those occasions, shared in any revelry. We learn, too, from the impression made on Schikaneder by Mozart's early death, how greatly he felt himself to blame for having placed temptations in the way of his friend at a time when both his body and mind were in such a state of excitement. The sad

news affected him so violently that he went about crying out, 'His spirit pursues me everywhere; he is always standing before my eyes!' But Nemesis was to overtake him in a far more terrible manner; for, after having for many years continued the same disorderly life, he died at last in poverty and madness.

Posterity may indeed forgive this man; for with all his follies was combined on this occasion something which, besides being more interesting, was the cause of the deepest revelations of Mozart's spirit in music. In order to please the theatre director, Mozart occupied himself with the arabesque beauty of the legend, and the introduction to the opera further proves that he was fully cognisant of the charm of its flowing lines, and the sensuous colouring that might here be developed. But when, with this sportive playfulness, a deeper earnestness was shortly interwoven, his soul was kindled into a bright flame. The first act of the opera was completed as far as the finale, when it appeared that the Leopold Stadt theatre had selected the same subject for performance. Soon afterwards came the announcement of 'Kaspar der Fagottist,' or 'Die Zauber Zither'—the music by the celebrated popular composer, Wenzel Müller. This piece had a great run, chiefly owing to the merry-andrew buffooneries of the comic actor, Laroche, and the splendid scenery. Schikaneder was in utter despair at the destruction of his favourite project, his only hope

being thus shipwrecked. But, as usual, he quickly found an expedient. He resolved to reverse the point of the story, and to transpose the evil magician who has stolen the daughter of the 'Königin der Nacht' into a sage, a sublime friend of man; that is, to depict, in the character of Sarastro, those ideas of humanity which at that time occupied all minds. We do not know who first suggested the thought of weaving freemasonry into the original fairy tale. But it was certainly the happiest possible idea; for by this expedient the piece was sure to gain the undivided sympathy of the public, and, above all, Mozart himself became far more deeply interested in the subject than he had hitherto been. The Emperor Leopold, opposed to his predecessor in every point, had abolished freemasonry. This acted as a universal impetus to value more highly than ever the doctrines of the order, and to bring them into notice in every possible way. What opportunity could be more favourable than, under the garb of priestly wisdom, in an oriental fairy opera, to preach the thoughts and feelings of this order in an inoffensive and, by the aid of art, impressive manner? Possibly the suggestion proceeded from the Masonic Lodge itself. Certain it is that the benefit of this scheme was very obvious to the theatre director, and that he was much pleased when Ludwig Gieseke, a singer, offered to write these additional and graver portions of the work, for

Schikaneder's mere facility in stringing verses together did not now suffice.

And how about Mozart?

We know what a good freemason he was; and now, in the garb of foreign lands and a distant century, he could with impunity express that genuine virtue and piety which, far above mere moral dogmas, dwelt within his soul, which had been so long fermenting in his heart, and now streamed forth softened into harmony. All the striving after good that had filled Mozart's recent years with so much disquietude; his eager longing for some durable belief; the loftiness of self-sacrifice which in his eyes solved the enigma of life's happiness, all this he could now transfer into the strains of the holy circle and its high priest, in the solemn repentant self-examination contained in the gloomy song of the 'Gehärnischte Männer,' addressed to the pilgrims, and the striking chorus of the priests in which they proclaim to the initiated pardon and peace. It was no sacrifice to him to yield to all the demands of the composer of the text, who heeded only outward things, and was constantly urging him to write in a popular style. He reserved for himself these portions of the music in which his whole soul could be breathed forth.

Schikaneder was in the habit of boasting much about the share he had in the music of the 'Zauberflöte,' and plumed himself on having persuaded Mozart to strike out one-half of the score. He, indeed, knew thoroughly

what would be effective on the stage, and unceasingly tormented his Maestro to write the most simple popular melodies, which he managed so cleverly, that they still find an echo in the ear of every child, and in the heart of every unprejudiced man. In order to oblige Schikaneder, Mozart repeatedly transcribed various airs, particularly attending to the style preferred by the merry 'Vogelfänger.' Still more surprising than such complaisance on the part of an artist whose high calling lay so close to his heart are the flexibility and the fruitfulness of his fancy, which contrived to produce out of the most insignificant and even trivial themes melodies bearing the stamp of the most noble phase of art, without in the least losing their childlike natural character. It is so with the song 'Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen,' and also the two duetts 'Bei Männer welche Liebe fühlen' and 'Papageno,' the first bars of which, it was said, were whistled to Mozart by Schikaneder. The following note written in these days shews how sanguine Schikaneder was of success. 'Dear Wolfgang, I return your Pa—Pa—Pa, which I like; I think it will do well. We shall see each other this evening at our usual place of meeting,—Yours, Schikaneder.' Nothing of all this disturbed our Maestro, whose spirit was striving to embrace those objects that soar far above our earthly being, and who regarded the game of life in which Schikaneder was so interested as a mere folly, on which he smiled compassionately, and

only made use of artistically as a contrast. His faculties were rendered even more acute by close attention to the elevated and the everlasting. He knew that vital energies exist in the most insignificant being, and the lofty capabilities of his soul enabled him to seize the core of life and to represent it with true art. Childish as the fairy legend is of this pleasant 'Spektakel,' yet hidden in the background there lies the truth of real life. The Viennese of old were like this; it was thus they enjoyed existence, in careless amusements, rejoicing in love and wine, addicted to inoffensive jokes, gossiping, and indulging in the pleasures of the table with satisfaction, and attaching as much importance to the delights of love as if they had only recently been discovered. And it was the same with Mozart. In his own fashion he took childish pleasure in the Viennese, like them he appreciated fried chickens and wine, and merry sociability, and did not wish to be thought one whit better than his companions; and, no doubt, when in more thoughtful hours he listened to the warning voice of his genius, his answer probably was, 'Yes, folly! but how charming!' But his tranquil creative fancy soon elevated him above all these things; we find the nobler-thinking portion of the nation at that time full of enthusiasm for God and Immortality just as expressed in the 'Zauberflöte.' The more serious parts of the work breathe the utmost veneration and elevating piety, indicating the purest feelings of that day. Mozart was

especially earnest in these questions. He did not indulge in many speculations as to the truth or falsity of the doctrines of his Order. He was devoted to its teaching, its best aspect being pure interest in mankind, and an earnest desire to make them happy; but these were principles already innate with Mozart.

The whole tendency of our Maestro's spiritual mood had become devotional. The hard trials of life had taught him to resign himself submissively to the will of the Almighty, and this implied trust in God formed henceforth the well-known bias of his soul—

> Oh! golden peace come from above,
> Return into the hearts of men.

These words, in the 'Zauberflöte,' express our Maestro's deep-seated longing for an eternal home, which now entirely absorbed his heart. How earnestly he sought after the eternal and the heavenly, and felt its nearness, we gather from the celebrated 'Ave verum,' composed on June 18 of this year, to oblige his friend, Choirmaster Stoll, in Baden, and which may well make us forget for a few bright moments all earthly sorrows.

At that very time, however, he was once more forced to apply to his friend Puchberg for a little assistance, telling him that his wife's landlord would be glad to receive some money for her board and lodging; that he only required the loan for a few days, when he would receive 2,000 florins in his name. The charming gaiety of heart that brightens his days we learn from the

following letter to his wife, who had returned to Baden with his sister—

July 6, 1791.

Ma très-chère Epouse,[1]—J'écris cette lettre dans la petite chambre au jardin chez Leitgeb [the Salzburg horn-player], où j'ai couché cette nuit excellement; et j'espère que ma chère épouse aura passé cette nuit aussi bien que moi. J'y passerai cette nuit aussi, puisque j'ai congedié Léonore, et je serai tout seul à la maison, ce qui n'est pas agréable. J'attend avec beaucoup d'impatience une lettre que m'apprendra comme vous avez passé le jour d'hier; je tremble quand je pense au baigne de St. Antoine; car je crains toujours le risque de tomber sur l'escalier en sortant—et je me trouve entre l'espérance et la crainte—une situation bien désagréable! Si vous n'étiez pas grosse, je craignerais moins[2]—mais abandonnons cette idée triste!—Le ciel aura eu certainement soin de ma chère Stanzi Marini!

I have this moment received your dear letter, and find that you are well and in good spirits. Madame Leitgeb tied my neckcloth for me to-day—but how? Good heavens! I told her repeatedly, 'This is the way my wife does it,' but it was all in vain. I rejoice to hear that you have so good an appetite; you must walk a great deal, but I don't like you taking such long walks without me. Pray do all I tell you, for it comes from my heart. Adieu, my darling, my only love! I send you 2,999½ kisses flying about in the air till you catch them. Adieu! Ever your

MOZART.

Thus once more in innocent playfulness he gives

[1] The inaccuracies of this letter are those of the original.

[2] His youngest son, Wolfgang Amadeus, was born on the 26th of July, 1791.

himself up to every gay amusement; now that he had, as it were, closed his account with life's gifts, and no longer desired either joy or happiness, his eye could calmly range over the sphere of earth; so he concentrated in his spirit all that he had ever known of sweetness and charm during his existence; and he set them forth in this, the last of his dramatic works. None of these manifest so graphically as the 'Zauberflöte' the characteristics of our Maestro; and thus, at the close of his life, he became a true poet and prophet; he gave a picture of man's existence in its manifold variety. After the highest things of earth, his next utterances could be of heaven alone. To the 'Zauberflöte' succeeded the Requiem.

CHAPTER XI.

THE REQUIEM.

'Life's sweet follies have an end,
And new life blossoms out of death.'

In the first days of May, 1791, our Maestro, still neglected in the most mortifying manner by the court, and by his distressing situation compelled more and more to look about him for a permanent and lucrative appointment, made the following application:—

To the Most Worshipful Magistrates of the City of Vienna.

Vienna: May, 1791.

Most honoured Gentlemen,—When the Herr Kapell-Meister Hofmann was ill, I thought of taking the liberty to propose myself in his place, as my musical talents and works, as well as my skill in composition, are well known in foreign countries. My name is everywhere held in consideration, and having been some years ago appointed composer to this court, I thought I was not unworthy of the situation, and deserved the approbation of the enlightened magistrates of the city. Kapell-Meister Hofmann, however, entirely recovered his health, and wishing

him, as I do from my heart, a long life, I still think it might be for the advantage of the service in the Dom Kirche, and also meet the views of the respected gentlemen I now address, if I were to be appointed assistant to the aged Kapell-Meister, without any salary, that I may thus assist the worthy man in his office, and gain the approbation of the magistracy by my services, which, owing to my cultivated knowledge of Church music, I am more capable of performing satisfactorily than many others.

'The worshipful magistrates' acceded to this humble request by appointing Mozart *unsalaried* assistant to Kapell-Meister Hofmann, in the Stephen Church, promising him his place, at the death of the latter. But the Kapell-Meister, though so advanced in years, survived his young assistant, and the well-known theorist, Albrechtsberger, succeeded to both situations.

There is no doubt that in this case Mozart's endeavour to get a permanent appointment was prompted by his bias towards sacred music, which he had always loved. By his intimate acquaintance with the high art of Sebastian Bach, and, still more, by the impulses of his own spirit, these feelings were even more strongly awakened within him. What a joyful impression then must have been made on him when, some months later, in July, the 'Zauberflöte' being inscribed by his own hand in the catalogue as nearly finished, a most unexpected order arrived to write a Requiem. One day an unknown messenger appeared—a tall, haggard

man, dressed in grey, with a sombre expression of countenance—a most singular figure, quite calculated to make a strange impression. This man brought Mozart an anonymous letter, in which, after a very flattering recognition of his artistic productions, he was asked for what sum he would undertake to write a mass for the dead, and in how short a time it could be completed. Mozart consulted his wife about the proposal, without whose advice he never took any step of importance, and declared that such a commission was most welcome, for he longed to write something in this style, and to compose a work which, after his death, might be studied both by his friends and foes. The limits set to Church music by Joseph II. had been abolished. Constanze agreed with her husband, and the more willingly as, on account of her health, a considerable expense was likely to ensue, and such a prospect of emolument was most welcome. He, therefore, declared himself ready to accept the offer, but declined fixing any precise time for the completion of the work. The sum he demanded was 50 ducats. The same messenger shortly returned, paid the sum in advance, and promised an additional payment when the Requiem was completed; he likewise instructed him to write the music entirely according to his own mood and humour, and to spare himself the trouble of trying to discover the name of the person who gave

him this commission, as all such attempts would certainly be quite fruitless.

We now know that this singular messenger was the steward of Count Walsegg, and that it was he who ordered the Requiem. The Count was a zealous musician, and had the weakness to wish to pass for a composer. In the January of this year, his wife died, and he was anxious to have a Requiem performed in honour of her obsequies. He made a mystery of the commission, in order that, by transcribing the score, he might claim the work as his own. This he actually did; but as Mozart did not finish the work, and yet a *complete* score was sent to Count Walsegg, a violent controversy arose as to the genuineness of this work, both as to portions of it and the whole, which was only put an end to by the discovery of the facts we have stated. Many romantic fables were current about the mystery attached to this occurrence; but, commonplace as it proved to be, it was of vast importance to Mozart's work. He wrote it with all the force of mystery dwelling on his mind, which at that time was almost exclusively engrossed with those conceptions that stretch far beyond the grave. The conviction of an early death dwelt deep and unquenchable in his soul. The strains of the 'Zauberflöte' already breathed an elevation of soul scarcely in harmony with an earthly existence. His soul was entirely absorbed by heavenly things. He then undoubtedly believed that a message from

above called on him to undertake a work in which it was his duty, by means of his art, to speak from his heart, and with all the powers of his mind, of those subjects which soar far beyond an earthly existence. The same singular combination of horror and joy now seized his faculties which no doubt assails men at the hour when they are about for ever to quit their corporeal being. Mozart loved life—to whom had it ever offered brighter things?—but for years past he had begun to withdraw from it, and though his nature might at times shrink from the end, which has its terrors for every mortal creature, yet his inmost heart was calm and at rest, when he thought of life eternal, which was to him an absolute certainty. These convictions were impressed on his soul in all their strength, and he regarded the Requiem as the peculiar mission of his life. Is it then surprising that old Adam Hiller of Leipzig wrote, on the transcription made by himself of this work, these words, '*Opus summum summi viri*'? (the greatest work of the greatest man).

Mozart set to work at once, and time was so precious to him, that he could scarcely make up his mind to visit his dear Constanze in Baden. But, as not unfrequently happens, when he was in the full tide of work (and it is astonishing how prolific Mozart was in the last years of his life), a new and important commission arrived, which promised both fame and money. The Bohemian Estates requested him to

compose a festal opera, in honour of the Emperor Leopold's coronation in their capital. Metastasio's 'Clemenza de Tito' had been selected, and Mozart chosen to write the music for it. This resolution, however, owing to unknown causes, had been so long delayed, that only a few weeks remained to write the opera and put it on the stage. In the middle of August, Mozart set off on his journey. Constanze, as usual, was to go with him, though her little boy Wolfgang was only a few weeks old. At the moment when Mozart and his wife were about to get into the carriage, the mysterious messenger in grey suddenly came up to the carriage, and, plucking Constanze's dress, enquired about the progress of the Requiem. Mozart excused himself by the absolute necessity of this journey, and the impossibility of acquainting an unknown person with his proposed absence; but said that after his return the Requiem should be his first care, if a delay till then could be granted him; with this, the messenger seemed satisfied. Mozart, however, again regarded the mysterious apparition as a warning from the Higher Powers that he must not delay his life-work, only a short time yet remaining to him on earth.

Even during the journey he worked assiduously at the new opera. He sketched the music in the carriage, and finished it at the inns in the evening. His fancy was, as usual, pleasantly excited by the

freshness of nature. In Prague, also, he toiled incessantly, and though it seems almost incredible, in the course of eighteen days the whole of this great work was completed and rehearsed. To assist him in his labours, on this occasion he took with him one of his pupils, a young composer, F. X. Süssmayr, who is said to have written the recitatives. The first performance of the opera took place on September 6, in the presence of their Majesties and an invited public. But it did not particularly please. The audience, according to Niemtschek, were too much dazzled by the brilliant spectacle of the coronation festivities to be able fully to appreciate the beauty of Mozart's music. In the musical 'Wochenblatte' of Prague it was remarked, 'This great composer on the present occasion seems to have forgotten the maxim of Octavius, "*Festina Lente.*"' Indeed, after several more performances, the opera still did not give satisfaction—in fact, those who were accustomed to the music of 'Figaro' and 'Don Juan' could not take the same pleasure in the style of this new work, which seemed to lead back to the paths of the old Italian operas. For, though far from deficient in that perfect mastery which characterises Mozart's music, as well as in happy treatment of form, and, above all, in the employment of musical skill, this opera is somewhat deficient in that sparkling spirit which abounds in his other works; its beauty consists too much in the mere beauty of form. But how is it

conceivable that the soul of our Maestro, so recently excited by the ideal fulness of life in the 'Zauberflöte,' and steeped in the grand and sublime significance of the 'Dies irae,' could write music for the simple pleasing verses of a Metastasio, who had not the faintest conception of the grandeurs of the Roman Empire, and still less of the deeper powers of life? Yet Mozart, who knew how to cause the smallest seed to shoot up into an overshadowing tree, in one passage of his work, at least, contrived to reveal the whole proclivities of his nature.

The far-famed quintett of the first finale, when Sextus avows his crime, has a force and grandeur rarely equalled in dramatic art. In that alone is disclosed something of the mood that pervaded the last months of Mozart's life.

Our deep-thinking Maestro was painfully affected by not being received on this occasion with the wonted applause by his beloved Praguers. Indeed, the Empress Maria Ludovica, a Spaniard, is said to have spoken very depreciatingly of the *porcheria* of all German music. This all tended to depress Mozart. The reckless enthusiasm of the Bohemians had so often compensated him for what he had suffered in Vienna. The deep emotions of his soul during the last few months, as well as an excessive mental strain, had physically exhausted him. When he arrived in Prague he was very unwell, and his restless labours there, and perpetual

state of excitement, much increased his malady. Henceforth, he constantly took medicine, and looked pale and sorrowful. Melancholy began to fill his heart. In the society, however, of those friends with whom he had always been so gay, his good-humour often beguiled him into playful jests; yet when he took leave of them his tears flowed freely. He had a presentiment that they and he would meet no more.

He returned to Vienna in the middle of September. He had now tasted the bitterness of life, inasmuch as on this occasion he had not received any very full meed of approbation. He knew that the neglect of his opera in Vienna was not the fault of the public, but of the artists there, who dreaded his rivalry. But now the cause lay with the music itself. On this point Mozart practised no self-deception, being too well accustomed to exercise the sharpest criticism on himself—who but he would have said of the 'Entführung,' 'It was all too broad; at that time he was too fond of listening to himself'? He was now, therefore, careful to compose in the most finished manner those new pieces for the 'Zauberflöte,' which was shortly to be given. According to his idea, his present task was to heal the wound from which his reputation had suffered in Prague. It was in these days that he wrote the Priests' march, the chorus, 'O Isis und Osiris,' the second finale, and the overture, and, verily, in them he reached *perfection*. The ideas then most prevalent in his mind were em-

bodied in these portions of his opera. The intrinsic worth of man was found in these strains, for the artist had firmly resolved to produce his very best. The introduction to the finale, the song of the 'Gehärnischten Männer,' the overture, are precursors and almost portions of the Requiem. The aria, 'Bald prangt, den Morgen zu verkünden, die Sonne in ihrer Pracht,' and also, when Leib is being led to death, his spirit draws near to life eternal; indeed, the sense of the whole work, 'through night to light,' is rendered, in the portions we have named, in its full depth and solemnity, thus depicting man's whole existence.

The exertion of putting the opera on the stage, and numerous rehearsals, robbed the suffering Maestro of many precious hours. The young Kapell-Meister Henneberg was very useful to him in such matters. The first performance at length took place on November 30, 1791; Mozart himself directed at a grand piano, and Süssmayr turned his pages. After the overture, the public were quite silent. They could not at all understand those sublime strains, such as had never yet been heard on the boards of a suburban theatre. The abundant and inexhaustible fulness of life in this polyphony, setting forth the innumerable excitements which cross and entangle our earthly being, when striving to attain to the highest, till at last they all harmoniously unite in a stream of light—all this was not for such ears. Schenk, who afterwards composed the 'Dorf Barbier,'

and could only find a place in the orchestra, the house being so crowded, at the end of the overture, in his intense delight, crept to the director's seat, seized Mozart's hand and kissed it; our Maestro continued to beat time calmly with his right hand, but, looking kindly at Schenk, he stroked his cheek. Then he proceeded to conduct the introduction undisturbed, being convinced that what earnestness could not effect, sportive gaiety would certainly accomplish. But, even after the end of the first act, the applause was by no means so great as had been expected, and some say that Mozart, pale and dismayed, joined Schikaneder on the stage, who tried to soothe and console him. But, during the second act, the public recovered from their lethargy, and called for the Maestro. Tradition says that he had hidden himself, and could scarcely be persuaded to appear on the stage; he was mortified that the music, on which he had expended all that was best in his heart and his abilities, should be so little appreciated by the audience.

On the following evening he again directed, and after that Henneberg was his substitute. On October 9, we find in a Vienna paper, 'The new comedy, "Die Zauberflöte," the music by our Kapell-Meister Mozart, has been given at a heavy cost, and with much pomp in the decorations; but it does not command the hoped-for applause, because the substance and language of the piece are really too bad.' Enemies of our

Maestro alone, or rather of the director, could have written thus. But, if report speaks truly, the very inferior way in which it was performed may have chiefly contributed to the result. With the exception of Schikaneder, the actors were all very inferior; the former, indeed, scarcely rising above the level of a buffoon, 'whose voice was a cross between a creaking door and the scream of a weathercock.' The director, whose very existence depended on the success of this opera, continued steadily to bring the work before the public. Whether it were the monkeys, the lion's car, and the dress of feathers, or Mozart's music, that at last fascinated the hearers, in the month of October, Mozart wrote the following letter to his wife in Baden, which seems to take for granted the success of the opera:—

My darling sweet Wife,—On my return from the opera, to my great joy and delight, I found your letter. Although Saturday, being post-day, is never a good opera night, still mine was crowded this evening, and performed with the customary applause and encores. It is to be repeated to-morrow, but suspended on Monday; so Stoll must manage to come on Tuesday, when it will be given for the *first time* again; I say for the *first time*, because it will probably be performed again a number of times in succession. I have just eaten a capital slice of hare, which *Dr.* Primus (my faithful valet) catered for me; and as my appetite is very good to-day, I sent him off again to try to get me something more if possible, and I am writing to you meanwhile. Early this morning I set to work so busily [at the Requiem]

that I did not stop till half-past one o'clock, so I went off in a great hurry to Hofer's (not wishing to dine quite alone), where I met your mamma. Immediately after dinner I went home, and wrote again till it was time to go to the opera. Leitgeb asked me to take him, which I did. To-morrow your mamma is to go with me; Hofer has given her the libretto to read previously. We may well say of mamma that she *sees* the opera, but not that she *hears* it!

The N. N.'s had a box this evening, and heartily applauded everything; but he, the stupid booby, showed himself such a thorough Bavarian, that I could not stay with him, or I must have called him an ass to his face. Unluckily I was in their box when the second act began, with a very solemn scene. He laughed all through it. At first I had the patience to attract his attention to various passages, but he persisted in laughing. This was rather too much, so I called him Papageno, and took myself off; but I don't believe the thick-headed oaf understood the allusion. I went into another box where Hamm and his wife were. I had the greatest pleasure in being with them, and stayed here till the end. I went behind the scenes when Papageno's air accompanied by bells began, feeling such a strong impulse to play the bells myself for once. I played them a capital trick, for at Schikaneder's pause I made an arpeggio; he started, looked behind the scenes, and saw me. The second time the pause came, I did nothing, when he paused, and would not proceed. I guessed his thoughts, and played a chord. He then struck the bells, and said, *Halt's Maul*! (hold your tongue!) which made everybody laugh. I believe it was owing to this joke that many learned for the first time that Schikaneder did not himself play the instrument. You cannot think what a charming effect the music has from a box close to the or-

chestra—far better than from the gallery; as soon as you return you must try this.

Sunday, 7 o'clock A.M.—I have slept as soundly as possible, and hope that you have done the same. I thoroughly enjoyed the half capon that friend Primus brought me. At ten o'clock I am going to hear mass at the monastery of the Piarists, because Leitgeb told me that I could then speak to the director [about Karl], and I shall also stay to dine there. Primus told me yesterday that a great many people were ill in Baden. Is this true? Be very careful not to expose yourself to this stormy weather. Now comes Primus with the tiresome news that the post-carriage drove off at seven o'clock this morning, and no other goes till the afternoon; so my writing late at night and early in the morning has been of no use. You cannot get this letter till to-night, which vexes me very much. I shall positively come to see you next Sunday, when we can all go together to the Casino, and home on Monday. Lechleitner was again at the opera; though no great connoisseur, he is at all events a real lover of music, and this N. N. is not. He is a mere *nonentity*, and much prefers a dinner. Farewell, my darling! I send you a million of kisses. Ever your

MOZART.

P.S.—Kiss Sophie from me. To Siesmag I send two good fillips on the nose, and a hearty pull at his hair. A thousand compliments to Stoll. Adieu! 'The hour strikes! Farewell! We shall meet again!'

These last words are taken from the grand trio in the 'Zauberflöte,' and they are also the last words our Maestro ever wrote, or, at least, which have been preserved, or are known to exist.

We can see that he placed some value on his work. Its graver portions were to him serious things, and he was hurt when these solemn strains were ridiculed; on the other hand, he rejoiced in the lively sympathy of his friends, especially when genuine connoisseurs praised the music. With his wonted good-nature he takes Salieri his rival with him to see the 'Zauberflöte,' and describes in his ingenuous way the manner in which Salieri received a work that, being given at a second or even third-rate theatre, seemed scarcely worthy to interest his distinguished artistic friend—we learn this from a letter written on October 14. We must bear in mind that Hofer was the brother-in-law, and Karl the eldest son of Mozart, whom he had sent to a school outside Vienna, and was now anxious to have him placed under the charge of the order of Piarists. He does not mention little Wolfgang, and yet he clung to him with all the joy of his heart, prophesying that he would one day become a second Mozart, because once he began to cry in the very key in which his father was playing. This son did, in fact, become a solid musician and composer, though the fame of his father prevented his ever acquiring a great name. The eldest son got a situation as clerk in the Royal State Library.

Oct. 14, 1791.

My darling sweet Wife,—Hofer drove with me yesterday to see our Karl. We dined there, and then drove home together. At six o'clock I called for Salieri and Cavalieri in the carriage,

and took them to my box. (I then went quickly back to fetch mamma and Karl, whom we had left at Hofer's.) You can't conceive how polite both were, and how much pleased, not only with my music, but with the libretto, and, in short, with everything. They said this was a work worthy of being performed at the greatest festivities, and before the greatest monarchs, and that they would certainly go very often to hear it, as they had never seen a finer or a more charming opera. Salieri both listened and looked attentively at everything, and from the symphony to the last chorus there was not a single piece that did not call forth from him a *bravo*! or *bello*! It seemed as if they really could not thank me enough for the gratification I had procured them. They had intended at all events to have gone to the theatre yesterday. They must, however, have been in their places by four o'clock, and in my box they saw and heard everything quietly. After the theatre I sent them home in a carriage, while I supped at Hofer's with Karl; we drove home together afterwards, and both slept soundly. My taking Karl to the opera caused him no small joy. He looks so well; so far as health is concerned, he could not be in a better place, but all else is unluckily wretchedly bad. The education there may succeed in producing a good peasant; but—enough! As his serious studies (Heaven save the mark!) do not begin till Monday, I have begged to keep him till next Sunday after dinner. I said I thought you would like to see him. To-morrow (Sunday) I shall drive out with him to you, when you can either keep him altogether, or I will take him back to Hecker's after dinner. Reflect on this. I think one month cannot do him much harm. In the meantime the plan with the Piarists can be carried out, and it is now in progress. At all events, Karl is not worse, though not an atom better than

he always was; he is as riotous as ever, chatters away as usual, and is even *less willing* to learn than before, because all he does at this school is to run about the garden for five hours in the forenoon and the same after dinner. This he owned to me himself; in short, the children do nothing but eat and drink, sleep, and run about.

Leitgeb and Hofer are with me at this moment, and the former stays to dine with me, so I have just sent my faithful comrade Primus to order dinner from the Burgerspital. I am very much pleased with the fellow. He only once left me in the lurch, so that I was obliged to sleep at Hofer's, which I disliked because they do not rise early enough for me. I prefer being at home, because there I am accustomed to a regular routine, and this one occasion when I was away made me feel very much out of humour. Yesterday was wholly taken up with the expedition to Bernsdorf, so I could not write to you; but your not having written to me for two days is unpardonable. But to-day I hope certainly to hear from you, and to-morrow to see you myself, and to embrace you from my heart. Farewell! Ever your

MOZART.

A few days after writing this letter he brought back his Constanze to Vienna, and once more enjoyed the quiet and regularity of domestic life, which his exhausted bodily frame so much required. From the above letter we learn how indefatigably he worked. From early morning he wrote till two o'clock, and in the afternoon resumed his labours till the commencement of the opera. Indeed, he reluctantly declined giving lessons to a lady who played splendidly, though

his friend Joseph von Jacquin asked him to do so, and any request of his he was unwilling to refuse.

He was working at the Requiem. He begged that he might have some time to himself, as he had a work on hand which it was imperative on him to complete, and which he had much at heart. Until it was finished he could think of nothing. His friends afterwards remembered always finding the Maestro at his writing-table during those days, and invariably absorbed in his labours, which occupied him uninterruptedly till his death. Indeed, so engrossed was his soul by this work, that he paid no attention to the symptoms of illness that he had never got rid of since his return from Prague. On the contrary, his restless excitement, frequently prolonged far into the night, decidedly increased. When completing the last numbers of the 'Zauberflöte,' he sometimes sank back exhausted in his chair, and was seized with short swoons. This did not however deter him from working, though it might have served as a warning; but he knew that the course of the wheels rapidly hurrying him into the valley of death could no longer be checked. Yet no one observed any unusual depression in his mood. The letters, however, that we have quoted, in spite of that playfulness which never failed our Maestro, are in a graver style than usual. As his physical exhaustion gradually increased, a melancholy mood seized him, which soon fully mastered his mind. Constanze saw his condition with ever-in-

creasing anxiety, and endeavoured by every possible persuasion to keep him from his labours, and to cheer him by society. But even when with others, he continued reserved and dejected, giving absent answers. His soul was occupied with other things, and it was only when seated at his writing-table that his sadness of heart seemed to be elevated into that state of sacred earnestness in which man, when he most deeply feels his perishable nature, draws near the Eternal in greater purity. Only by glorifying this higher boon which he had almost grasped did he find joy and peace.

Constanze tried the effect of the charms of nature which formerly revived him so greatly—she drove out with him constantly. On one bright November day they went together to the Prater, and when sitting in pleasant solitude under the lofty trees, their scanty foliage already announcing the decay of nature, Mozart began to speak of death. His failing faculties were engrossed by no other image. With tears in his eyes, he said, '*I well know that I am writing this Requiem for myself.* My own feelings tell me that I shall not last long. No doubt someone has given me poison. I cannot get rid of this thought.' His distempered imagination caused him to entertain suspicions, which have been converted by thoughtless persons into the most horrible accusations. The frailty of his bodily frame, the relaxation of every organ, in less excited moments he must have known to be caused solely by the extraordinary strain on his

faculties to which they had been exposed during his whole life. In such sad moments, however, they seemed to him to be the effect of some deadly drug administered by foes or envious artists, in order to get rid of his rivalry. A dreadful suspicion fell on Salieri. Not through Mozart, who had taken him only a few weeks previously to see his opera; but this suspicion was destined to embitter the latter years of this man. For though no rational being could place any faith in such a rumour, and Mozart's death was fully ascertained to have proceeded from a very different cause; yet popular report maintained this idea, and punished severely the man who, at all events, had been no friend to our Maestro during his life, and of whom after his death he used to express himself, when in the company of friends, in the most violent and unjust manner. In the very last years of his life, when the debility of old age clouded his faculties, it was said that he accused himself of this dreadful crime, and at a moment when unwatched, attempted to cut his throat.

Constanze was alarmed to the uttermost at these words of her husband's, and eagerly strove to banish such an illusion from his mind and to soothe him. She begged him to give her the score of the Requiem, for she knew that this work only increased his weakness, and applied to Dr. Closset for advice. The absolute rest he enjoined invigorated Mozart so much that he was able to write a cantata, 'Das Lob der Freundschaft,'

for a Masonic festival, the words by Schikaneder, and to direct the performance himself on November 15. The admirable manner in which this work was given, which strikingly reflects the sublime condition of Mozart's soul in those days, cheered him in some degree, and the approbation of his friends reminded him once more of his godlike powers. He again took courage and felt pleasure in his labours, and declared that his idea as to being poisoned was entirely the result of illness, now happily passed away. He desired his wife to give him back the score of the Requiem, which she did without hesitation, and he worked at it zealously.

But Jahn, whose biography of Mozart here and everywhere rests on sure information and tradition, says that the improvement in his health was of short duration. A few days afterwards his sad mood returned, and he once more spoke of being poisoned, while his strength failed more and more. Towards the end of November he went, as he often did of an evening, into the Silberne Schlange, and sat down beside the landlord, the faithful Deiner, and conversed with him. Deiner thought him looking wretchedly ill, and Mozart complained of his condition. 'I feel,' said he, 'that my muse and I must both soon come to an end; a coldness seizes me for which I cannot account. Deiner, drink some of my wine, and call on me to-morrow. Winter is come, and we require firewood.'

But when Deiner went there next day he found Mozart in bed, and the maid told him that her master had become so much worse during the night, that they had been obliged to send for the doctor. When Mozart heard Deiner's voice, he sent for him, and said, in a feeble voice, 'Joseph, we can do nothing to-day but submit to doctors and apothecaries.'

From that day he never left his bed. His hands and feet soon began to swell, and violent sickness came on. During the fourteen days that his illness lasted, he never became unconscious, nor did his patience and sweet temper ever give way. He knew that he must die; but for this he had long been prepared. He was composed, but not free from sorrow. Often as his hopes had proved delusive, still the extraordinary success of his new opera had led him to expect the most permanent advantages. Moreover at this very time he received an offer from the Hungarian nobility of 1,000 gulden annually to write some pieces for them, and his rich musical friends in Amsterdam likewise proposed to allow him a still higher annual sum for some of his compositions. And now, when at last freed from the fetters of fashion and music publishers, he could live in accordance with his highest ideal, and devote himself exclusively to sacred art, must he depart from this life, leaving his wife and children in need and poverty! This was, indeed, a bitter feeling.

His faithful nurse, besides Constanze, was her

young sister Sophie, who afterwards became Frau Haibel. To her we owe an account of these last weeks, of which she gives us the most graphic description. She wrote it in the year 1825, at the request of her brother-in-law Nissen; and with it we shall bring this work to a close:—

'When Mozart was taken ill, not knowing how serious the attack was, we made him a wadded dressing-gown, that when he rose he might be well defended from cold. We visited him constantly; he seemed to take great pleasure in the dressing-gown. I went every day to town to see him [he lived at that time in the Rauhenstein Gasse], and one Saturday when I was there, Mozart said to me, "Now, dear Sophie, tell your mamma that I am going on very well, and that I shall be able to pay her a visit during the octave of her name-day [St. Cecilia, November 22] to congratulate her."[1] Who could be happier than I was at bringing such joyful news to my mother—news which, indeed, she could scarcely have expected! I therefore hurried to tranquillise her, as he really did seem to me better and more cheerful.

[1] This was towards the end of November, and the last flicker of hope.

The performances of the 'Flauto Magico' continued uninterruptedly, and were as successful as ever. Mozart felt the deepest interest in the triumph of the work, with which he had in a manner closed his life, before linking himself with Heaven. In the evenings, at the time of the performance, he was in the habit of placing his watch beside him, and following the various scenes in spirit. 'Now the first act is over; now is the time for the great

The next day was Sunday. I was still young, and, I own, vain, and fond of being gaily dressed, but still I never liked when I wore any finery to go on foot from the suburbs [they lived auf der Wieden] to the town, and to

"Queen of Night."' And the very day before his death he said to Constanze, 'Oh! that I could only once more hear my "Flauto Magico!"' humming, in a scarcely audible voice, the 'Bird-catcher.' Kapell-Meister Roser, who was sitting at his bedside, went to the piano, and sang the air, which cheered Mozart. But his spirit was still more engrossed by the Requiem, that testament of his life, with which he intended to close his account with Heaven. His great object was to be able yet to complete this work, and, in fact, he did so in every material point. In it he expressed, in never-dying powerful tones, his consciousness of guilt and of reconciliation with Heaven; and though some portions are only sketches which another has filled up, still their substance undoubtedly emanates from the genuine soul of Mozart. He felt that he could now calmly draw near the judgment-seat of the Almighty. In the innermost depths of his heart, he was conscious of his human frailty, and expressed his deep penitence in tones such as no mortal ear had ever yet heard. It was also a great consolation to him to remember (this he expressly told his wife) that the Lord, to whom he had drawn near in humble and childlike faith, had suffered and died for him, and would look on him with love and compassion. The tones of the Requiem were so heartfelt and true, that they fully display the earnestness of these convictions.

While working at the Requiem, which he frequently did on his sick-bed, when a number was finished, he caused it to be sung, taking the alt himself in his delicate falsetto. The day before his death he desired the score to be brought to him in bed (it was two o'clock in the afternoon), and sang his part; Benedict Shack (for whom he had written the part of Tamino) took the soprano, his brother-in-law, Hofer, the tenor, and Gerl (the singer of Sarrastro) the bass. They had got through the various parts, to the first bars of the Lacrimosa, when Mozart suddenly burst into tears, and laid aside the score. The delicate organs of his bodily frame were already fast decaying; so much so, that even his cherished canary was obliged to be taken out of the room, because the invalid could no longer bear its singing.

drive there cost money; so I said to our good mother, "Dear mamma, Mozart was so well yesterday that I shall not go to see him to-day; no doubt he is even better to-day, and one day more or less can make no great difference"; on which she said, "Make me a cup of coffee, and then I will tell you what to do." She seemed rather disposed to leave me at home. So I went into the kitchen. The fire was out, so I struck a light to make it up again; but Mozart was never out of my thoughts. My coffee was ready, and the light still burning. I now fixed my eyes steadily on my candle, and thought, "I should like to know how Mozart is," and as I was thinking of this and gazing at the light, it suddenly went out as completely as if it had never been burning; not a spark was to be seen lingering in the wick, and I am quite positive that nowhere was there the slightest current of air. I could not help shuddering, so I ran to my mother and told her about it. She said, "Well, dress quickly, and go to the town; but bring me back word immediately how he is; be sure you don't stay long."

'I made all the haste I could. Good God! how shocked I was when my sister, almost in desperation, and yet striving to control her grief, hurried to meet me, saying, "Thank God! Sophie, you are come. He was so bad during the night, that I scarcely expected him to live till daybreak. Stay with me to-day, I beg, for if he has another such attack he must die this night. Go to

him and see how he is." I tried to compose myself and went up to his bedside, when he instantly exclaimed, "Oh! my dear Sophie, it is well that you are come, and you must stay to-night; you must see me die." I strove to control my feelings, and to dissuade him from such thoughts; but to all I could say he only replied, "I have the taste of death on my tongue, I smell the grave; and who can comfort my Constanze if you don't stay here?" "Yes, dear Mozart, but I must first go to my mother to say that you wish me to remain with you to-day, or she will think some misfortune has happened." "Yes, do so then, but come back soon."

'Good heavens! what were my feelings! My poor sister followed me to the door, begging me for God's sake to go to the priests at St. Peter's, and ask one of them to call as if by chance. This I accordingly did, but they hesitated for some time, and I had great difficulty in persuading one of these unchristian fathers to do as I wished. I then went with all speed to my mother, so anxiously expecting me. It was by this time quite dark. How shocked my poor mother was! I persuaded her to go for the night to the eldest daughter of the late Hofer, and ran back as quick as I could to my inconsolable sister.

'I found Süssmayr sitting by Mozart's bed. The well-known Requiem was lying on the coverlet, and Mozart was explaining to Süssmayr the mode in which he wished him to complete it after his death.

He further charged his wife to keep his death secret until she had informed Albrechtsberger of it, for the situation [that of assistant at the Stephen Church] ought to be his before God and the world. Closset, the doctor, was long sought in vain, and was at length found in the theatre, but he waited till the end of the piece. He then came and ordered *cold* applications on Mozart's burning head, which gave him such a shock that he died without recovering consciousness.[1]

'The last movement of his lips was an endeavour to indicate where the kettledrums should be used in his Requiem. I think I still hear the sound.

'Müller came immediately from the Cabinet of Arts, and took a plaster cast[2] of the pale dead face. No words of mine, my dear brother, can describe to you the boundless despair with which his faithful wife threw herself on her knees, imploring the support of the Almighty. She could not be induced to leave the body, in spite of my fervent entreaties. If her agony of grief could have been aggravated, it would have been so by the crowds who, on the day following this dreadful night, passed the house weeping and lamenting Mozart.'

When the doctor arrived, late at night, he told Süssmayr confidentially that all hope was at an end. Towards midnight Mozart started up, his eyes fixed;

[1] His death took place on the 5th December, 1791, about one o'clock in the morning.

[2] Singularly enough, nothing has ever been heard of this death-mask. Might it not yet be found somewhere in Vienna?

his head then gently sank back, and he seemed to fall asleep; at one o'clock in the morning he was dead.

His death, after following him step by step through life, causes a shock for the moment; but he had so long been prepared for the event, that it forms only a fitting close to his pure and admirable life, and thus should give rise to no depressing feelings. Mozart had finished his course; whether inflammation of the brain, according to one physician, or fever, or water on the chest, according to others, his illness was only the slight impetus given to the stone precipitated from the summit of some lofty tower, which falls by the force of its own weight. The powers of Mozart's life were exhausted, and if this cause had not proved fatal, some other would soon have done so.

Very little information is to be gathered as to subsequent events. Mozart died on the 5th of November, 1791.

His faithful servant early the same morning performed the last offices for his dead master. The corpse was clothed in the black dress of the Masonic Brotherhood, and laid on a bier, which was placed in his study beside his piano. He, who had so often brought forth living tones from this small instrument, was now still and silent. Constanze, who was very ill and quite broken-hearted, stretched herself on her husband's bed, in the hope of being attacked by the same malady, and dying with him. Baron von Swieten endeavoured to

console her, and succeeded at last in prevailing on her to leave the house of mourning to stay with some kind friends. He then took charge of the interment. The circumstances of the widow being so straitened (the whole inheritance consisting of sixty florins in cash, and the collection of books and music, valued at twenty-three florins, forty-one kreutzers), Von Swieten strove to regulate the funeral as economically as possible. It never seemed to occur to the rich man, who had so often profited by Mozart's artistic powers, the aristocratic patron, who had reaped so much pleasure from the charming society of the deceased, that it might well have been his privilege to undertake not only the management, but the cost of a funeral for the great artist.

On the afternoon of the following day, the benediction was pronounced over the corpse in the Church of St. Stephen. This ceremony took place in the Chapel of the Cross, where the pulpit of St. Capistrano now stands (a monument erected to him). It was a rough stormy December day, with alternate showers of snow and rain, when Mozart's body was carried out of the cathedral. The few friends whose warm enthusiasm for the Maestro overcame their dread of the weather, stood round the coffin sheltered by umbrellas. They then followed it along the 'grosse Schulerstrasse.' But they, too, at the Stuben Gasse, forsook the procession, which proceeded to the churchyard of St. Marx. Thus

it occurred, that not a single friend among the numbers on whom he had conferred so much enjoyment during his life, now stood beside his grave. His worldly position was neither high nor brilliant, which alone insures worldly honours to the dead. He who had lived so much for others, was not even permitted to possess a grave of his own. Out of economy, a place had been purchased for him in a spot common to many, in which usually from fifteen to twenty coffins were deposited, and regularly exhumed every ten years to make room for others.

His faithful servant, whose best services attended him to the last, was present at the benediction of his master's remains. Von Swieten and Salieri were also there. Süssmayr, the good and true Abt Stadler, Kapell-Meister Roser, and the violoncellist Orsler, even followed the bier. Schikaneder, Stadler (the clarionet-player), and many others, who, during the master's life, had contrived to keep up a close intimacy with him, now held themselves aloof, and it was his attached servant alone who thought of asking Constanze whether a cross should not be erected over the grave. Her reply was that this was sure to be done, concluding that the parish where the benediction took place would also supply a cross. But subsequently, when she recovered, and, her first burst of grief being over, she visited the churchyard with her friends, there was a new sexton there who could not point out the grave! *All research*

was vain, and no efforts have, even to this day, discovered the spot where Mozart lies.

But let us turn our eyes from this picture, which is not that of Mozart, to us. His true image is that of light and life, not gloomy visions. He shared the fate of mortality with the most insignificant of mortals—nay, even less was his; his obsequies were attended by no worldly pomp, not even *one* sympathising friend was there, and his last resting-place is unknown. But few share with him the mighty prerogative, that his renown does not depend on such things—that it has shed its radiance over the wide world, like the light diffused by the blessed sun. Not without just cause do we employ this image—for light is indeed reflected with singular brightness from his life and from his works. The existence of few men has been so luminous as that of Mozart. He passed through the ranks of the earthborn like a god of light from whose head emanate brilliant rays, everywhere disseminating gladness, light, and warmth. Others may have enjoyed a far greater portion of earthly happiness, though his path had its brightness too, but his was a far purer bliss. Even in the first bloom of his youth, soaring above all earthly pleasures and pains, he thus early drew near the brighter light.

Constanze did not long suffer from her burden of sorrow and care; for though there were slanderers enough ready to exaggerate the debts of the deceased master into vast proportions, the Emperor himself

heard the truth from the widow, and with a noble sense of justice, granted her at once a small pension. He also interested himself in a concert that Constanze gave at his instigation, and in so generous a manner, that she was enabled at once to pay all her husband's debts, which amounted to 3,000 gulden (about 300*l.*) Soon afterwards concerts were given in various places, in order apparently to compensate the widow for the neglect shown to the deceased Maestro. But her anxieties were not entirely relieved till the year 1809, when she married the Danish councillor, Nissen, who undertook the education of her two sons. From this period, too, the memory of her lamented husband (whom all the world had in the meantime learnt to revere as one of the greatest musicians) was renovated more vividly in her heart, inspiring a feeling of pride which hitherto the remembrance of the incapacity of the great man to provide an adequate subsistence for his family had in some degree subdued. She, therefore, now began to think that it would be well worth while to furnish the particulars of his life for posterity. Nissen industriously collected every reliable information which could contribute to form faithful outlines for a portrait of the Maestro, and a glorious likeness emerged from the chaos of false or distorted traditions.

He was a man whose mission in this world seems to have been entirely fulfilled, to whom it was given to link together the godlike with humanity, the mortal

with the immortal—a man whose footprints not all the storms of time can ever efface—a man who, amid all his lofty aims, esteemed the loftiest of all to be the elevation of humanity.

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